# Liberty

OCT. 16, 1943
10c

Book:
**DOCTORS AWEIGH**
**Saving Navy Wounde**

**WILL WE FEED THE WORLD?**

*If you're wondering . . .*

WHEN CAN A MAN BUY SCHENLEY ?
*Royal Reserve*

1. **Your dealer:** "Cheer up! We still have SCHENLEY. Not every day—but more often than you'd think! SCHENLEY isn't making a drop of whiskey; what you buy today comes from pre-war reserves. So it's got to be portioned out . . . and used *in moderation* . . . to see us all through."

2. **You:** "Yes, I've read that SCHENLEY is making only alcohol for war. But I suppose that means they've had to increase prices on a fine whiskey like Royal Reserve?"

3. **Your dealer:** "Mister, are *you* wrong! SCHENLEY Royal Reserve prices haven't gone up a nickel, except for State and Federal taxes. Don't hesitate to ask for some, any time. When we have any, we want you to have it . . . Shall I wrap up a bottle for you now?"

4. **You:** "You bet! I don't mind making a bottle of SCHENLEY go a bit farther, when it means I can continue to get some for the duration!"

***Back The Attack—***
***buy MORE War Bonds!***

SCHENLEY
ROYAL RESERVE

There's still enough available
*to enjoy in moderation!*

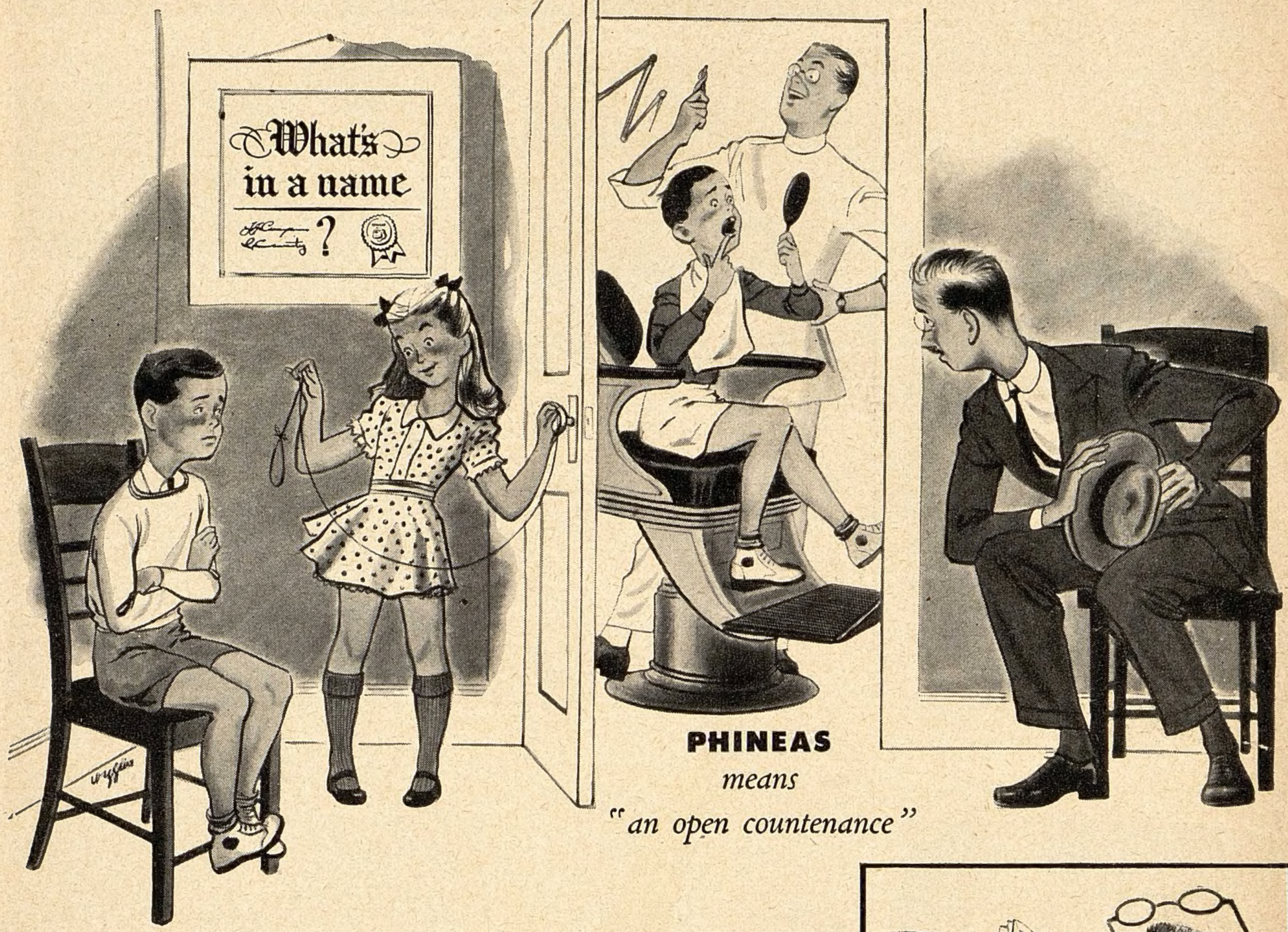
*BLENDED WHISKEY 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 years or more old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C.*

**GRAHAM**
*means*
*"gloomy"*

**REBECCA**
*means*
*"a rope with a noose"*

**ALVIN**
*means*
*"completely successful"*

**ANDREW**
*means*
*"manly; brave"*


What's in a name ?

**PHINEAS**
*means*
*"an open countenance"*

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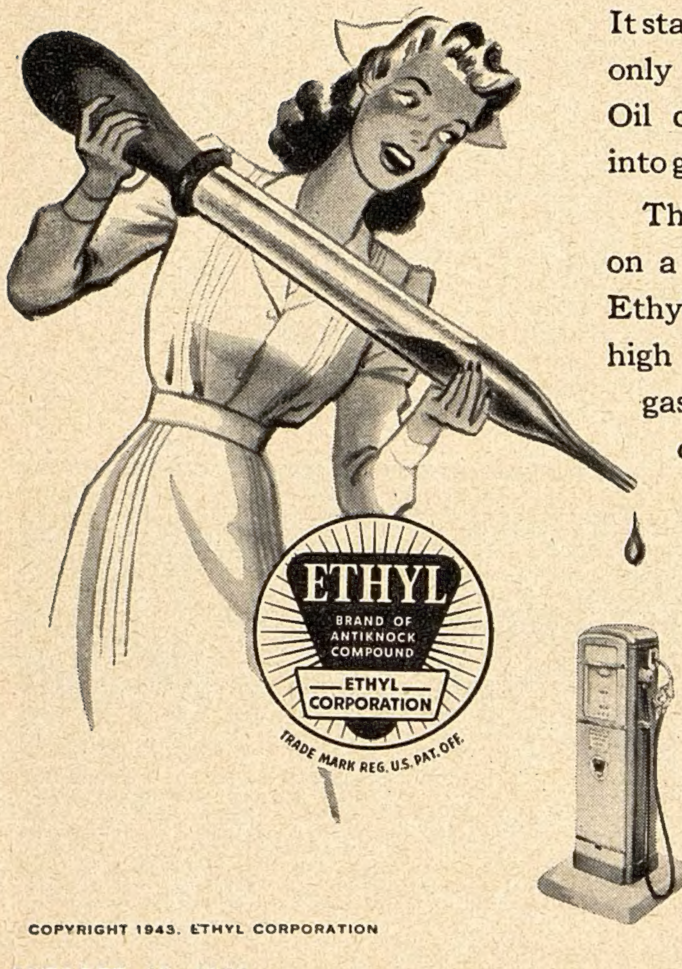
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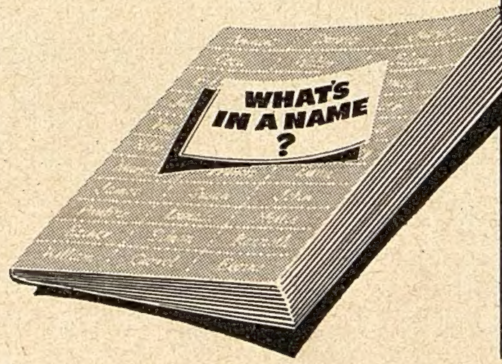
WHAT'S IN A NAME ?

**EVERY WAR BOND YOU BUY IS A SLAP IN THE TEETH TO THE JAPS**

★ ★ ★

**FREE** *booklet tells what your name means.*

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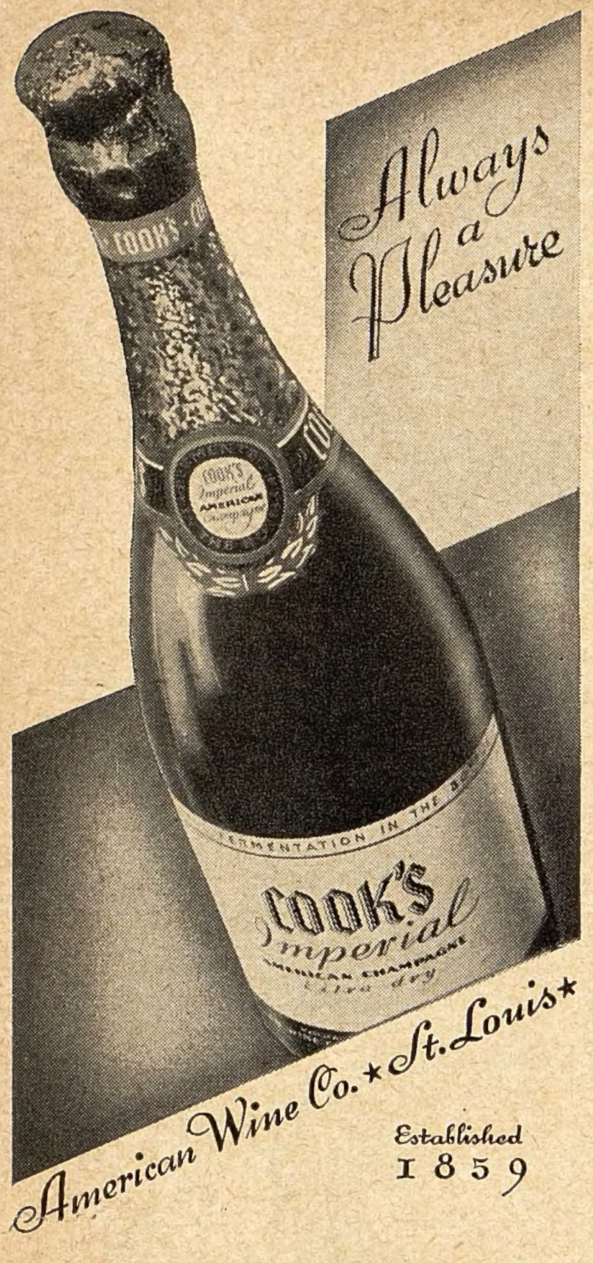
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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

# This Amazing Novel of 3 Women... The Men They Loved...and the Love They Wanted!

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**LEDA MARCH**—*sensitive, unhappy. daughter of a well-known Boston family, who finds it impossible to forego the love of the artist-husband of her childhood friend! She posed for him, suffered under his jibes, played the waiting game that only a woman knows how to play.*

**BETSY JEKYLL**—*captivating younger daughter of Tom Jekyll; she watches in fascination the downward path of her sister, yet is unable to avoid the same temptations and pitfalls herself! "I don't consider I'm promiscuous," she said. "Not a bit! I'm good and choosy."*

**MAIZIE JEKYLL**—*Betsy's seductive sister, whose endless love for a self-centered, passionate artist brings her dangerously close to the very brink of insanity! Was she as bad a sport as her husband told her she was? Or did she have the right idea about men, and what a woman must do?*

## THE PRODIGAL WOMEN

### By Nancy Hale

NO woman had ever excited men the way Maizie Jekyll did!—no woman in all of Boston's turbulent history! She really couldn't help it. Every man who came near her sensed that strange hunger, bred into her by generations of Southern belles whose one aim in life was to please and be pleased!

Yes, during those jazz-crazy, gin-crazy years. Maizie was the most ravishing thing in town—until she met Lambert Rudd. She trapped him (untamed philanderer though he was) into marriage. Then life became a passionate hell—for *both* of them. Even though Maizie did everything, *risked* everything, to make her cruel, sensual husband happy.

### Their Mistake In Love Was In Giving Too Much!

That was the curse of this clan of women, goaded on by an endless hunger that enslaved *themselves!* To Maizie's fun-loving sister it was to bring exquisite pleasure, and terrible pain. For Betsy, too, was the toast of the town—a pleasure-seeking, devil-may-care girl that men fought over—until dance-mad Oren Garth beat a jazz rhythm on her young heart.

But something still drove Betsy on a restless search from one man to another, for the kind of love she wanted.

### She Loved Too Late!

Beautiful, ambitious Leda March, Betsy's best friend, was different! She *thought* she could spend long, lazy hours in an artist's studio—or leave them alone. But when she cold-bloodedly married her own rich cousin, she awoke, too late, to sudden passion for Maizie's husband—a passion more maddening than she had ever thought possible!

Why did these three lovely women *waste* their gifts of love? What strange contradictions of fate made them always receive so much less than they so prodigally gave? Read the thrilling answers in a book that is among today's leading best-sellers—

### The PRODIGAL WOMEN

### By Nancy Hale

Merely to get this book in your hands is to stay with it, fascinated, until the last exciting page! You'll be enthralled from beginning to end by this sweeping, deeply emotional novel that bares the hearts and souls of three passionate women in love.

Rarely, if ever, has any other book been so frank about a woman's innermost feelings. And so real is Nancy Hale's story-telling that you'll feel you've known these three "daughters of Eve" all your life—that you have actually lived these thrilling events yourself. That is why this amazing book is now a leading best-seller at $3 in the publisher's edition. But you get it FREE!

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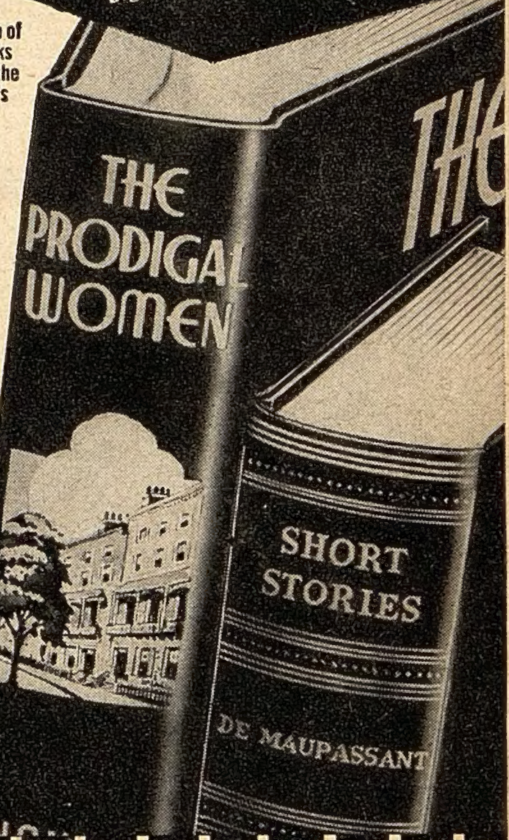

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# VOX POP

## "The Voice of the People"

### PLAIN SPEAKING

New York, N. Y.—In a recent issue of Liberty I read an excellent article on wartime production by Donald Wilhelm. (The Men Behind the Men Behind the Guns, August 28 Liberty.) Apparently this writer knows his subject thoroughly, and, what is more important, he can pass his knowledge along to the general public in language they can understand. — *Stephen R. Rintoul.*

### BEST SELLERS ALL

Monroe, Wash.—I wish to express my appreciation for the very good book-length novels that are appearing in Liberty.

Through reading Liberty I am able to read many best sellers that I could otherwise not enjoy.—*Ethel Cyr.*

Plattsburg, N. Y.—Must the condensed novel in Liberty always be a war story? Give us a break and let some nice creepy mysteries take the place of the monotonous war stories.—*Joan St. John.*

### AN EVIL RACKET

Kalamazoo, Mich.—Bravo to Miss Bowman, who in September 11 Vox Pop denounced the way in which the merchants of Gainesville, Texas, have been bleeding the soldiers from the near-by camp. I am very familiar with the situation, since prior to my recent discharge I was a sergeant in the Army, posted at this camp for nearly ten months.—*Raymond E. Buntaine.*

Gainesville, Tex.—Betty J. Bowman is right. I am a soldier's wife, and I know what it means to be gypped.

For instance, we share a room and bath with another soldier and his wife. It's a fairly large room, and has two windows and two double beds—with blankets on ropes strung between for some privacy. Price—$14.75 a week for the four of us, including the rats that run up and down the walls and the ants that make trails across the floor. —*Mrs. John Deines.*

### OUT FOR THE DURATION

Washington, D. C. — Having seen Hardtack across your knee in a recent issue (September 4 Vox Pop) leads me to inquire about the Wives of Spanking Husbands Club, whose president used to keep Vox Poppers regularly informed of the husbands' expert use of the hairbrush. I wonder what has become of the wives, the husbands, and the hairbrushes.—*Thomas A. Armstrong.*

The wives went into defense plants, the husbands joined the Army. We are not sure about the hairbrushes.

### WRIGHT IS RIGHT

Montezuma, Kan.—With regard to your discussion of the Havoc and Boston bomber (August 14 Vox Pop), there is a difference between the two, according to the Aeronautics Aircraft Spotters Handbook, edited by Ensign L. C. Guthman, U. S. N. R.

The Boston is the Douglas DB-7A and the Havoc is the Douglas DB-7.

The Boston is powered by two Wright 1,600-h.p. double-row cyclone engines, and the fuselage has a transparent nose and long raised cockpit enclosure. The Havoc has a blacked-out nose and is powered by two 1,050-h.p. Pratt & Whitney Twin Wasp engines.—*Mrs. E. P. Wright.*

### CORRECTION (?)

Boston, Mass.—In Lowell Brentano's The Sea Loses Its Terror (August 28 Liberty) he says that ships can pick up signals from a lifeboat transmitter for hundreds of miles. The average range is 50 to 100 miles.—*Joe Tocco, Radio Operator, U. S. M. S.*

The average sending range may be 100 miles or less, but with satisfactory atmospheric conditions far greater ranges can be attained.

### TRUE TO LIFE

Seattle, Wash.—Congratulations on the Hawkins serial (Broken River, which started in September 4 Liberty). It is a rousing good story and unique in my experience of big-timber fiction in its authenticity of technical material and local color.—*James Stevens, West Coast Lumbermen's Association.*

### NATURALLY MODEST

Clinton, Conn.—In the story Hooray for the Yanks (August 21 Liberty) the author says the crew of the Fortress had to strip to their shorts, but in the picture of the crew on a life raft they have plenty of clothes on.—*Pat Murphy.*

### AND UNCLE JOE AIN'T SAYING

Eureka Springs, Ark.—I had looked forward with great expectations to the appearance of the article Russia and the Postwar World, by Dr. Eduard Benes (August 21 Liberty), but was greatly disappointed. I cannot understand how a man of Dr. Benes' ability, education, and experience could write such a loose-jointed article, based entirely upon his beliefs, without historical proofs and logical deduction.

The Russians are a great nation, as are the Americans, the Chinese, the English, etc.; but the Russians are for the Russians alone, and nobody knows what they will do after the war but Joseph & Co.—*Julius A. Klostermann.*

### SINATRA DEPARTMENT

Los Angeles, Calif.—How about giving us Sinatra fans a long article on our idol, and include some swooning pictures too?—*Virginia Foster.*

Milroy, Pa.—In September 11 Vox Pop there were some letters asking for articles on Frank Sinatra.

He sounds like a swell guy on the radio, but I do wonder how he stands all those silly women making such a fuss when he sings.

I like his voice, but for my money I would rather hear Bing Crosby any day.—*Marilyn Ayers.*

Dahlgren, Va.—How about an article on America's singing idol and an all-round swell guy—Bing Crosby? He's our king crooner and he's a darn swell fellow every one likes and admires tremendously.—*Ann Churchill.*

WHEN THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT MEETS THE GOLD OF THE DAY

Fort Wayne, Ind.—I'm all for having more articles on musical celebrities, but please, please, *not* Frank Sinatra! He's stale—and stale stuff stinks!—*Vonna Shorter.*

### HEP CATS, ATTENTION!

Philadelphia, Pa.—I know any one who is "hep to the jive" would love to have an article on Donald O'Connor, the jitterbug youngster of the movies. Donald O'Connor has made all youngsters love his personality and acting.—*G. "Jiggers" Larsen.*

THEIR DRAMATIC STORY CAN NOW BE TOLD!
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in the desert . . . in all its heart-stirring splendor!

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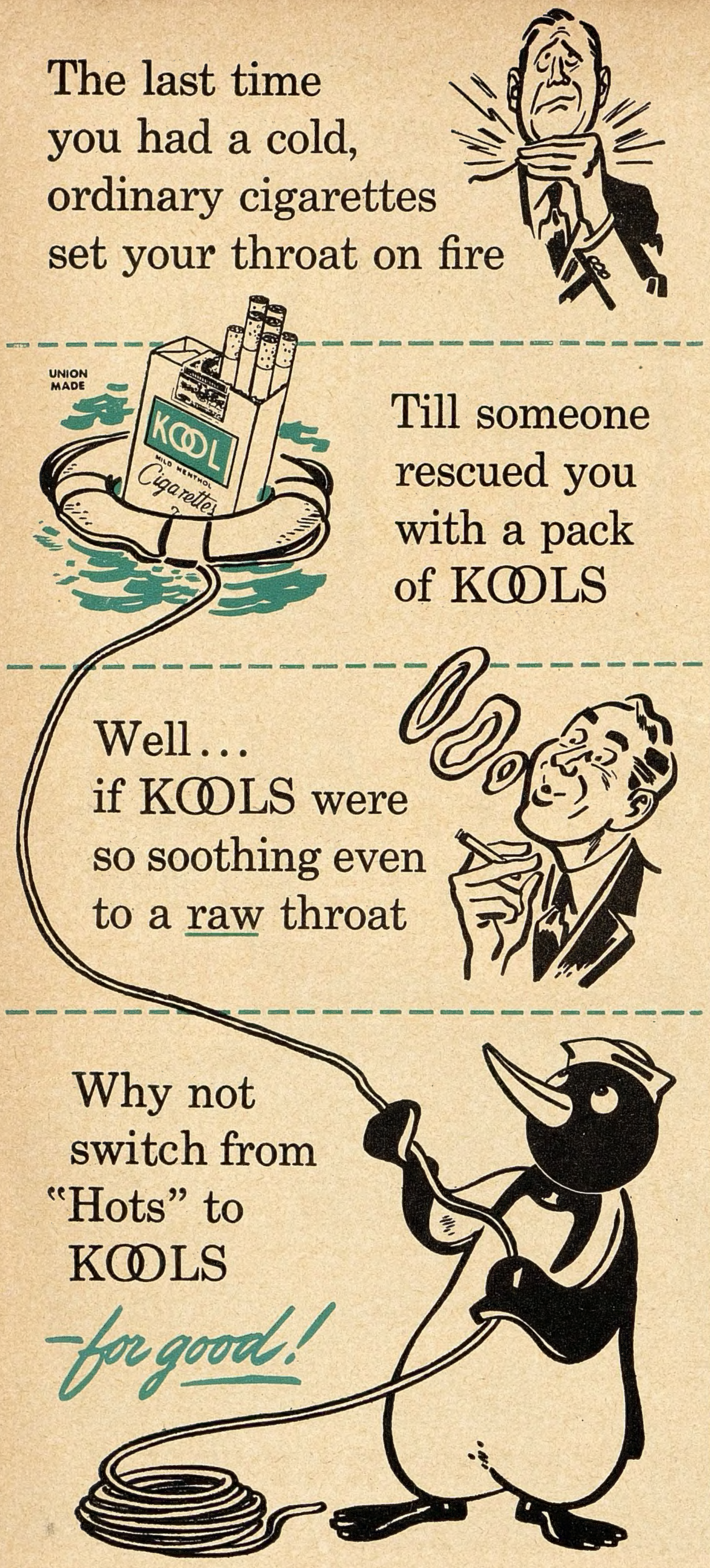
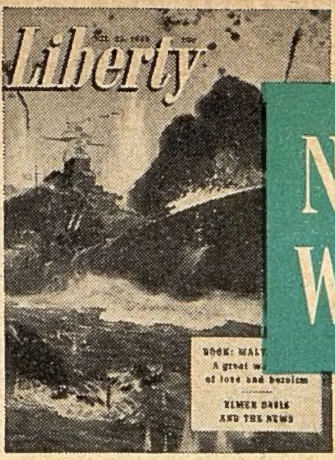

The last time you had a cold, ordinary cigarettes set your throat on fire
UNION MADE
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Till someone rescued you with a pack of KOOLS
Well... if KOOLS were so soothing even to a raw throat
Why not switch from "Hots" to KOOLS
—for good!



## NEXT WEEK

### ATLANTIC CONVOY

**By Morris Markey**

Nazi subs are being licked daily in the Atlantic. Here's an eyewitness account of how it's being accomplished.

### THEY KEEP THE PRESIDENT SAFE

**By Merriman Smith**

Even if you have all the talents of Dick Tracy and Superman, you still have to learn a trick or two before you can get a job guarding the President. It's a ticklish assignment.

### SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?

**By Walter Brooks**

Do you like to see the worm turn? Well, Mr. Finch is a worm who not only turns—he positively spins.

### ELMER DAVIS AND THE NEWS

**By Richard Lauterbach**

Elmer holds a fixed position between the devil and the deep blue. He can't please everybody, but he makes a darn good stab at it.

### SWING IS HERE TO SWAY

**By Jessyca Russell**

The cats may think him corny, but the corn is green—long green! The fabulous story of Sammy Kaye, who plays a dreamy licorice stick.

### WHILE MOTHER WORKS

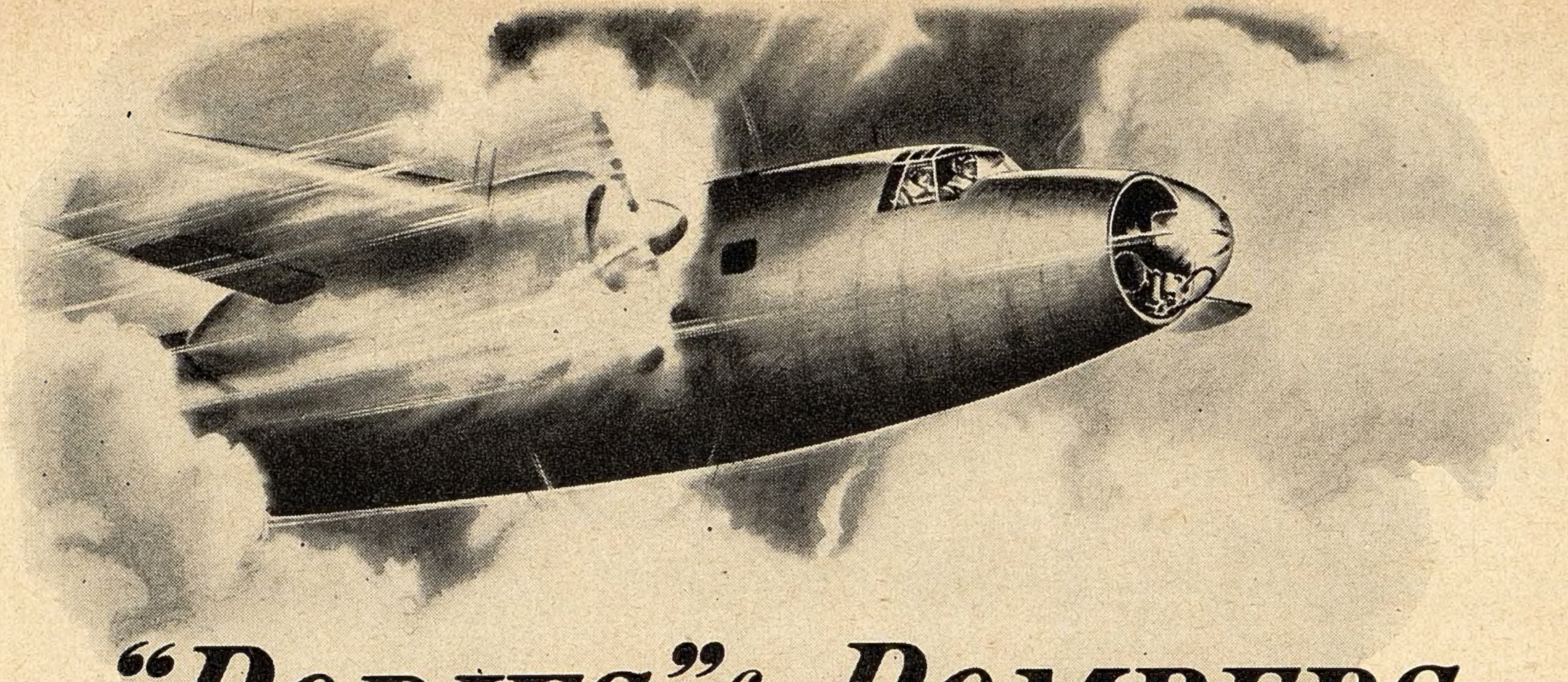
**By Elizabeth Bryan and Katherine Bonnell**

"Sure, I'd like a war job—but who'll mind the kids?" Here's how one city—Hartford, Connecticut—answered a nation-wide question.

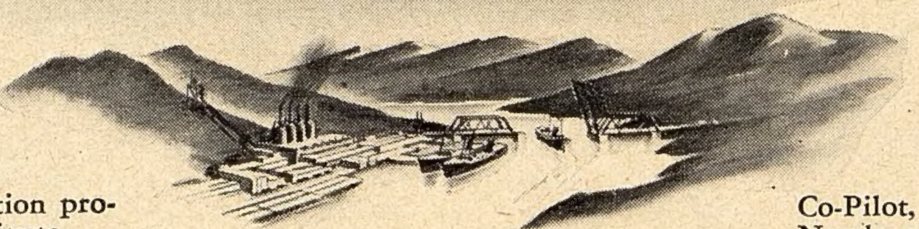
### MALTA STORY

**By W. L. River**

Liberty's book condensation. The Farewell to Arms of this war, combining a tender love story with the fire and brimstone of Malta.



# "BODIES" for BOMBERS



ON OCTOBER 25, 1940—more than a year before Pearl Harbor—U. S. Army Air Corps officials notified us of the urgent need for a vastly increased aircraft production program, and invited us to participate.

Already we were making Army trucks in great number, completing a huge tank arsenal, building field ranges and tent heaters, and making our first studies of anti-aircraft gun manufacture.

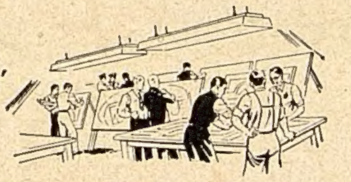
Here was another urgent job. So without waiting to learn what aircraft job would be assigned to us, we provided 600,000 sq. ft. of additional plant space and, from our own personnel, began to select engineering, metallurgical and manufacturing specialists for this new work.

It was just three months after our first meeting with Air Corps officials that we were notified our job was to build nose and center fuselage sections for medium bombers including installation of complete control systems.

NOSES AND BODIES FOR BOMBERS (INSIDE AND OUT)

We immediately sent forty of our technicians to a producing aircraft plant where these men did regular production work and observed, at first hand, the production methods then in use. Our long background in building automobiles and trucks, plus the experience these men gained, enabled us quickly to get under way turning out "bodies" for bombers by quantity production methods.

To help acquaint us in advance with the many kinds of material and operations involved, the Army Air Corps sent us a bomber nose section. Our engineers and master mechanics analyzed aircraft blueprints covering more than fourteen thousand structural parts.


OVER 14,000 PARTS TO BE FORGED, CAST, STAMPED, MACHINED AND PRECISION-FITTED

Many of the metal parts presented entirely new working characteristics. They required elaborate heat treating processes for the extreme stresses demanded of them. They also presented new problems in the design and use of the dies needed to shape them.

Our production and purchasing specialists determined which parts we could subcontract to other companies. As the work progressed, orders for parts and materials were given to 2,255 subcontractors in 309 towns, in 29 states.

Aluminum forgings would be needed in large numbers by us and other manufacturers participating in aircraft production. Therefore, we were given the job of building an aluminum forge plant. We also prepared at our foundry to produce aluminum castings for plane manufacture.

Thousands of men and women had to be trained for this new type of work. Women were employed in large numbers and carefully taught drilling, riveting, machining and assembling of aircraft parts. Automobile sheet metal workers, body builders and trimmers were shown how to apply their experience to the production of bomber parts.

The big nose of the bomber houses the Bombardier, Pilot, Co-Pilot, Navigator and Radio Operator. Nearly all controls are here, while the center section provides the bomb carrying space.

If you could look within these sections as assembly goes on, you would see a bewildering network of wires and tubing as well as the structural skeleton of the ship. Every one of these 1,963 separate wires and over 1,000 feet of tubes—to say nothing of all the control mechanisms—must operate faultlessly.

IF YOU COULD LOOK WITHIN

In the production of "bodies" for bombers—a new field to Chrysler Corporation—again is demonstrated how our experience in peacetime car and truck production now is being applied to the production of war equipment in quantity . . . and on time.

**WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

Tanks • Tank Engines • Anti-Aircraft Guns • Wide Variety of Ammunition • Bomber Fuselage Sections • Bomber Wings • Aircraft Engines • Anti-Tank Vehicles • Command Reconnaissance Cars • Troop Motor Transports • Cantonment Furnaces • Ambulances • Marine Tractors • Air Raid Sirens and Fire Fighting Equipment • Marine and Industrial Engines • Weapon Carriers • Gyro-Compasses • Powdered Metal Parts • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Field Kitchens • Bomb Racks • Bomb Shackles • Tent Heaters • Aircraft Landing Gears • Refrigeration Compressors • and Other Important War Equipment.

**In the production of this war equipment Chrysler Corporation is assisted by over 9,800 subcontractors in 956 towns in 39 states**

**Tune in Major Bowes Every Thursday, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.**

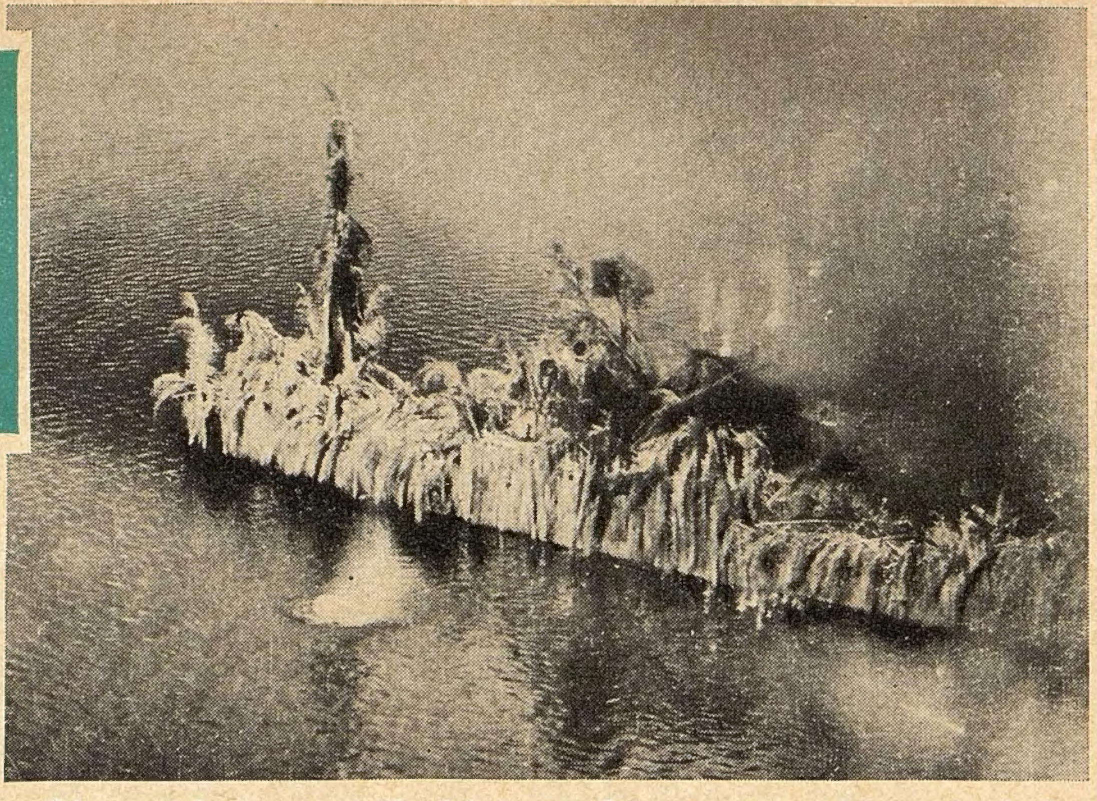
# CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH ☆ DODGE ☆ DE SOTO ☆ CHRYSLER

[ BACK THE ATTACK . . . WITH WAR BONDS ]

# ON THE BEAM

### BY WAYNE PARRISH



It's not a long narrow island being used for target practice; you're looking at a camouflaged Japanese transport which has just received direct hits.

## Station-Wagon Airmen

Americans have never lacked ingenuity, and here is one of the most interesting training stories of the war. Chicago and Southern Air Lines was given a contract to train Army plane radio operators at its Memphis headquarters. But transport airplanes for training purposes are scarce and all available ones are used for pilot training. So Hadley F. Hershey, the air line's co-ordinator of training, and Ed Mitchell, the chief radio operator, conceived the idea of training radio operators in a station wagon as a substitute for an airplane.

Seven radio operators and a driver make up the crew of the station wagon, which carries enough equipment for all of them to work simultaneously and is outfitted with exactly the same radio equipment as is found in a standard transport plane. A ground radio station, representing base headquarters, has been set up at the Memphis municipal airport, while the training crew cruises around the highways in Shelby County "working" the ground station. They take radio bearings at intervals, plot courses, and relay their information to headquarters. They even practice instrument landings. The men have to wait for their flying later, but in the meantime the highway plane works fine.

## Washington's Growth

A historic event in the development of the nation's commercial air-line system took place August 16, when two additional air lines inaugurated service directly into Washington, D. C., making this center one of the busiest air hubs in the Western Hemisphere. The new entrants are United Air Lines, which flies into Washington nonstop from Toledo, Ohio, and Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., which operates nonstop from Dayton, Ohio.

In the general air-line development the major Eastern terminal has hitherto been New York, and as a consequence of this Washington was off the beaten track of the coast-to-coast routes except for American Airlines' southern transcontinental. When war came, Washington became a much more important center of quick transportation than New York, with the result that traffic bottlenecks became very serious. With two new services, Washington has better and more direct air service to a greater part of the nation than any city except Chicago. The new links are perhaps the most important added to the air-line map of the country in the past five or more years.

## Lucky Accident

Big things in aviation have often had insignificant or accidental beginnings. The great Boeing Aircraft Corporation, from which come all of the Flying Fortresses of the war, grew out of a seaplane accident. One day in the summer of 1915 William E. Boeing, a lumber and mining man, prepared to land his seaplane on the placid surface of Lake Union at Seattle. In those days airplanes were somewhat flimsy and Mr. Boeing's landing resulted in damage to the pontoons.

It was a small accident, but Seattle had no facilities for repairing airplanes. So Mr. Boeing set out to do the job himself. In so doing he decided he could do a better job of building airplanes than any one else, and gathered together thirty employees in a one-room frame building on the shores of Lake Union to see what could be done. The group built such a good airplane that a company was organized in 1916 known as Pacific Aero Products Corp., later to become the present Boeing company.

## Coast-to-Coast Cargo

The first coast-to-coast air cargo schedule has been inaugurated by American Airlines to help relieve the excessive mail and express loads on passenger runs. A regular Douglas DC-3 transport plane is used. Eastern Air Lines has been operating an all-cargo schedule between New York and Miami, and United Air Lines has had a similar schedule between New York and Salt Lake City.

Today the air lines have only 165 transport planes, while air-mail loads have skyrocketed. Every day 115 tons of air mail are being placed on planes all over the country, so it is no wonder some passenger seats are vacant because of heavy weight of mail and express. Chicago alone dispatched 1,070,000 pounds of air mail in July—an all-time record.

## Bombing Oddity

Precision bombing by our A. A. F. has been one of the miracles of the war. Even the British wouldn't believe its effectiveness until aerial photographs proved our boys "can hit a dime from 20,000 feet."

But precision bombing is a highly intricate affair. Science has taken away the guesswork, but this doesn't mean that the bombardier can nap on the job. He plays a most important part, for it is the bombardier who must line up the sights and release the bombs. What science has done is to provide an amazingly effective system of computation for altitude, wind drift, and speed. Most people think a bomber drops its load when it passes over the target; but this isn't so. At 20,000-feet altitude and at 300-miles-an-hour speed, the bomb load is dropped *15,000 feet from the target.*

If you see a bomber overhead, don't worry. Look out for the one that's approaching far in the distance!

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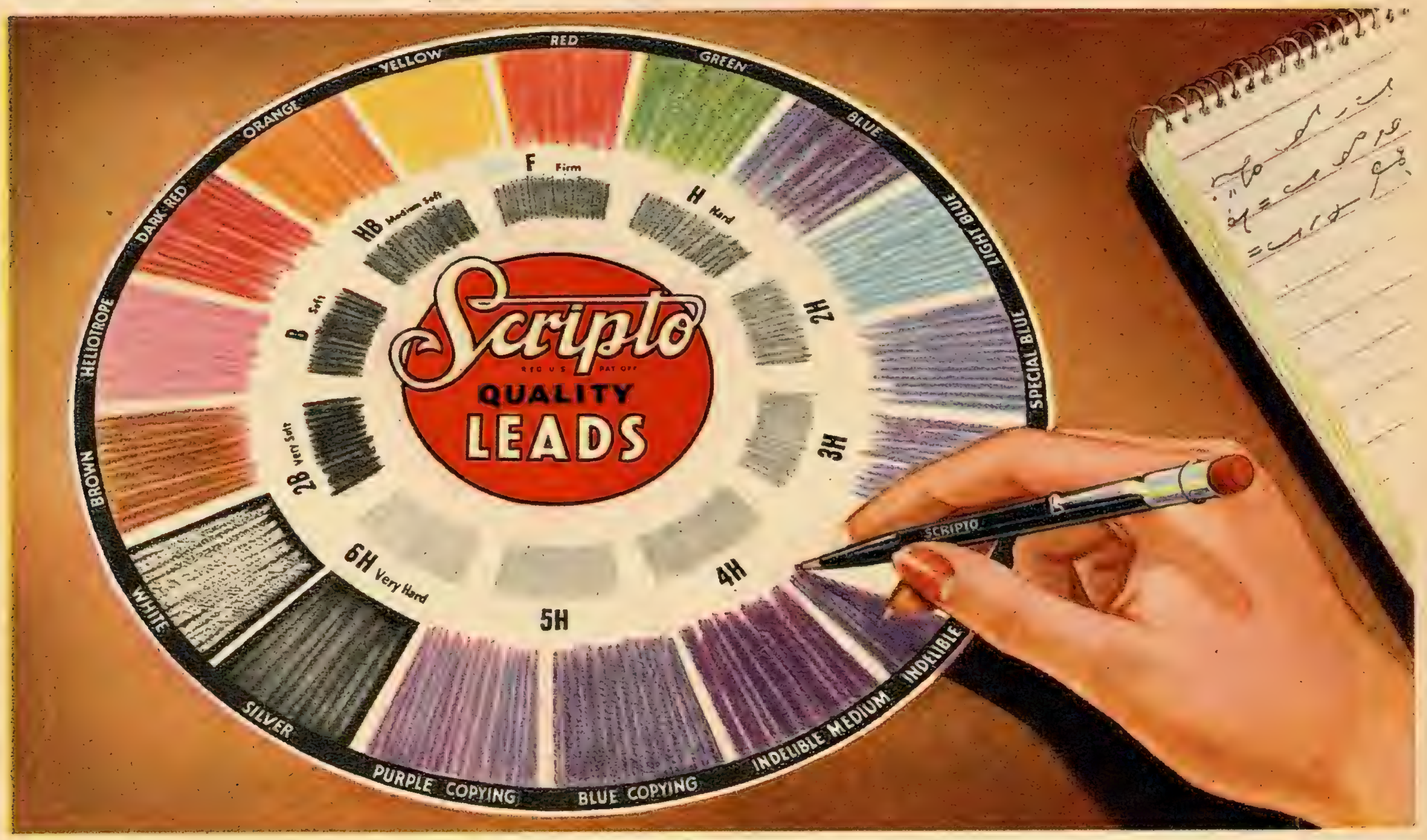
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A pencil is only as good as its lead—and here are the stronger fine-writing leads which have made Scripto pencils famous the world over. This sunburst of 17 colors includes all those tones and shades you like best. The 10 degrees of black run the range from very soft to very hard. Select the one that writes the way *you* write—whether it be with light, fine touch or with vigorous pressure.

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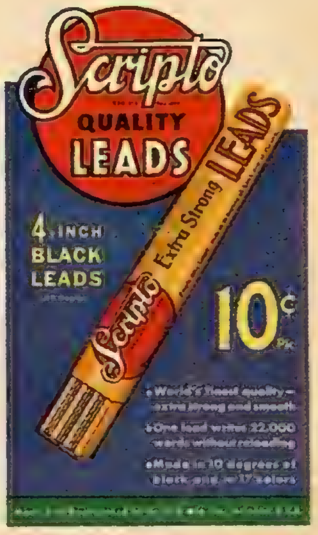
The supply of materials for making new pencils may be uncertain for the duration of the war. So take extra good care of those you have or buy—and refill them with Scripto quality leads. Identify Scripto leads by the red circle on the pack—prices 5c, 10c, 15c and up.

Get Scripto refill leads at office supply houses, drug stores, college stores, post exchanges, 5 & 10 cent stores, and other stores handling writing materials. Scripto leads are inexpensive and economical to use.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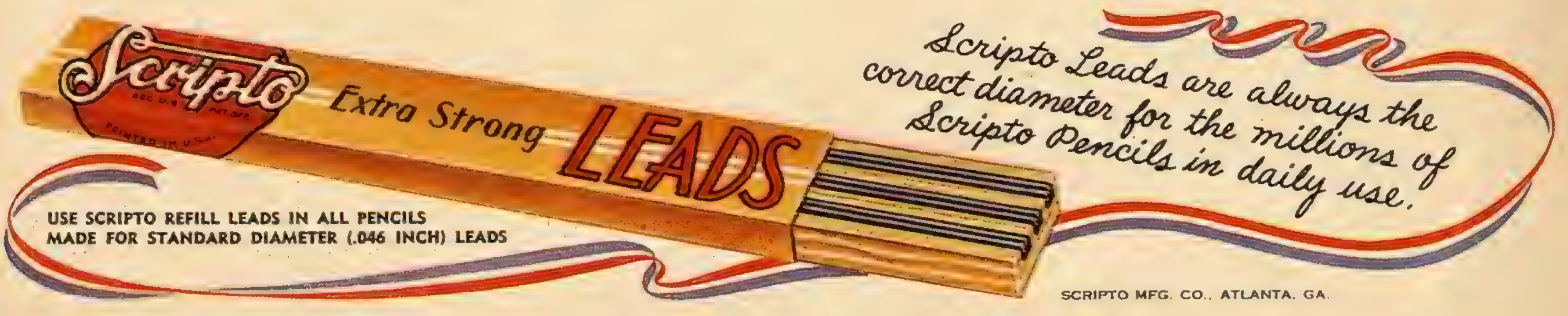
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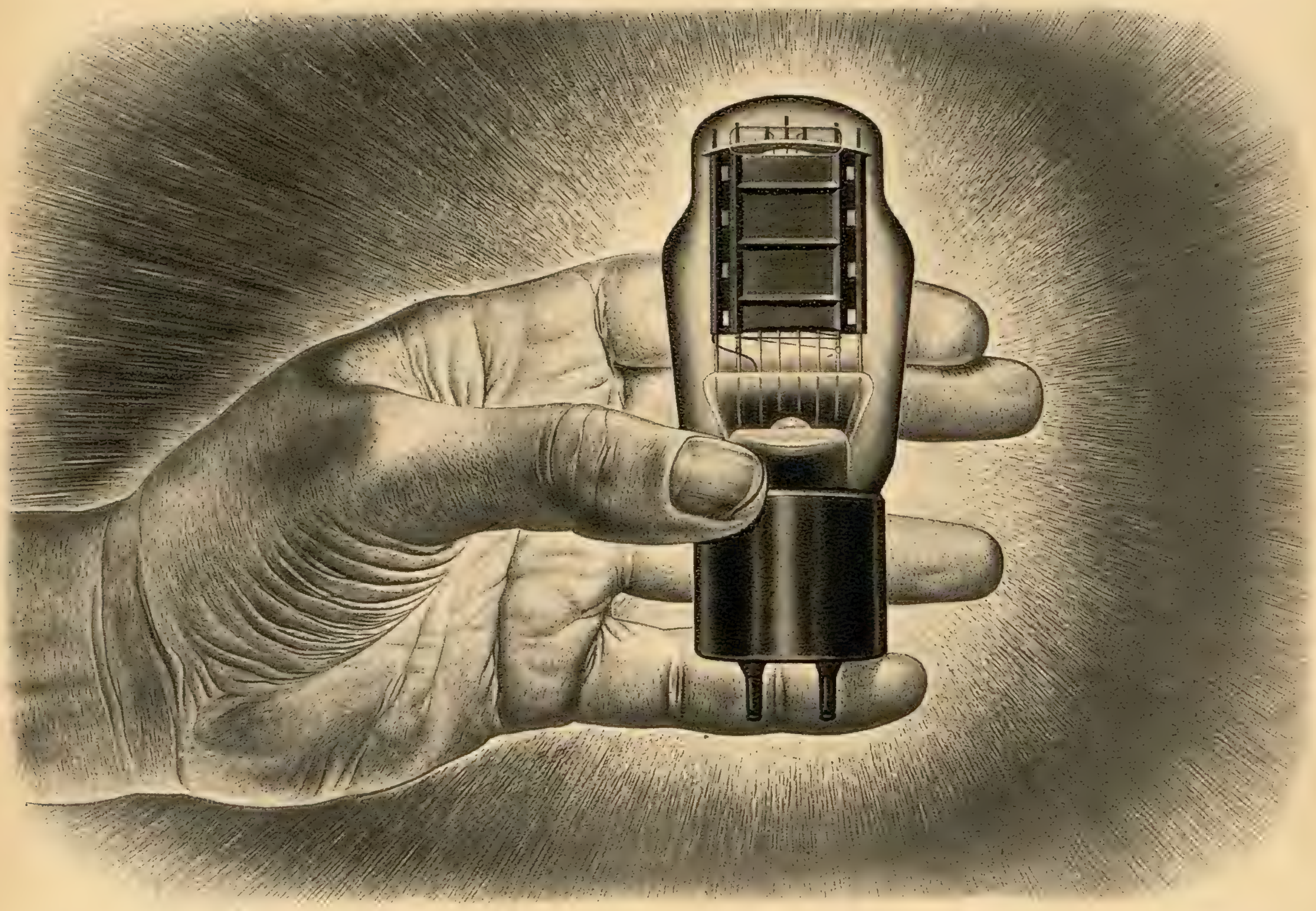
# "IT OUGHT TO GET A WAR MEDAL"



THIS little tube *can't* help you smell. But it *can* help you talk, see and hear. Right now, it helps direct guns, planes, ships. It ought to get a war medal.

It has given birth to a new art called Electronics.

In 1912 in the Bell Laboratories, Dr. H. D. Arnold made the first effective high-vacuum tube for amplifying electric currents.

Vacuum tubes made possible the first transoceanic telephone talk by the Bell System in 1915.

Vacuum tubes are now used on practically all Long Distance circuits to reinforce the human voice. That's why you can talk across the continent so easily.

Over 1,250,000 electronic tubes are in service in the Bell System. Bell Laboratories developed them, Western Electric made them.

But both Laboratories and Western Electric are busy now with war — turning out tubes and putting them to work in many a device to find and destroy the enemy on land, in the air, and under the sea.

After the war, this Bell System army of tubes will work in thousands of ways for peace.

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A FREE PEOPLE

Arabs in Medjez-el-Bab receive sorely needed supplies of food and clothing.

# WILL WE FEED THE WORLD?

BY
GEORGE H. COPELAND

**Is Uncle Sam the world's Santa Claus or is he using his food as a canny military and political weapon? North Africa supplies a clue to our policy**

THE usually silent Arabs chattered gaily. They crowded around the counters of the primitive store just opened in a bombed-out building near their village in North Africa. From naked, splintered rafters hung the flags of three nations—the United States, Great Britain, and France. A huge sign announced, *"Marchandise des Alliés."* On bulging packing cases were the words: "From the United States, one of the United Nations." The cases contained food, clothing, and medicine—articles almost nonexistent in this land since the Germans and Italians moved in.

The big men of the little town arrived: the schoolteacher and the *caid,* or chief, whose presence was required to keep order among the exuberant natives. The bearded *caid,* robed and turbaned, added to his attire an American coat—Broadway-tailored, brought by way of a "junkie" shop from New York's lower East Side—for fifty cents. He paraded up and down; his friends slapped his back and yelled "Johnny!" at him. His wife gleefully draped herself in a long piece of cotton goods.

Similar scenes are now being enacted in Sicily and other liberated areas. And as the Allied armies take over still more countries in their march on Berlin, you will hear of more attentions being paid to the civilian populations. They may take the form of soup kitchens and milk stations; of planting seeds or helping with the harvest; of operating flour mills or transport systems. All these come under the head of keeping the people contented, and of helping them to help us—in a military way.

The value of this aid to civilians was strikingly illustrated early in the battle for Sicily. On July 30, when the British Eighth Army was fighting desperately to crack enemy defenses around Catania and Mount Etna, President Roosevelt read to his press conference a telegram just received from General Eisenhower. It stated that the people of Sicily were getting food and supplies from our North African stock piles, including olive oil, soap, matches, medicines, and Diesel oil to run the flour mills. It also revealed that public-health doctors and sanitary, civil supply, transportation, and agricultural experts had been brought into Sicily.

The President added that what we were doing for civilians there would pay dividends. He was looking ahead to the time when our armies would be assaulting Greece, the Balkans, the Low Countries, or France. By then Sicily would be a well ordered base of supplies, serving the Allies in further advances.

Success in rehabilitating North Africa was the first link of the chain. The job done there—especially in Tunisia—can serve as sort of a blueprint, or at least as a basis for planning, for similar tasks ahead.

Even before the Allied attack on

(*Continued on page 51*)

# WHAT KIND OF A GIRL ARE YOU?

**Which was the wife for Harry, the exotic newcomer or his childhood sweetheart? As often happens, the choice was not his, after all**

### BY CHARLES BONNER

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

THERE was something in the way Harry read the letter that made John Spence uneasy. His son's face displayed a conflict of emotions. It was eager—and a little secretive. But across the early supper table, John studiously avoided any attempt to identify the handwriting.

Hang it, why should he be interested, anyway? Hadn't he observed Harry reading a thousand letters in the twenty-one years they had known each other? Moreover, a bomber navigator on his last leave before the great take-off—it amounted to that, John damned well knew, whatever Harry's cheery pretensions to the contrary—was entitled to receive letters from the world and his wife. John ardently hoped it would be the *world's* wife, if it had to be any.

Perhaps he felt more keenly than the usual run of fathers about this aspect of his son's career because of the dual role he had played in bringing him up. Perhaps he was now paying the penalty for the peculiar sort of selfishness that makes a man insist on being both a father and a mother to a motherless son.

John took the last forkful of Mrs. Tripp's excellent lemon meringue pie, and thought that over in his thorough way. He pushed back his chair, looked unobservantly through the transparent yellow lawn curtains at Connecticut's late afternoon hills.

Well, if that had been selfishness, he and the world and Harry would have to make the most of it. At the time it had started—that was the time when everything had come to an end—it had seemed the best dedication of himself to Harriet. It had been what he had meant in terms of love of her from the very depths of his soul: alone to bring his son up in strength of mind, body, and character.

He turned back to the table. How well had he succeeded? Not badly, he decided, to judge from the face across Mrs. Tripp's carefully arranged yellow damask cloth and blue pottery. The clear skin, the candid brown eyes of his mother, the determined mouth, the firm jaw. Here were health, intelligence, and manliness in the degree which could cope with the world and which the world, God knew, needed. John felt assured that his job for Harriet was a success.

Yes, he had done that. To an extent, at least, he had fulfilled John's lack of a mother. What about John's wife? What could he do about that? Nonsense. That was no business of a father. Nevertheless, with Mrs. Tripp now out of earshot, some imp of indiscretion suddenly possessed him, and he found it impossible to hold his tongue.

"Harry," he said, "how is Mary?"

"Mary?" Harry said. He put the letter down with a vague look on his face. "Mary. She's fine. Mary's always fine."

And John realized with a mild sense of shock that he *had*, throughout the years, been trying to select Harry's wife. What a fool he had been to think it would work!

Harry came momentarily out of his dream. "I had a long palaver with Mary just this morning," he said. "You know, she's quite remarkable in her quiet way. She knows all the answers."

It was a long shot from what John wanted to hear. "Mary's a sweetheart," he said.

But Harry had returned to his letter.

The idea hadn't been entirely unreasonable, John tried to reassure himself. The brown-haired girl with the speaking gray eyes, the daughter of his best friends, Bill and Kay Patton, was a darling. Growing up together across one tiny Fairfield valley, Harry and Mary had been inseparable playmates as children, inseparable companions as adolescents. It was natural for John to think that as they grew older . . . All the ingredients seemed to have been there. But, he supposed reluctantly, that did not necessarily add up to love.

Harry's attention suddenly focused itself on his father.

"Sir," he said, "I have some tremendous news to report."

John Spence's heart was already sinking. He had felt a subtle change in his son ever since his homecoming yesterday. Outwardly Harry was the same, except for an embarrassing tendency to call him "sir." But there was something not just right. Damn these intuitions. That came from trying to be both mother and father.

"This letter," Harry began. "Oh, to hell with the mystery! It's from *the* girl."

John managed a faint smile. "*The* girl?"

Harry's brown eyes looked slightly vexed at his father's obtuseness. "To coin an old phrase, sir," he said, "it's the girl I'm going to marry."

After the briefest hesitation John said, "Congratulations, son." What more could he say? He added, "Do I know her?"

"No, sir," Harry said soberly. "I haven't meant to keep anything from you, only I wanted to be sure—and this letter is right on the target. I met her in Denver, while I was training at Lowry Field. Dad, she's everything wonderful! You'll love her."

John Spence got up and went around the table and shook his son's hand. "If she's your choice, I know I will," he said with as much heartiness as he could summon.

"You don't care, sir," Harry said, "if she doesn't belong to the idle rich?"

"Why should I? I never have."

"And that she has no family to speak of—a sister in Nebraska?"

"Why should I?" John repeated. "I have no family—except you."

"And that she works?"

"Not if it's honest work."

"She's secretary to a munitions manufacturer—a big one."

JOHN had his first large laugh of the day. "That sounds like very good work these times. Let's have a walk and talk as we used to. You can understand it's a—bit of a surprise. When am I to meet your fiancée?"

"Soon, sir," Harry said, and lapsed into silence.

Together they stepped through French windows into the garden.

"Dad," Harry said abruptly, "she's on the way now."

"Oh," John said for time. "Let's take the wood road."

Harry rushed on, "Gloria has two weeks' vacation and I have the same amount of leave. We'd need a few days to get ready and such, and then we'd have about ten days for the wedding trip."

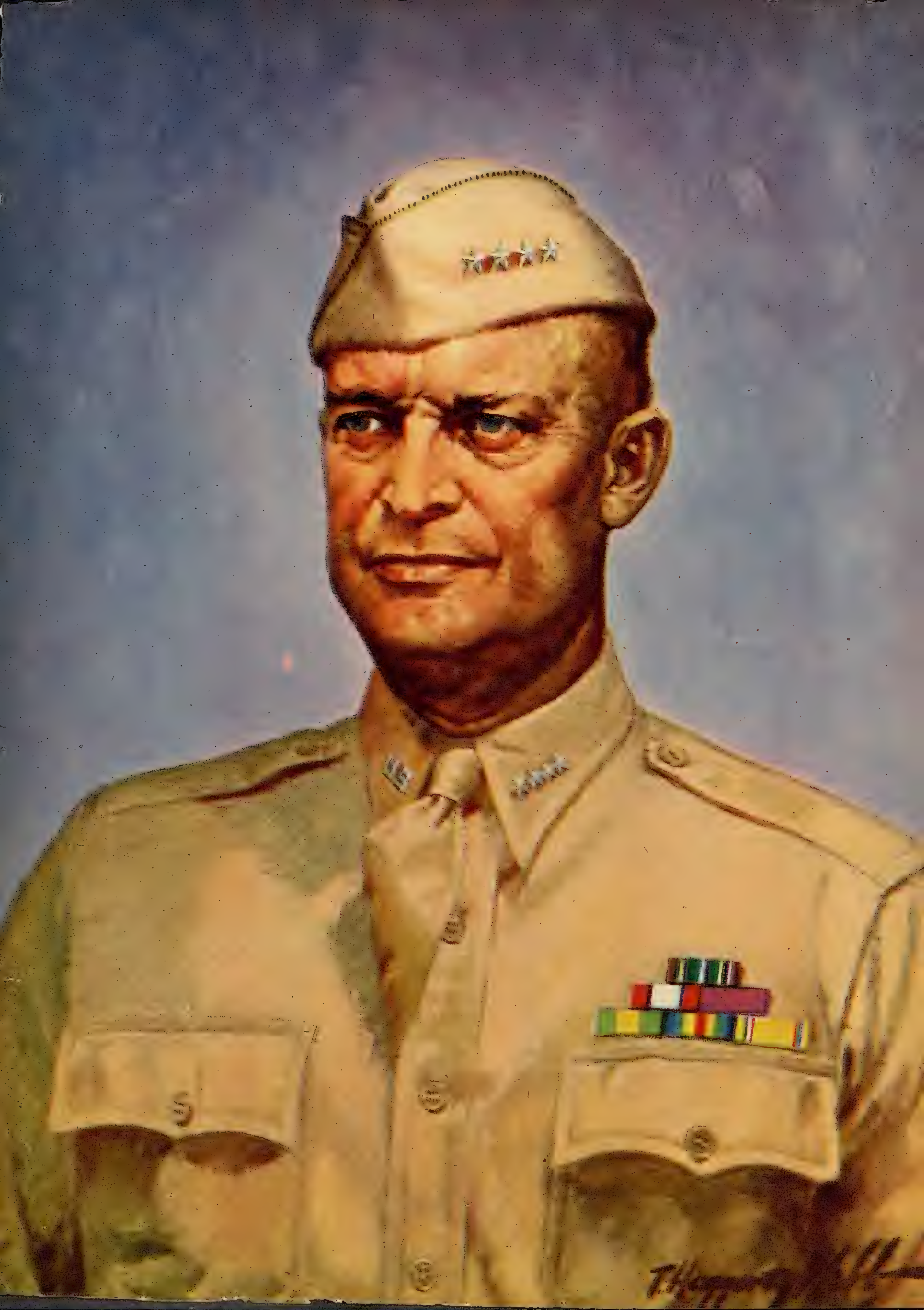
John Spence's heart was behaving badly again. That was all the time he was to have with his son?

But he said calmly, "Yes, I can understand that."

"I hoped," Harry said tentatively, "Gloria could stay here and we could be married in the house. You

(*Continued on page 64*)

Something seemed to have come over Harry since this morning. His eyes hardly left Mary's face.



# UNPREDICTABLE "IKE"

**General Eisenhower is one of those rarest of specimens, an authentic military genius. This summing up of his generalship will tell you why**

### BY FLETCHER PRATT

ACROSS the canvas of the triumphant Mediterranean campaign are the bold brush strokes of a master hand—that of Dwight D. Eisenhower. It looks as though we have had the stupendous luck to uncover an authentic military genius at the opening of the decisive stage of a war.

His is not the dogged, hard-fighting style of Sir Bernard Montgomery, based on convincing his troops that they can do anything and then making them do it. Nor is it based on elaborate secret preparations, made years in advance, like those of the German generals. It is a style of tricks and devices, of carefully made plans which can be instantly discarded when conditions change, of improvisations, and, above all, of doing the unexpected.

Although French resistance in Algeria collapsed rapidly, the Germans certainly did not expect Eisenhower to rush Bizerte and Tunis. Our effort failed because we did not have enough troops or time to organize adequate supply lines, but we did gain forward positions from which the whole Axis structure could be imperiled in a single operation.

The Germans had to spend their resources in a counterattack that merely kept us out of Bizerte instead of threatening our advance bases. Eisenhower was able to make uninterrupted use of the railroad line from Bône to Tébessa, parallel to his front and right behind it, allowing us to shift troops rapidly from one flank to the other.

That was improvisation. The next operation in which Eisenhower's hand is clearly traceable is a fine example of his ability to plan the unexpected. The British Eighth Army was in Tunisia and had cracked the Mareth Line. Next in line to it was the bulk of the American forces, including the First Division, already known as the best we had. Montgomery's men stormed the big black hill behind Enfidaville at the base of the Cape Bon peninsula in a bloody and terrible battle. Had he got any farther, all the Axis positions on that cape, including the last remaining airfields, would have been in danger.

The German commander did what any sensible general would have done. He shifted the bulk of his strength to face the threat by the British Eighth Army, the most experienced and dangerous of the Allied forces.

That was when Eisenhower pulled his American troops out of line, moved them rapidly and secretly to the north, and, with the First Division leading, attacked the best fortified positions in all Tunisia, striking straight through Mateur and Ferryville for Bizerte. The French engineers who built that place said they expected it to hold for eleven months. Under Eisenhower's unexpected attack it did not last that many hours.

The invasion of Sicily is another example of Eisenhower doing the unexpected. Prior to the invasion Allied bombers softened up Sardinia and Crete as well as Sicily. Moreover, British Commandos raided Crete. The bewildered Germans believed the Sicilian softening-up bombings were merely to conceal the fact that Eisenhower meant to hit at Crete. Instead, he worked the double bluff and went straight for Sicily.

The method of invasion was likewise a surprise to the Axis. The shore of Sicily is rocky and steep, highly unsuitable for the landings of an amphibious force. There is a brief stretch from Agosta to Catania on the eastern coast where the beaches are easy and the ground behind them not too steep. And on the southwestern shore there is quite a long area of the same type of coast, reaching from Gela west to Marsala. Marsala offered a good port to put ashore guns, tanks, and ammunition. Near it was still another port, at Trapani. Both of them were close, by good roads, to Palermo, the best port in Sicily and the capital of the island.

Any one invading Sicily from the south, then, would seem almost forced to make the main effort at the eastern end of the island and along that southwestern coast. The Axis leaders expected such a move and were prepared for it.

They were thrown completely off balance, however, when Eisenhower chose the inhospitable southeastern corner of the island for his initial invasion. The proof that this took the Axis by surprise is in the character of the opposition encountered—the tramps, the clowns, the worst troops in the Axis armies. The Canadians came ashore to meet the 206th Italian Coast Defense Division, men not considered good enough for field service. The British encountered the Napoli Division, a fourth- or forty-fourth-rate outfit, most of which surrendered. Only at Gela, right at the edge of the good beaches, did the Americans run into the good German Hermann Göring Division, and then only a small part of it, because most of the rest was watching the good beaches farther west, where there was no landing. Eisenhower got through the most difficult part of his operation easily and with few casualties.

It is already evident that he tricked the Axis again in the next move of the campaign. The German forces mostly shifted east to hold Catania. Other formations held along the spine of highlands that runs down to the southeastern corner of Sicily, parallel with the coast. The Canadians in the center had to advance against the difficult and defensible position along these mountains. As for the Americans at Gela, it would seem that the Axis generals figured they would have to advance along the coast toward Marsala. Any attempt to do anything else would have brought the Axis armies down on their flanks and against their landing beaches.

But Eisenhower did do something else. While the Canadians and British pinned the best of the enemy forces in their positions, he sent the American advance straight up into the center of the island, captured Caltanissetta and, with the Canadians joining, the big road junction at Enna. Once Enna fell, the whole western end of the island collapsed with a bag of prisoners that ran to more than 100,000.

Prisoner figures of that size always mean an enemy completely outmaneuvered and bewildered, no matter who they are. It is noteworthy that the Germans, supposedly so much tougher than the Italians, surrendered in the same way in Tunisia after General Ike got through with them. In other words, he thinks up a plan for each situation, which is the best of reasons for believing that his success so far is no flash in the pan. It is also the best of reasons to believe that this tall studious commander will have other, even greater surprises for our enemies. Maybe we haven't found a commander cast, as to genius, in the Napoleonic mold—but it is just faintly possible that we have.

THE END

PORTRAIT OF GENERAL EISENHOWER

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# THEY WORK

**Song hits don't happen. They're made. Behind every top-tune is the song plugger—a screwy character with a lingo to match**

## BY EARL WILSON

HALF a dozen guys were sitting at a table in Lindy's Restaurant in New York City during the dinner hour one night recently. One of them, chunky little Jughead Gayles, who calls himself a modern, streamlined, hepcat song plugger, suddenly hopped to his feet and clapped his hand to his brow.

"What's wrong, Juggy?" somebody asked.

"Pardon me, fellahs," he said. "I gotta go now and romance one of the maestros. Later I'm going over to his joint to protect a plug. I don't want the bum to throw me no curve."

One of his pals at the table said, "Why do you have to rush off now, Jug? You got an hour or so."

Juggy looked carefully around the room, then spoke in a low voice. "Frankly," he said, "I want to avoid a certain colo. If I see him, I'm going to give him an awful chill. I wouldn't even give him a stiff to hypo."

He leaned over the table and said in a hoarse whisper: "This particular colo has been after me for a payola!"

Undoubtedly you are asking yourself now, "What in the name of the English language was he talking about?"

There's probably nobody in America who can make the language perform more amazing acrobatics than the breezy Broadway song pluggers.

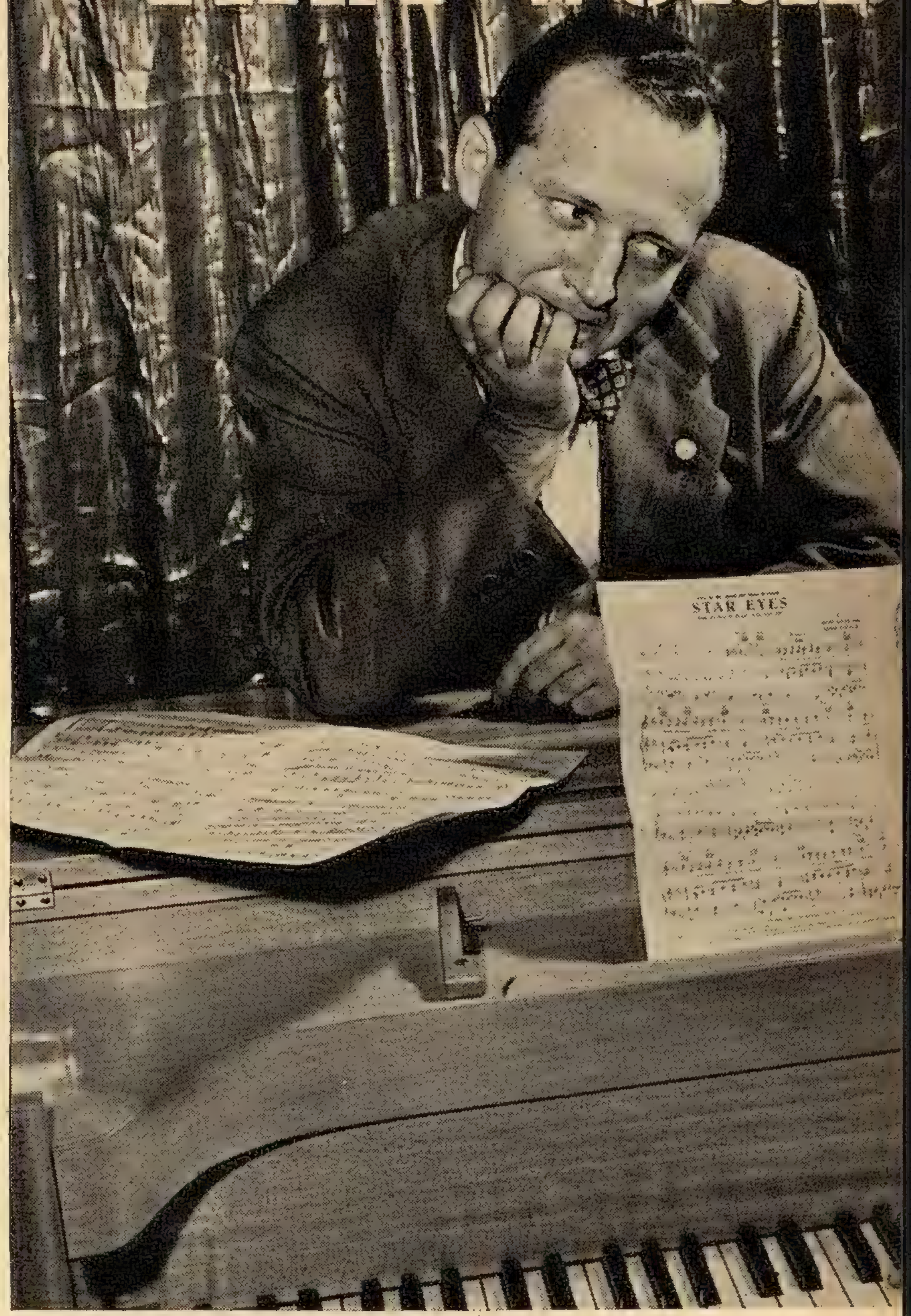
Let's hop back up there to the third paragraph and start translating. "Romance" is the important word. It's the pulse and the bloodstream of the fantastic song-plugging profession. Day and night, week after week, year after year, the song pluggers "romance" the band leaders, trying to persuade them to play their particular tune of the moment over the air. "Romance" is just about the right word for the attention they pay them. The pluggers fawn over the leaders, buy them drinks, buy them meals, take them to theaters and ball games, lose to them at golf and gin rummy, remember them at Christmas, run errands for them. Then the band leader breaks down under this romancing and agrees to plug their tunes.

But Juggy was leaving Lindy's to "protect a plug"—to make sure the leader kept his promise to play his tune. If he broke his promise, Juggy would be "thrown a curve." The only thing worse than that is to be a band leader who wants a payola . . . especially a colo.

A colo is some pest who is bragging that he's about to get air time but probably isn't. So for him the pluggers haven't even a stiff—a bad song, which is also called a dog tune or merely a stinker. The colo makes himself still more objectionable by hinting that he would be receptive to a payola—a small bribe of anything from five dollars to a new suit of clothes.

Astonishingly, there are about 150 song pluggers for the fifty music companies in New York who understand this language thoroughly and use it more or less consistently. Right now they're engaged in trying to clean up their profession and give it some ethics. Up to three years ago, payolas were very common among the poorer bands. Pluggers paid the leaders ten dollars for an instrumental chorus and fifteen dollars for a vocal chorus. Some leaders were shy about taking money; others were matter-of-fact. One leader, a violinist, used to sit at the pluggers' table and talk. When he got up, there would be some ten-dollar bills in his violin.

The pluggers, who are a bunch of characters in love with their work and with getting plugs, haven't had to go in for payolas since they formed a song-pluggers' union which banned such practices. Of course very few of the major leaders accepted payolas at any time anyway. However, they might accept a cent a copy or a half-cent a copy on a song which they introduced and plugged. And if some company wanted to give the leader's wife a mink coat for Christmas, the leader would naturally be very grateful.



Juggy Gayles romancing a maestro—the

Personally, I feel that the song pluggers are the most interesting of New York's night workers. They have offices which contain pianos, although very few of them can play a piano. They are members of a union which is perhaps the most curious of all unions. It is the Music Publishers Contact Employees of Greater New York, Local 22,102, American Federation of Labor—and it says nothing about the hours they should work. So most of the pluggers get into their offices around 1 P. M. each day and are still working at 3 A. M. the following day. They get to bed anywhere from 4 to 7 A. M. Some band leaders love to be romanced all night. The pluggers take them to a few bars until four, and buy them breakfast and play gin rummy with them at Reuben's until six.

Juggy Gayles' home life is negligible. Frequently he comes in the front door about when his daughter Jacqueline, nine, is going out the front door to school. He spends every night of the week in night clubs, without seeing his wife even for dinner, and on Saturday night, when she is all set to go out, Juggy demands his slippers and doesn't want to think of night clubs.

The plug's the thing, and to get it the pluggers go through their own private hells. Gradually they get to enjoy it and wouldn't think of doing anything else.

Of course the band leaders sometimes get slightly bored with listening to all the sales talks by the pluggers. Usually when a plugger takes a new song around to a leader,

# FOR A SONG

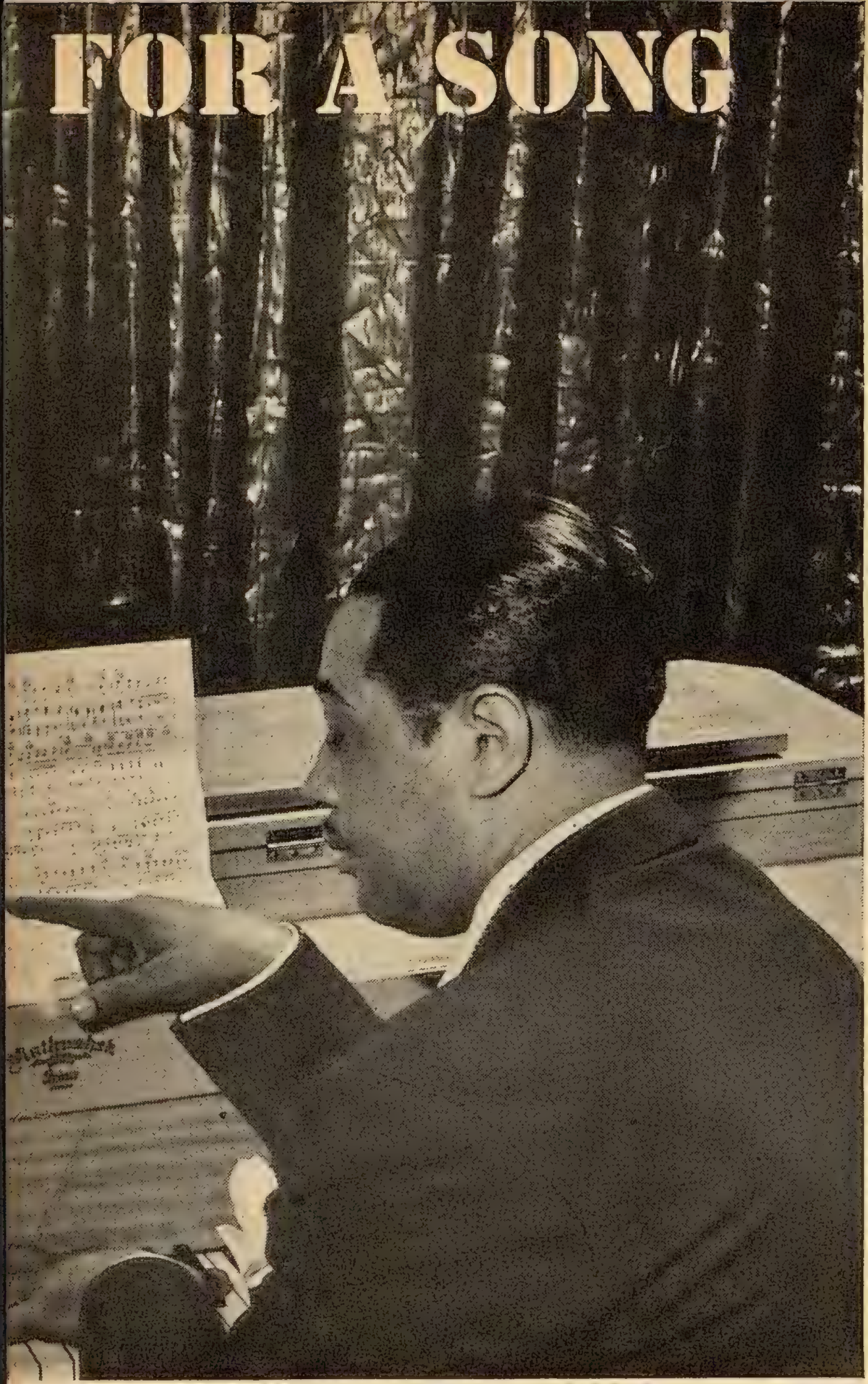


PHOTO ROY PINNEY

maestro in this case being Duke Ellington.

the leader automatically says, "It stinks." The songplugger's boss, the music publisher, is convinced, on the other hand, that it is one of the greatest songs ever written.

It's up to the plugger to do some concentrated romancing to break down the leader. One thing the plugger must do is attend the leader's band opening in each new club or hotel. Juggy Gayles, for example, was careful to be present at Benny Goodman's band opening at the Astor Roof. Juggy works for Leo Feist, Inc., one of the biggest houses, along with five other pluggers. At the Goodman opening, Juggy didn't get a chance to mention his songs to Goodman, because the leader was too busy greeting important guests. But Juggy was there, and Goodman knew he was there—which was important. The leaders are naturally flattered to have big crowds out for their openings. The pluggers wore tuxedos to openings before the war, but now dress in business suits. One plugger was once foolish enough to wear slacks on a hot night. The band leader came over and looked at him in scorn. "I don't play in beer gardens," he said witheringly. "I only work in high-class places!"

And for that the plugger got no plugs.

The truth is that nowadays the plugger who has charm, knows how to rumba, play gin rummy, and talk jive is probably a better producer than the man who merely knows a lot about music. Juggy Gayles often prances up to Duke Ellington, Cab Calloway, or the other swing leaders, extends a hand in the accepted hepcat way and says, "Give me some skin," or "Give me five." The older pluggers are a little horrified about having to do this to get a song plugged. "Nowadays," laments one plugger, enemy of the streamlined system, "you got to make the leader like you as well as your song."

A plugger makes a lot of acquaintances and cashes in on them, like a salesman. Let's watch Juggy working on his present tune.

It happens to be Star Eyes, from the new movie, I Dood It. As this is written, Juggy promises that it will be a big tune in the fall. He is plugging it with special ferocity right now, and the other pluggers are working as hard on their tunes, because the Petrillo ban on recordings has made the plugging job more difficult than at normal times. When 500 radio stations were playing new songs on records, the pluggers had enormous assistance.

Juggy's job on this tune began around August 1, when he and the other Feist pluggers were summoned by their superior, Harry Link, who announced, "We're going to have a drive on Star Eyes."

They were directed to see their "contacts" and "plant" the song immediately.

The very first step is getting a band leader to make up arrangements of the song, which costs the leader around thirty-five dollars. Juggy put some professional copies of the song in his hip pocket and started to work. Star Eyes was a good bet, because it was played by Jimmy Dorsey's band in the movie. And in the movie Tommy Dorsey had a small part, so he would probably be friendly to the tune. This was a big start already.

HAVING seen Benny Goodman at the Astor opening, Juggy dropped in on him a second time at the dinner hour. Juggy had previously been plugging another tune, Heavenly Music. Goodman didn't care for that.

"What else have you got?" Benny asked when Juggy came to him as he was leaving the bandstand.

Juggy whipped out Star Eyes.

"Yes, that's it," Goodman said.

Juggy left Goodman a professional copy, and Goodman said he would have it made up. A week later Juggy paid Goodman a third visit, to follow through, and Goodman said the arrangements were coming along. Juggy had cleared this one important hurdle. It had cost his company about ten dollars in expense money for Juggy's dinners and drinks, which was very cheap considering that Goodman would play it on the air probably several times.

Juggy then phoned Woodie Herman at the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh. They are old pals from the days when Herman was playing a sax and doing vocals for Isham Jones' orchestra and Juggy was stooging for the band under the resounding title of "assistant road manager," which really meant band boy. He became a close friend of Herman, and now counts him as his ace in the hole. Herman told him to send the song along and he would have it made up.

Things seemed to be going along too well. Actually, this song, supported by a big picture, had an advantage over others that didn't have that backing.

Juggy next cornered Duke Ellington, the big Negro band leader playing at the Hurricane Night Club. Duke promised to make up the tune. Juggy got Cab Calloway lined up next; phoned Bob Allen, who was playing at the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans, and got his cooperation; mailed a copy to Harry James in California; and "planted" another one with Glen Gray, who was playing at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York.

Then Juggy did some typical romancing. He thought of his friend Hal McIntyre, who was playing in Utica, New York. Getting him on the phone, he learned that McIntyre would soon be in Manhattan on a one-nighter tour. They made a date. That night Juggy took McIntyre around town, especially to the swing spots on Fifty-second Street, where McIntyre listened raptly to the hot music. They stayed there until the bars closed at four, then went to Reuben's for breakfast. Juggy left about six—with a promise from McIntyre to make up Star Eyes.

All the pluggers carry a "log"—a sheet listing exact

(*Continued on page 59*)

# SILVER BULLETS

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

**The Chinese captain burned with a thirst for vengeance, but a story he heard made him pause, then act in a way he never intended**

### BY WALTER C. BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

STANDING tall and straight, Captain Mong Tai made the ceremonial three-time kowtow before his father's grave. Then picking up the carefully wrapped package he had brought from his lodgings at the Heaven Tree Inn, he straightened his military coat, its collar tabs showing the three triangles of his rank, and above the breast pocket his battle-won decoration—the Sky-Dragon Honor of China's Air Force.

As his brooding gaze swept from his father's humble weed-grown grave to the distant stone walls, twelve feet high, enclosing the great yamen of the proud House of Feng, his smooth young features were suddenly etched with the lines of a frozen, implacable hatred.

"I made promise, honorable father," he said half aloud, "that sometime, somehow, we should have our revenge on the lordly House of Feng. *Hola!* The day and the hour of reckoning are now at hand!"

And Captain Mong looked out bitterly over the meager, stone-pocked acres of Hunger Hill, so called because all who tilled this barren soil were doomed to want and hunger.

Only dire necessity had driven the elder Mong to take up land on Hunger Hill. Years upon end he had leased fertile acres across the Wei-ho—rich fields owned by the great House of Feng. But Mong's father, incurring the lordly anger of old Feng Tzu over some trifling matter, had been driven from the Feng land. There had remained, then, only the stony barren acres of Hunger Hill, for no one in the district dared give employment to any man marked by the wrath of mighty Feng Tzu.

"As proud as a Feng," had become a byword among the people. Now, after seven years of waiting, the pride of the mighty House of Feng lay at Mong Tai's mercy.

Walking now toward the walled yamen of his enemy, Captain Mong pondered with hot-blooded satisfaction the strange manner in which the lords of destiny had granted his unceasing prayers for vengeance.

Seven years ago he had left Hunger Hill, traveling the roads in penniless, aimless wandering. Then came the Japanese invasion, and Mong had enlisted immediately in China's new army. A good soldier, revealing an unsuspected flair for mechanics, he had been transferred to the China Air Force, and in time became a fighting pilot, winning his Sky-Dragon Honor after a daring battle against a squadron of Zeros.

Under the grim stress of war, Mong Tai's dream of vengeance against the House of Feng had lain dormant. But one day the fires of memory leaped bright and clear again—the day that Feng Tah, only son of old Feng Tzu, had arrived at the Kunming air base for training.

Feng Tah was a reckless, headstrong youth with the swift temper and haughty pride of a true Feng. He had openly resented being obliged to take orders from Captain Mong, son of a humble farmer.

Captain Mong had ignored Feng Tah's sullen and provocative attitude, convinced that the lords of destiny had some special purpose in contriving this meeting with the son of his old enemy.

Then one day Feng Tah had taken up a plane against orders and crashed—completely wrecking one of those precious fighting machines brought with so much trouble from far-off America. And though Feng Tah had died later of his injuries, it was not before a wrathful court-martial had stripped him of his commission.

IN the bundle beneath his arm Captain Mong carried Feng Tah's personal effects, including Feng Tah's coat, stripped of its lieutenant's tabs. He was now savoring in advance the stricken look that would come upon old Feng Tzu's proud face when his son's dishonored garment was placed in his hands.

Mong Tai struck the calling gong beside the thick medieval gate. The wide gate swung open slowly on creaking hinges and old Yuan, the white-haired Feng *mafoo*, looking out at him, recognized him with a shrinking, unhappy glance.

"I see that you remember me, Yuan," Captain Mong said evenly. "I bring back Feng Tah's belongings to give to Feng Tzu, his father."

Yuan swung the gate wider, and Captain Mong entered, surprised and shocked to see the run-down condition of the main courtyard.

The faithful old *mafoo* gave him a twisted pleading glance. "Is it true, master—the whispered rumor that Feng Tah died in disgrace?"

"It is true, Yuan," Captain Mong replied simply.

*"Ai-yee!"* the *mafoo* mourned. "My Lord Feng is ill, very ill. Have mercy on him, for he is already bowed down with shame over these stories of his son's dishonor. Spare him all you can, master, for if he learns these rumors are truth, he has sworn to destroy himself."

"Did Feng Tzu show mercy to my father?" Captain Mong snapped fiercely. "For seven long years I have awaited this day of reckoning with the House of Feng."

Yuan's hands fell in helplessness. "It will be bitter for my Lord Feng to hear the truth, master. He had such pride in his son, the last of the ancient line. *Ai-yee!* The House of Feng is but a shadow of itself—it has been stripped of all its wealth to help our country fight the invader. My Lord Feng's money chests are empty, the silver plate melted down and sold. Our family treasures have gone—the jades and porcelains and dynasty bronzes, the ancient paintings upon silk. The Feng land has been sold, farm after farm, and the money sent to Chungking. There are now no servants left except myself. My Lord Feng would starve were it not for the food I raise in the gardens of the inner court, where only lilies and lotus used to grow."

Captain Mong looked at him in astonishment. "Is this true, Yuan?"

"My Lord Feng has stripped himself of everything but his family pride," the *mafoo* answered sadly. "And now that also must be taken."

Captain Mong squared his shoulders. "Let me speak to Feng Tzu."

Yuan bowed sorrowfully. "I will tell my Lord Feng that you have come. He is ill and lacking in strength, but I know he will insist on rising and dressing to greet you properly in the Hall of Reception."

The old *mafoo* shuffled out, and Captain Mong felt a wave of nostalgic sadness sweep over him as he stood looking at all the marks of deterioration that had consumed the former splendor of this proud House of Feng.

After a long wait old Yuan returned and led him across the courtyard to the Hall of Reception, bare now of all its former magnificence. Old Feng Tzu was waiting there. Gaunt-eyed, weak, and hollow-cheeked, he held himself implacably erect with the help of a bamboo cane.

Captain Mong bowed gravely and they exchanged the customary phrases of formal greeting. Then young Mong looked straight into the wasted face of his enemy. "Do you remember me, Tajen?" he asked.

Feng Tzu's aristocratic lips curled.

"You are Mong Tai, son of Mong Loh, the farmer of Hunger Hill."

"An excellent memory, Tajen," Captain Mong said, smiling grimly. "Perhaps you remember also why my father went to Hunger Hill? He paid dearly for daring to lift voice against the injustice wrought upon him by the House of Feng."

Feng Tzu wavered a little in his erectness, his lean knuckles white above the bamboo cane. His voice trembled, despite the harshness of its bitter defiance. "I am told you bring news of my son, Feng Tah. Tell it—and be gone! There is no need to mince words—I have already heard rumors of disgrace and dishonor."

"Dishonor?" Captain Mong looked at the old man steadily. "You have heard lies, then, Tajen. I come to tell you that your son, Feng Tah, died an honorable death in the service of our country. It is by the Generalissimo's own order that I have journeyed to Ho-Chung to deliver his personal effects into your hands."

SWIFTLY Captain Mong opened the bundle. "Feng Tah was shot down in combat with the enemy. In recognition of his bravery he was given his captain's rank and awarded the Sky-Dragon Honor. Here is the insignia on his coat." And he spread the coat before Feng Tzu.

"Is this truth you tell me?" Feng Tzu quavered, his face a mixture of conflicting emotions.

Mong Tai smiled. "Think you I would not speak out if your son had brought disgrace upon your name? Is it likely that the son of Mong Loh of Hunger Hill would spare the pride of the House of Feng?"

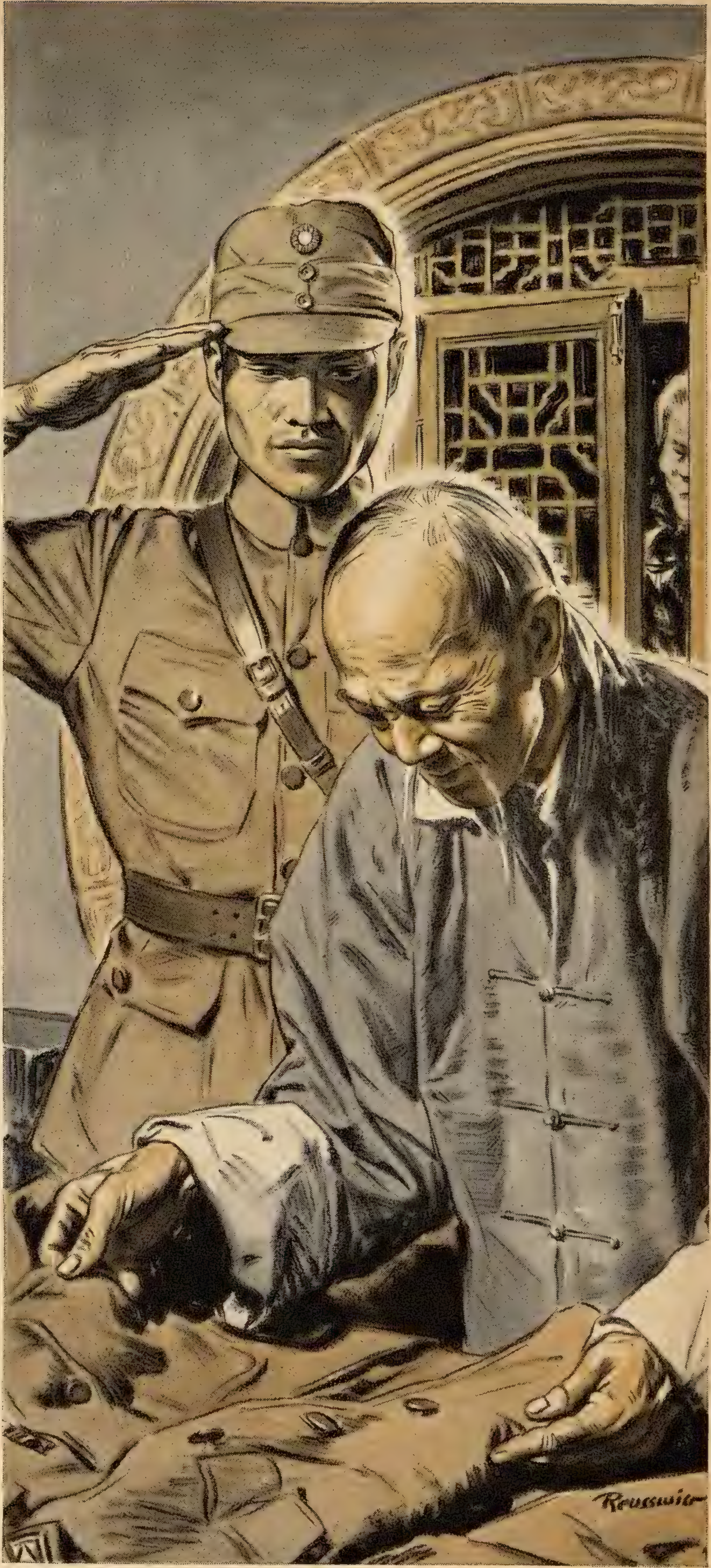
Feng Tzu's bony fingers caressed the decoration on the coat, a tear rolling slowly down his gaunt cheek. Captain Mong stepped back three paces and gave the coat a formal salute. Then he turned to Feng Tzu and bowed. "I go now, Tajen."

Outside, old Yuan was pressed close to the half-open panels of the huge moon window that opened into the Hall of Reception.

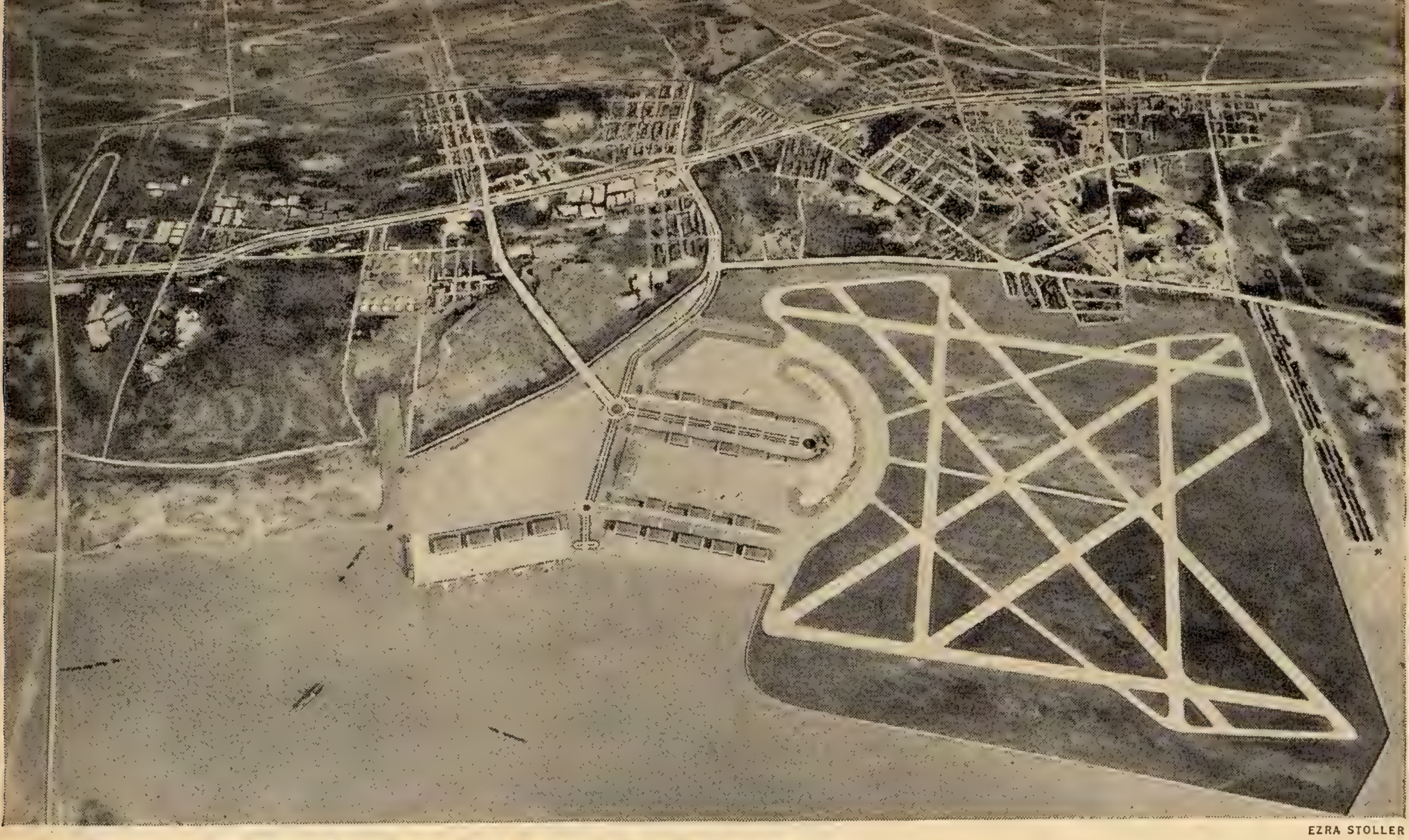
"I heard all, master!" Yuan whispered, his voice shaking. "That was your own coat you gave to my Lord Feng—your own captain's coat with the Sky-Dragon Honor. While you waited for the summons to the Hall of Reception, you opened Feng Tah's bundle and made an exchange of coats. It was a twice-gracious deed, master. Now my Lord Feng will die in happy content."

Captain Mong drew a deep breath. "For years, Yuan, I thirsted for this day of reckoning, but Feng Tzu, my enemy, is also a soldier of China—a better soldier than his son was. He has fought bravely on our side—fought with bullets of silver—until he has beggared himself. I could not strip him of his only possession—his pride in the House of Feng!"

THE END



Captain Mong stepped back and gave the coat a formal salute.



EZRA STOLLER

Estimates of postwar air traffic have already necessitated enlarging the plans for New York's Idlewild airport. Original model shown here.

# AMERICA PREPARES FOR THE AGE OF FLIGHT

**You hear a lot of gab about the coming air age—but exactly what is your home town now doing about it? Plenty, you'll judge, after reading this**

### BY BURNET HERSHEY

Of the eleven or more million citizens in the armed services, millions are going to return to civilian life with a completely different attitude toward air travel. An air trip to them will be as familiar a part of daily life as flivvering out to a roadside Dine-and-Dance was before the war.

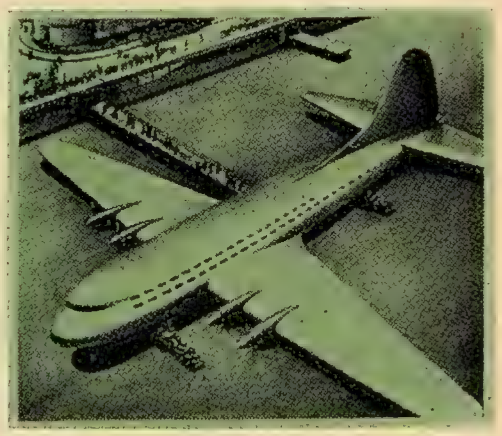
By the end of this year there will be more than 2,000,000 Americans in the Army Air Forces alone, and another 2,500,000 producing aircraft at home. For many an American youth now in Miami, or the West Indies, or Brazil, a hop to Karachi, India, halfway around the world, is already commonplace.

In days to come, when they're back, they may remember, when vacation times are near, that those funny little places in Africa, Asia, Alaska, Europe, or the mid-Pacific are, after all, not many hours distant by air, and decide it would be fun to take the wife and the kids to look them over. That's when they'll start hunting the nearest airport to check up on timetables and connections.

Here, including families, is a ready and constantly increasing potential market of a good many million postwar air-line ticket buyers. It appears certain that after the war nearly everybody in this country will be airminded. Just as a generation ago motorcars jammed every highway and byway, so tomorrow the nation will take wing—moving itself, and much of its freight, through the skies into almost every corner of the globe.

Nearly every day we hear more amazing figures about our aviation industry and how it has now reached a place in the American economic picture second only to steel itself. The sharp pencil boys in Washington tell us that this year aviation production will amount to more than twenty billion dollars—a fourth of our whole war budget for the year, and more than one third of our total national income in 1939.

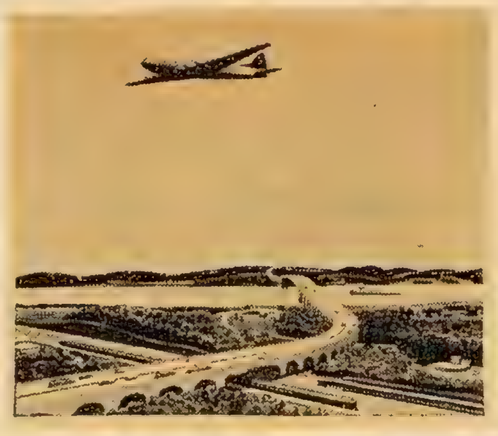
Before 1950 the United States may easily have half a million private, commercial, and military planes in active service. That's not just a dream. It's big business in the best American tradition, creating hundreds of thousands of new jobs, transporting passengers, communications, and produce faster and into more places than ever before. It means efficiency and service. And in the United States, efficient transportation service means delivery from door of departure to door of destination.



UNITED AIR LINES

That's been the catch in the aviation picture up to now. On hops from Chicago to St. Louis, for instance, the air time isn't much more than an hour. But to reach the take-off airport and to get from the landing field into the city at either end takes almost as long as the trip itself. That makes passengers mad. They're used to instantaneous service with the railway depot seldom more than fifteen minutes away from home or office.

The public will get what it wants. Worried property owners, municipal officials, civic-minded citizens who know the prosperity of their city depends on developing such air service, are at this moment preparing to bring the biggest transcontinental and transocean aircraft right to the corner of Main Street and Center.

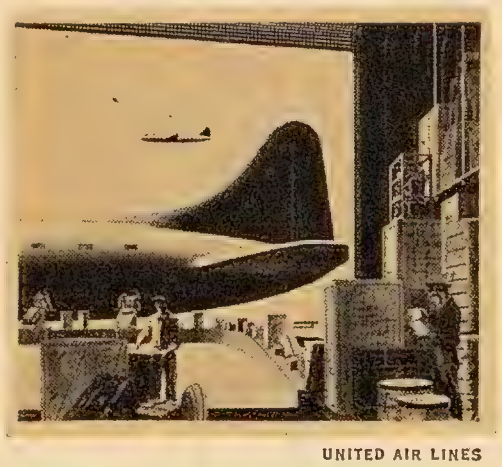


UNITED AIR LINES

That's the big nonmilitary aviation story shaping up throughout the land. Airports! Bigger and roomier airports—thousands of them—located on the fringes of the larger cities and often in the very hearts of the small towns! Municipal airport projects for tomorrow's flying business have gone beyond the stage of drawings. They have sent small-town aspirations soaring and, by the same token, have given the big towns like New York their biggest headache.

Aside from the still visionary proposals to create landing fields within five minutes of Times Square by roofing over some Hudson River piers, and the possibility that some of the testing fields now being used by metropolitan warplane manufacturers may be available for general postwar use, New York City has actually in prospect only the new—and rather distant—airport at Idlewild, Long Island, on Jamaica Bay.

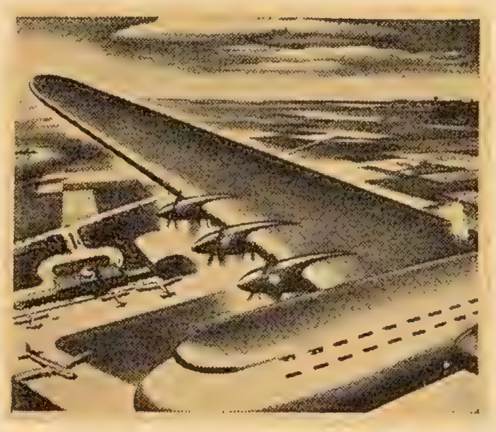
This port is under construction as rapid as priorities permit and, according to Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, is destined to be "the world's greatest center for both commercial and passenger air traffic in the postwar period." It's already the city's greatest aviation center of argument. The mayor, his own name safely perpetuated with LaGuardia Airport, violently opposes naming the Idlewild project "Major General Alexander E. Anderson Airport," as demanded by the Council. He wants it called simply Idlewild. He says the other name is too long, and, anyhow, who knows that some other hero with a better claim to recognition may not pop up before war's end? He vetoed the Council's ordinance, and the Council promptly passed their measure over his veto with considerable wise-cracking about the *wildness* of the mayor's language, and the *idleness* with which construction of the field was being pushed.



UNITED AIR LINES

But even on the practical side, the Idlewild port has certain obvious disadvantages which must be overcome either by development of helicopter air taxis or by building direct vehicle tunnels into New York City. Otherwise Idlewild will present the familiar, and to airline officials depressing, picture of a terminal which is almost as distant in minutes by surface travel as the near-by cities are by air.

Let's take a flying trip over some of America's airports—existing and projected. We'll start in the middle of the map with Chicago. International aviation looks like Chicago's big chance. It's just as easy for a plane from London to fly across Greenland and put down on the shore of Lake Michigan as it is to fly over Newfoundland and park along the Hudson. So Chicago is erecting and surveying airports on a scale that makes the more conservative seacoast cities look like pikers.



UNITED AIR LINES

Chicago's aviation plan appears to verge on the fantastic—until you listen to some hard-headed Chicago business man citing facts and figures on the actual amount of traffic the plan has been designed to care for. The basis of the plan centers around a dozen or more huge ports located in a semicircle with the two ends touching the lake. Then right on the lake front itself, in the very heart of Chicago, within five minutes' walking distance of Michigan Avenue, the big hotels, the theaters, the shopping district, the Loop, and already in process of construction is what Chicagoans claim to be the very biggest, most spectacular, and most efficient of all airports in the world.

This most glamorous haven, however, will not handle the real bulk of Chicago's air traffic. The daily humdrum routine of air shipments will be divided between the other twelve or so large ports and about seventy smaller auxiliary fields, located conveniently to warehouse areas, surface shipyards, and railway freight depots, and situated to serve Chicago's immense suburban populations, as well as the industries which have made the city a world center for grain and meat and an important production point for heavy equipment.

Dayton, Ohio, would have a good head start on many another hopeful city in the immediate postwar period if it could take over, even in part, the great Wright Field, now chief Eastern testing ground for the Army Air Forces. Even without that Dayton has three commercial ports, including its fine municipal field, and a number of smaller private air grounds. But Dayton does not expect these to be enough. Only a few weeks ago, at a municipal aviation dinner, Russell Martin, Dayton's air chairman, said, "It rests with Dayton whether it will be on a highway or a byway in the future of aviation," and the fact that there are sixty-four plants now in the city manufacturing aviation parts was given as an indication that after the war Dayton would continue as the nation's foremost aviation development and research center.

Local claims of pre-eminence in aviation are almost as long as the list of post offices in the United States.

St. Louis has the self-imposed title of "No. 1 Air Capital of the Nation," since it was selected last year by the U. S. Economic Mission to Brazil as the U. S. terminal for a straight-line air route to Rio de Janeiro. Certainly the city is stretching every resource to justify its boast. Lambert Field, the main air depot, has been doubled in size, a second huge terminal is being built as fast as priorities permit, and the necessary string of intermediate auxiliary ports is being co-operatively organized by owners of private fields. Due to its French origin, which still gives it the air of a cosmopolis, and its long contact with foreign commerce via the Mississippi, St. Louis is perhaps the best equipped city in the central states to inaugurate direct air traffic with Latin America.

A general survey of the national air needs is under constant revision in the Washington office of Colonel Edgar Gorrell, president of the Air Transport Association, a voluntary body representing the principal commercial aviation companies. One of the hardest airport problems to resolve is likely to be the vast sprawling area that is generally called

(*Continued on page 56*)

# BESSIE ARBRUSTER BUCKS A BLOW

### BY RONALD G. SERCOMBE

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

**Howling wind and fog turn a mission of mercy into a man hunt and a female skipper becomes a heroine. A new tale of an old friend with a talent for adventure**

BESSIE ARBRUSTER with great gusto rearranged the bottles on the display shelf at the Angler's Inn, and any one who really knew her could see that she was agitated to the point of eruption.

The source of Bessie's irritation was Luther Engles, retired deep-sea skipper now employed on a coastal government project. Captain Engles, relaxing for the first time in several months, was mellowly garrulous. His leathery lined face was puckered in an expression of self-importance and his normally faraway blue eyes were animated as he talked and talked.

"Greatest storage-tank farm in the East, Bess," said Captain Engles. "We got a six-inch pipe line pushing through oil and gasoline right from Texas. We got twenty steel tanks with a capacity of twenty-five thousan' gallons each and twenty-five concrete tanks holdin' better'n two hunerd thousan' gallons o' fuel oil."

Bessie's tattered bar rag swished past Captain Engles' glass of brew, upsetting it. He stared at her in blank surprise for a moment as she pointed to a sign on the bar mirror. In large black letters it warned: "The Enemy Has Big Ears."

Captain Engles shrugged and scratched a match.

"Known you for nigh onto eighteen years, Bess," he continued blithely. "Trust ye. Yessir, Bess, I'd 'a' never thought that Desolation Island would become the biggest tank farm on the coast. You oughta see them big British tankers loadin' up. My job is to watch the pneumer—the pneumercators. Them's the gadgets which check the contents of the tanks."

"Shut up!" Bessie spoke harshly.

"Huh? Oh, yeah. An' underground we got five-sixteenth-inch steel tanks with naphtha and benzine and Diesel oil. It's the greatest—"

There was salt frost in Bessie's shrewd blue eyes as she planted herself squarely in front of Captain Engles, hands on hips.

"Look, Luther," she said coldly. "If'n you can't hold your beer better'n this, the flag's up. I'm surprised at ye. I'm makin' a pot of hot coffee, and I want you to drink it and go on home to bed."

Captain Engles' shoulders sagged and he looked glum.

"Can't go to bed," he muttered. "I gotta wait up for the Slaphappy to dock. I hired her out yestiddy to Spike Thomas. He was goin' up to Grassy Bay after tautog."

The Slaphappy was Captain Engles' thirty-foot cabin cruiser. Equipped with Diesel motor, shortwave, alcohol stove, heated cabin, outriggers, and other expensive accouterments, it was the object of island-wide envy among the humbler boat owners. The Slaphappy, prior to Pearl Harbor, held the coastal championship for tuna catches.

"There's no tautog runnin' up to Grassy Bay," said Bessie suspiciously. "Nothin' left but eels. What kind of bait are you tryin' to feed me?"

The skipper shrugged. "He's payin' me twenty bucks a day. I should worry about his fish."

THE tavern door burst open with a force that rattled the bottles. Shorty Harris, the Pekingese-faced bait cutter from Pedigo's Pier, stumbled in. Water poured off his oilskins. In his arms he held a soggy bundle.

"Whoosh!" spluttered Shorty. "This is it." He pointed to the door.

Outside was the beginning of a howling hell.

"Nor'east," muttered Captain Engles. "I smelled it three days ago."

The lights flickered in the tavern as Bessie shuffled over to the door, her gum boots creaking.

From the pocket of her salt-encrusted jacket Bessie carefully withdrew a large tarnished silver watch, treasured memento of the days when Pappy Arbruster operated the tavern and boating business on Barkentine Island, paradise for bay and channel anglers.

"Comes high tide in a hour," Bessie announced decisively. "Change o' tide it'll either get better or we'll really be in for it. My bet is it'll clear."

Shorty shook his head dolefully.

"Caught three tautog down t' Little Mud awhile back, Bess," he said seriously. "Their bellies was full o' stones." He pointed to the dripping bundle.

When fish swarm into the bays, channels, and backwaters of the New Jersey coast during the months of September and October and proceed to gulp quantities of pebbles to increase their weight and keep them on bottom, natives batten down the hatches and shutter the windows. It's a sure sign of a bad blow.

But Bessie was adamant as usual.

"Can't trust 'togs," she retorted. "They're off-season fish."

She disappeared for a few moments and returned with a steaming pot of coffee and a cup.

Captain Engles gulped without relish and then, as the potent brew began circulating, rubbed his forehead worriedly.

"Bess," he said anxiously, "Spike's a poor navigator. We gotta do somethin' about the Slaphappy."

"Maybe I should blow a foghorn and bring her in," suggested Bessie caustically.

Captain Engles looked hurt.

"All right," he said shortly, finishing his coffee. "I can always get Pedigo. He's got a power boat that can take it better than the Lark."

It worked. The Lark, Bessie's twenty-four-foot cabin cruiser, was her pride and joy. She took a deep breath and the seams around her shoulders protested.

"Git your skins, mister," she ordered. "We'll find the Slaphappy even if'n she's in Jonesey's locker."

A roaring gust of wind pushed open the tavern door, almost tearing it off its hinges, and revealing Charlie, Bessie's rawboned gangling aide-de-camp. His weather-beaten face was a map of alarm.

"Bessie." His voice quavered. "Didn't we have three garvey boats in as well as the Lark?"

Bessie sighed impatiently.

"You calked 'em and painted 'em. You oughta know."

"Well, there's on'y two. One must 'a' broke loose."

Bessie stared at him for a moment. Her jutting jaw dropped.

"Is it number five missin'?" she asked slowly.

Charlie nodded painfully.

"Doc Harrison and Trixie took it out this morning. They was goin' to the inlet for blue stripers," said Bessie hoarsely. "My Lord!"

Doc Harrison, retired obstetrician and Bessie's warmest friend, was a master navigator, but a twelve-foot boat powered with an outboard motor can't be navigated in a nor'easter. Trixie Dunbar, young, vivacious, was the editor of the Tidewater Times, Barkentine Island's weekly medium of gossip. She was an ardent angler and Bessie's only confidante.

ADDING to Bessie's mounting troubles, in walked Pedigo, her despised rival, clad in black rain cape and hat and with a diabolical gleam in his eyes.

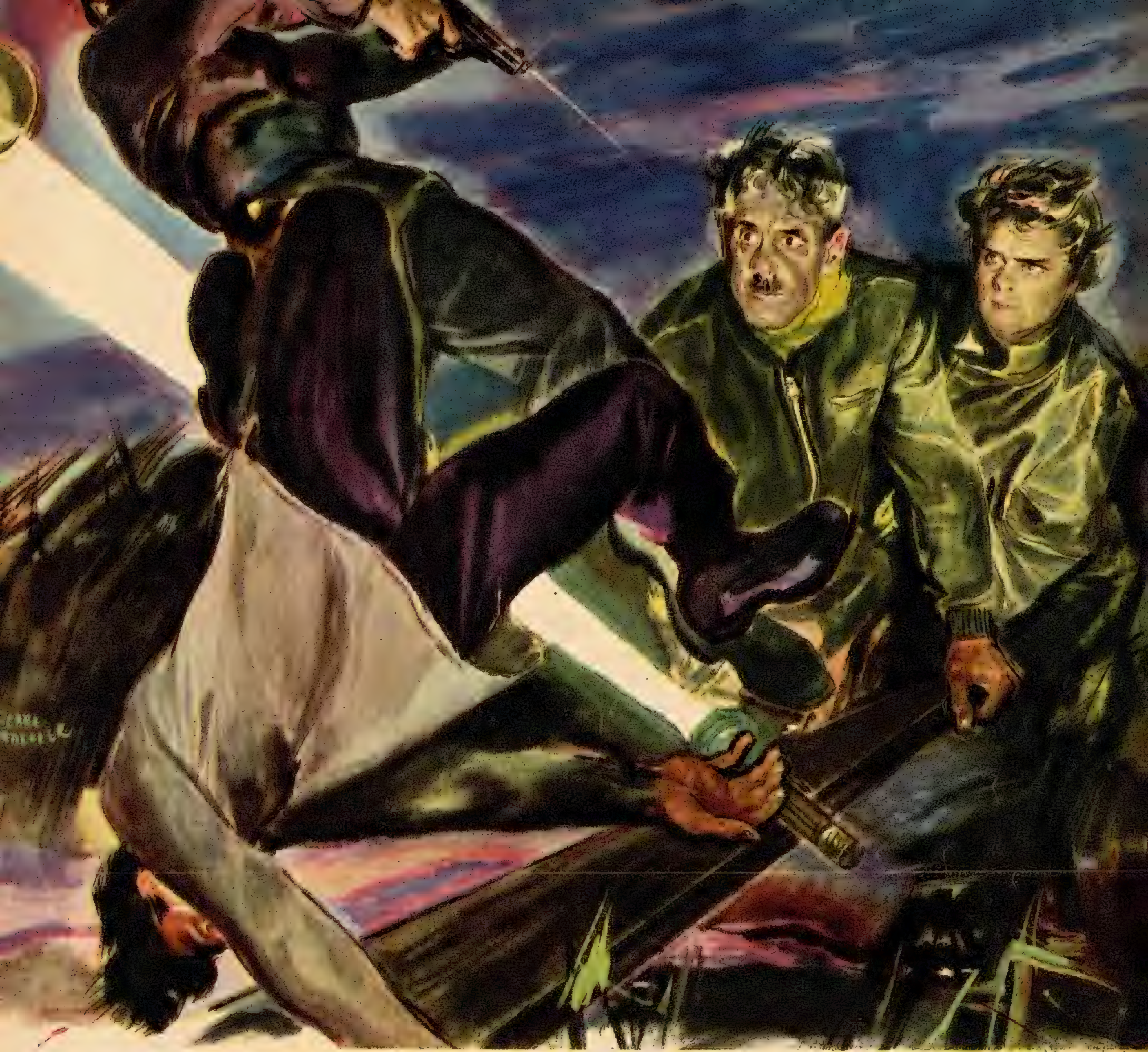
"Hi, chum," Pedigo said arrogantly. "Just thought I'd see if you were still in business."

Bessie's blood pressure had risen at sight of him.

"Nor'easters blow in some funny things," she commented. "Flotsam and jetsam and you. Scram!"

Pedigo removed his rubber hat and climbed onto a bar stool.

"One shandygaff, and make it snappy," he ordered. From a jacket pocket he withdrew a fat wallet



They grabbed the end of the plank and lifted. "Damn you!" shouted Thomas. The pistol barked.

and tossed a fifty-dollar bill on the bar.

Bessie cleared her throat.

"A—a what?" she asked weakly.

"Shandygaff. Shandygaff," barked Pedigo, feigning irritation. "Or perhaps don't you even know how to mix one?"

Bessie ignored him, walked rapidly to the closet in the corner. She donned oilskins, grabbed a flashlight, and stowed three cork life preservers under an arm.

"This fifty-dollar bill says you can't mix a shandygaff!" bellowed Pedigo.

Bessie still ignored him.

"C'm'on, Luther, Shorty," she ordered. "You're me crew. Charlie, look after the bar."

Shorty sidled over to Bessie. "He does a lot of guzzlin' with British seamen," he said, sotto voce. "Mebbe—"

"Let's go," said Bessie sharply. "The air in here's gittin' pizenous." She turned briefly to Pedigo. "I'll collect that cabbage when I got more time. It's a bet."

At the door, Captain Engles hesitated. "D'ya think we can make it?" he asked hesitatingly.

Bessie glanced at him contemptuously. "Where would we be," she asked him, "if'n the boys in Guadalcanal thought thataway?"

ARBRUSTER BAY was a maelstrom. Bessie's docks were completely submerged by the surging tide. Fifty yards offshore, the Lark tugged and strained at her moorings, and with Captain Engles and Shorty manning oars while Bessie shouted directions, it took them five minutes to navigate that short stretch.

Once aboard the Lark, Bessie grabbed a megaphone. "Charlie," she bawled shoreward, "we're casting the rowboat adrift. She'll float up by the pilings. Secure her. If water pressure under the tavern gits too bad, open the trap door and let 'er flood. And you kin shove Pedigo down the trap door."

She turned her attention to the motors while Shorty hauled a weather anchor and released the boat from her moorings.

"Anything I can do?" asked Captain Engles. His fog was lifting but his horizon was still cloudy.

"See that port 'n' starboard lights is lit," snapped Bessie. "Git Shorty to h'ist the Coast Guard Auxiliary

(*Continued on page 60*)

PHOTOS BY
MAURICE SEYMOUR

IRENE RUHNKE
Second base

GLADYS DAVIS
Shortstop

# BELLES of the BALL GAME

## BY HERB GRAFFIS

WHILE Brooklyn's Bums were being berated by their once loving fans as merely lower-case bums, while the Giants of the lusty McGraw tradition were being ridiculed as nine futile old men, something was happening to make history on the diamond in 1943.

Girls' softball, baseball's little stepsister, was graduating into the big time.

In four Midwestern cities it was drawing a higher percentage of the population than major-league baseball ever did in its greatest attendance years. It had its own World Series between the winners of the first and second halves of its initial season. It was invited to put a fall and winter schedule into Pacific Coast cities as the liveliest new sports entertainment for a war-working populace. It arranged to expand its circuit by entering two American Association cities in 1944.

Looking at the box score of the debutante year of the girls in organized baseball, it appears that, outside of failing to offer Eleanor Roosevelt or Emily Post a job as the maiden sport's Judge Landis, girls' softball didn't muff many opportunities in promising that postwar competition for sports gate money may be coeducational.

Even veteran baseball fans who have viewed the young women performers in the maiden year of the All-American Girls' Softball League—with teams in Racine and Kenosha, Wisconsin; Rockford, Illinois; and South Bend, Indiana—admit that they've brought to ball games reminiscences of the old fiery spirit of competition that blazed when the Giants, Yankees, Tigers, Pirates, Orioles, and other historic battlers were in their belligerent prime.

In one game Miss Shirley Jameson of the Kenosha Comets entertained a desperate hope of preventing a double play. She hurled herself into Gladys Davis, shortstop of the Rockford Peaches. With a grunt heard in the bleachers Miss Jameson ricocheted vigorously on her derrière in the infield dust. Mrs. Davis deftly relayed the ball to first, completing the play, and gave the Jameson girl a that-is-how-it-is-done-dearie smile.

Miss Jameson grinned. As she arose, she cheerfully remarked, "I thought the league was composed of ladies."

And so it is. Mrs. Davis had her name in Canadian society pages many times before she became captain of an Ontario Sunday-school championship softball team which three times represented Canada in world softball title tourneys. Miss Jameson, daughter of a former minor-league baseball player, likewise is quite a lady. She has a bachelor of science degree from the University of Illinois, and out of the league season teaches general science, biology, and physical education at the community high school in Dundee, Illinois.

An optimistic view of the future of girls' softball is reflected by the worry of Bert Niehoff, manager of the South Bend Blue Sox. He is a dour and knowing patriarch of major- and minor-league baseball, and not at all a visionary fellow. Yet Niehoff says, "This thing is going to make good in the big cities, and I'm wondering what'll happen when the girls' softball World Series bucks the baseball classic and the early Saturdays and Sundays of college and pro football."

A hunch of chewing-gum magnate Philip K. Wrigley, owner of the Chicago Cubs, brought the All-American Girls' Softball League into being. Wrigley assigned Ken Sells of the Cubs' business staff to the job of organizing a girls' softball league which eventually might fill in at Wrigley Field during summer evenings.

Business men in Racine, Kenosha, Rockford, and South Bend, where acute war-worker recreation problems existed, welcomed teams, once Sells explained the objectives and policies.

It has been no secret to sports fans in the Midwest that girls' softball in Chicago has been outdrawing the major-league baseball clubs. But the neighborhood games lacked polish. The major-league girls' softball problem, primarily, was that of converting a somewhat uncouth Amazonian spectacle into something nearer to the Wellesley, Vassar, Smith, and Stephens standard of competition.

Consequently the first job was that of sifting from about 300 original applicants those young women whose athletic proficiency did not submerge their social

HELEN NELSON
Catcher

CLARA SCHILLACE
Outfielder

OLIVE LITTLE
Pitcher

**Girls now play ball for money in a well heeled professional league. It's softball—but it's already outdrawing the national pastime in Chicago**

graces. The chosen maids were sent to a charm school conducted by Mme. Stella Rubenstein, late of Paris, France. She taught them to walk gracefully instead of in the rolling waddle which is the locomotion technique of too many famed athletes. She instructed them in posture and in the intelligent use of make-up. She impressed on them the correct use of cleansing cream to avoid acquiring muscle moll's complexion. She told them how to care for and arrange their hair.

Although chivalry couldn't stand the strain of perjury that might pronounce all of the All-American softball corps enchanting creatures, you do have to say that, after their charm indoctrination, some were able to show quaint schnozzes, freckles, and knots of sinew in ensembles offsetting the neglect of Mother Nature.

One girl, Mary Baker, a catcher with South Bend, formerly was a model. Rubenstein didn't have to groom her in modeling the athletic type. Mary bats .625 on any trained male retina. Another, Gloria Marks, a pitcher for the Racine Belles, won a beauty contest in San Diego, and was selected as the pet pin-up girl of a southern California Army post.

When staging of the All-American League was being arranged, Otis Shepard, art director for Mr. Wrigley's enterprises, was called in to design the teams' outfits. He produced a three-quarter-length skirt and an attractive blouse. South Bend was attired in light blue, Kenosha in green, Rockford in peach, and Racine in yellow. Players of all teams were provided with red warm-up jackets. The only practical defect of the skirt uniform was that it didn't leave much room for sliding pads, and the maids are compelled to do some expert jobs of camouflage in concealing abraded hams.

The majority of players in the league are versatile athletes with winning histories in basketball, track, tennis, skating, golf, hockey, and bowling. Johnny Hamilton, transferred from scouting for the Cubs to hunting talent for the All-American League, maintains that at the rate the girls have been developing smarter baseball under expert tutelage this season, it won't be long before their successors come into the league with the baseball instinct that American boys seem to be born with.

In addition to its manager, each club in the league has a woman coach-chaperon who combines the services of big sister and trainer. The girls live with private families. There are no late hours for them, no tavern touring, no slacks as street wear, no smoking in public. To keep in keen condition they insist on daily calisthenics and warm-up running—this demand being something not known to men's sport.

The league's roster carries fifteen girls on each team. The players range from sixteen to twenty-five years. Their weekly salaries run from forty to eighty-five dollars. Although the circuit in its present status is incorporated on a nonprofit basis, the first season indicates that its commercial possibilities may be such that fancy salaries for stars are in prospect. Apparently that's the belief of many athletic maidens, as there are about 250 applications for tryouts now on file.

At a sixty-five-cent adult and twenty-five-cent juvenile admission for the games, all of which are played at night, the league will operate in the red this year, although it has drawn several crowds of 5,000.

In planning the league for the maximum of fan entertainment, the All-American circuit revised the usual softball rules. Nine girls are played as a team. Bases are sixty-five feet apart. The pitching distance for the twelve-inch ball is forty feet. The pitcher must have only the pivot foot on the slab. Base runners are allowed to take leads. The rules encourage a fast open game and do away with an excess of pitchers' battles.

Those most dubious about the prospects of girls' softball as big business in sport concede that in the first year of the All-American League the proposition commercially advanced further than baseball did in its first decade as a major outdoor attraction.

And certainly Philip K. Wrigley is not one to throw away money on flagrant errors in judgment.

THE END

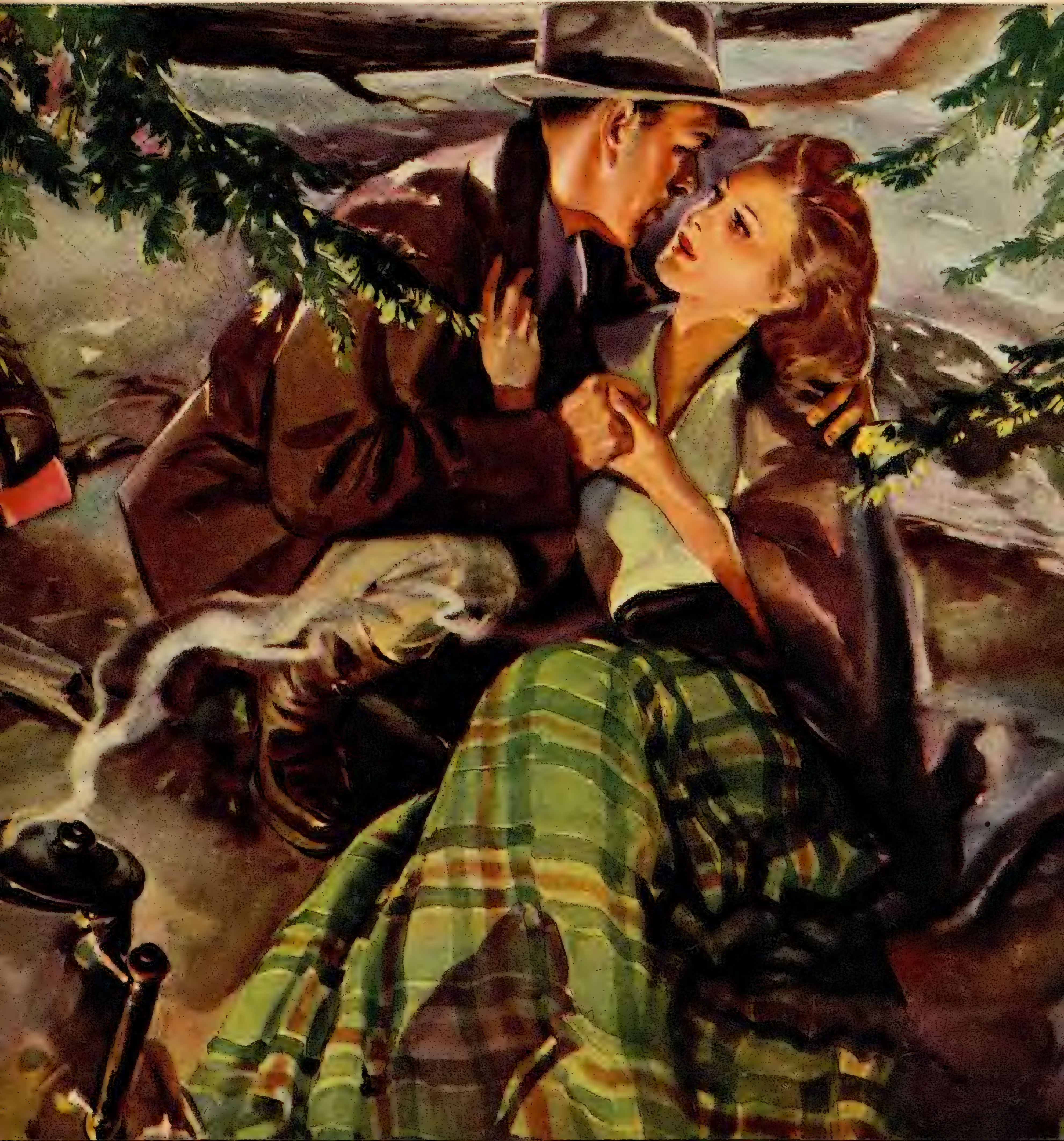
EDYTHE PERLICK
Outfielder

# Broken River

Elated by his taming of the shrew, Rack returns to camp and a new batch of trouble which turns his victory into hollow defeat

BY JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL



## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

TWO things troubled Rack Tinker, woods boss of the Broken River Logging Company, which was owned by his foster father, Big Red Tinker. One was the contract to log the spruce on the Bishop tract which Clyde Prio, a lawyer and the Tinkers' friend, had persuaded Mrs. Bishop to give to Broken River, against the wishes of Mrs. Bishop's pretty, red-haired daughter Sara. Sara distrusted Rack and wanted Sam Horton, who owned the mill, to cut the timber. She was helpless because the contract had been signed, but she reminded Rack:

"There's a stumpage payment of ten thousand dollars due in six weeks. If it isn't made on time, the contract breaks itself."

Rack's other worry concerned a secret in his past—which, he had recently discovered, Sam Horton knew.

"You killed my brother," Sam said. "I can't prove it. Not yet! But I will!"

The weeks passed, and Broken River worked hard. But could he, Rack wondered, log enough spruce to make the stumpage payment? And could he fulfill the contract before Horton found his "proof" and took it to the sheriff?

The day of reckoning arrived, and Sara came for the ten thousand dollars. Rack offered her a check.

"But you haven't the money," she said.

"You can't say that check is bad until you've taken it to the bank," Rack told her dryly. "Of course it's too late today, but tomorrow will do as well."

"And that gives you another day!" said Sara, and turned away angrily to make her way through the woods.

Tears of fury at the way she had been tricked blinded her, and she lost the trail. Then when Rack came along and said that he, too, was lost, she knew that more trickery was afoot.

SARA BISHOP awoke slowly. At first she knew only that she was tired. It was a moment before she remembered the cold, the smell of wood smoke, the rough feel of wool beneath her palms. She opened her eyes to see the laced patterns of spruce branches against the sky. She moved and found she was wrapped in a thick blanket.

"Good morning."

It was Rack's voice. He was squatting beside a cheerful crackling fire a little distance away. An old and blackened grill had been set up above the flames. A coffeepot there spouted a fat plume of steam. Rack held a skillet in one hand; he busied himself turning long strips of bacon.

"Breakfast's about ready," he said.

Sara Bishop did not answer. She tried to rise and regretted it instantly. There was a howling ache between her shoulder blades. Her legs, her thighs, her forearms were bruised and aching stiff. She lay still, thinking of the effort it would cost to throw the blanket aside and stand up.

Rack said, "Like your bacon crisp?"

"Rack," she whispered. And he was kneeling beside her, bending down.

"You go to the devil!" she said.

He nodded. "Crisp it is."

Sara Bishop pushed the blanket away. She climbed to her knees and then to her feet, awkwardly, for it seemed her legs were made of brittle and hurting glass. Rack was making toast now. He looked up at her, his expression carefully matter-of-fact.

"So you were lost?" she said.

He smiled. "That's right."

"Where did the food come from, the blankets—"

"A St. Bernard wandered by."

"Do they usually carry razors?"

He rubbed his freshly shaven chin. "This one did," he said, his voice pleasant. "And a comb for you." He lifted his hand. "It's behind you there."

Sara Bishop turned. He had placed a pan of warm water, a soft towel, a washcloth, and soap on a near-by log. A comb and toothbrush, still in their transparent wrapping, lay there too. A steel camp mirror had been pegged to a slender tree.

"St. Bernard!" she said. "You liar!"

He smiled again. "The bacon's done."

"Then—eat it yourself!"

She turned her back on him, completely furious.

He had gone to camp while she slept, had brought back camp gear and food. Thus the people of Broken River knew she was lost, and that Rack would keep her lost until that damned check of his was good. And that meant no searching party.

The warm water helped. By the time her hair was combed she felt a little better. She even managed a bitter smile when Rack brought her a laden plate. "Mine host," she said. "I should throw this at your head."

"You've decided not to," he said. "Why?"

"I'm both hungry and practical."

Rack smiled at her. "Good girl."

"And I'm going to find my way out."

"Sure," he said. "But how?"

"Ummm." She pointed a piece of toast at him. "I'll follow the river bank until I find a trail I know."

"Where's the river, pup?"

"I've been thinking about that," she said, "and don't call me pup! We didn't cross the river last night, so it must be roughly southwest of us."

"Sounds reasonable." While he talked he stowed the camp gear away in a travel-worn packsack. "The sun is well to the south at this time of year. If we keep the sun at our right shoulder, we'll be facing southeast." He looked up at the leaden gray sky and then grinned. "We can cross that off the list. No sun today, pup."

"Damn you," she whispered.

"Pup," he said, "now you're mad again."

She glared at him, fighting for self-control. "You're not lost, Mr. Tinker. And you're not funny! Don't you think it's about time you stopped playing silly games and took me back to camp?"

"Sorry," he said. "No sunshine."

He had a smile for her look of fury.

"I think you enjoy this," she snapped.

He shook his head. "Guess again, pup."

"Then, why—"

"You're a nice girl to be lost with," he said. "Shrewish—but nice. I can't let you bat around out here by yourself, what with cougars behind every tree."

"WHAT about wolves? Two-legged wolves?"

"I'll howl for you in a minute, pup." He got tobacco and papers from his pocket. "The point just now is that I'm not enjoying myself. There're a lot of places I'd rather be. But we're together, whether I like it or not, until we find the trail to camp. We may as well make the best of it."

"I'd like to cut your throat!" she said.

He cocked his head. "Pup, you've tried."

Sara Bishop did not speak to him again. She stood up, cheeks burning, to search the floor of the clearing for some sign of a trail. He poured the last of the water on the fire, and then bent to yank tight the straps of the packsack. "Lead on," he said cheerfully. "I'm ready."

She crossed the clearing at a run. It did not matter that there was no path, that she had no clear idea of direction. She wanted only to get away from Rack Tinker, away from his infuriating assurance.

She went down with the long slope of the land, fighting her way through the thick brush. Each jolting step was an agony, and still she forced herself to a faster pace. Rack couldn't squirm through a solid wall of brush carrying that pack. Five minutes of this . . . ten, and he'd be so far behind he'd never catch up.

She had gone perhaps two hundred yards when she stopped to look back. There was no sign of Rack, no sound of his coming. She rested a moment, panting for breath, and then went on to the floor of the ravine. Working her way through the thick growth there, she began to climb the far slope. It was slow going.

She hauled herself up the last steep pitch to a sort of shallow step in the face of the hill. Rack was waiting there, sitting on the ground, back propped against the packsack.

"I made a cigarette for you," he said.

"How"— Sara said—"how did you get here?"

"You went through the ravine. I walked around."

Sara Bishop turned away. She did not climb, but followed the curve of the hill. Behind her she heard the soft thud of Rack's boots on the forest floor. He came abreast of her when she stopped to rest, an oddly solemn Rack. "Yell when you get hungry," he said. "I have some sandwiches in the packsack."

Twice, in the hours that followed, Sara Bishop thought she had lost the man. Once he turned up on the slope above her. The second time a blood-curdling scream brought her out of hiding and into the open. Rack came into view a moment later. "That's my cougar scream," he said. "Like it, pup?"

Huskily she said, "Go 'way, please."

"Lady," he said, "it's lunchtime."

The food was not important, but the rest helped. It was an effort for Sara to pull herself erect and go on, out across the long flat. Rack stayed close behind her now, his brown face frankly troubled.

An hour of this. An hour of slow walking and frequent rests and they came to a wide clearing. Paper, fresh and white, was scattered upon the ground there. Hope wakened in Sara Bishop.

"Some one's looking for me!" she said.

Quietly Rack said, "Those are sandwich wrappers, pup. We ate lunch here. We've come around in a full circle."

She went on doggedly. This time she struck off to the right. A faint trail appeared and she followed it. The wind had come up, cold, bitter, and sharp with the promise of snow. Sara stopped to catch her breath. Then, from somewhere ahead, she heard a new sound—the brawling voice of a fast-running stream.

"That's Broken River!" she said.

Rack tipped his head. "Could be."

But it wasn't, and she knew it as soon as she saw the stream. This was hardly more than a creek. But there was a trail, plainly marked, on the far bank. A slender foot log bridged the racing water. Sara Bishop moved that way.

"I wouldn't," Rack said, "not in those boots."

He was pleasantly matter-of-fact, and yet the words spurred her on. The slender log bent with her weight. She took one step, another. Beneath her, water ran swift and white and somehow the foaming speed of it made balance difficult. "Steady," she told herself. "Another ten feet . . ."

And now the smooth bark of the foot log was wet and slick; the glassy soles of her boots could find no purchase there. She slipped, flailing the air with widespread arms. And then . . . she was down and the numbing cold of the water hit her like a fist blow. She caught at the log and clung to it, thigh-deep in the icy stream.

Rack was there almost at once. He dropped into the water beside her, and a moment later he had her in his arms and was wading ashore. He climbed the bank before he put her down. Shuddering, she watched him free the rolled blankets from the top of the packsack. She set her jaws to stop the chattering of her teeth. "Damn you!" she whispered. "Are you always right?"

"Take off that jacket," he said.

And when she did not move, he did it for her, stripping the sodden jacket from arms stiff with cold. He threw a blanket around her shoulders.

"Now the boots," he said.

Sara Bishop said, "No!"

He dropped his stag coat at her feet and knelt there. He loosened the strap and laces of one boot and pulled it off. "Stand on the coat," he said, and began work on the second boot. When he stood up his eyes were dark with concern. "Wrap yourself in a blanket," he said, "and get out of those wet clothes."

"I will not!"

"Pneumonia's something I don't want on my conscience," he told her quietly. "I'm going to build a fire. And if you're not out of those clothes by the time I'm done, then, pup, I'm going to undress you."

"You wouldn't dare!" she cried.

Bleakly he said, "Don't bet on it."

He got a hand ax from the pack and disappeared up the creek bank. Sara Bishop shivered and drew the blanket tighter around her shoulders, listening for the ring of ax strokes. He would, she thought, and her throat was tight. That man would do anything!

She was huddled in a cocoon of blankets when he returned with wood and kindling. He gave her one brief look, a white slant of grin. "Good girl," he said, and set about building a fire. Yellow flames fed hungrily on pitch-soaked wood. Warmth came through the blankets to soak to the bones of her. Rack wrung the water from her clothes and hung them to dry.

"Feel better?" he asked.

"Yes," said Sara. "And thanks."

He folded his stag coat into a pillow for her. "I'm sorry this happened," he said gravely. "I'm sorry you got lost and sorry I had to keep you lost. I don't enjoy fighting with a woman."

*Don't miss*

## MALTA STORY

By W. L. RIVER

**Based on the diary and experiences of Howard Coffin, a young American who joined the R.A.F. in 1941, it presents a vivid picture of life on the indomitable little island during one of the bloodiest sieges of all time.**

More than that, it tells, as dramatically as a novel, the story of what happened to Coffin, the three other Americans who were with him, and to the beautiful English girl whom two of them loved.

*In Liberty Next Week*

*Abridged to an evening's reading time*

"But that check was no good."

"That," he said, "is understatement."

She was quiet for a time, regarding him solemnly. There was an aching weariness in her arms and legs, but she was comfortable and warm. And now that she could not go on, the urgency that had driven her was gone.

"You think a lot of Broken River, don't you?"

"Sure," he said. "But why ask?"

"I've been thinking. I called you a short-stake logger once, and a bum. I want to apologize. I know now why you went from camp to camp, and why you wouldn't stay in any of them. You were piling up experience, learning your trade, getting ready for the day when Broken River would have a chance at important money."

"Yes," he said. "If we swing this, Broken River will be a big camp, a real camp. So the money means a lot, but not as much as the job we've got to do. The spruce is the number one item, pup. And we can get it to the mill, to the airplane factories, faster than any one else."

"You feel that way, but do the others?"

"Yes," he said soberly, "they do."

"Perhaps Big Red does. And Stump and White Hope. But what about that tall thin man—the one with a scarf around his throat?"

"Will Jaspers," Rack said. His expression did not change, and yet there was something—some small guarded tightening in the man—as though he had suddenly turned wary. Sara wondered about that until he spoke.

"Jaspers won't be around long."

She said, "I'm glad . . ."

Her eyelids were heavy now. Wind made murmurous sound in the trees. She looked at Rack, blinked, and looked at him again. He was smiling. "Pup," he said, "your nose is shiny." She was going to answer that. She was . . . but her eyes would not stay open.

She heard the strong voice of the stream when she awoke, the crackling of the fire. She moved, and then Rack spoke from a place close by:

"How was the nap, pup?"

"Wonderful. But why did you let me—"

"You needed it. You were tired." He leaned forward to toss wood upon the fire. "I learned something, watching you just now. You gave yourself away."

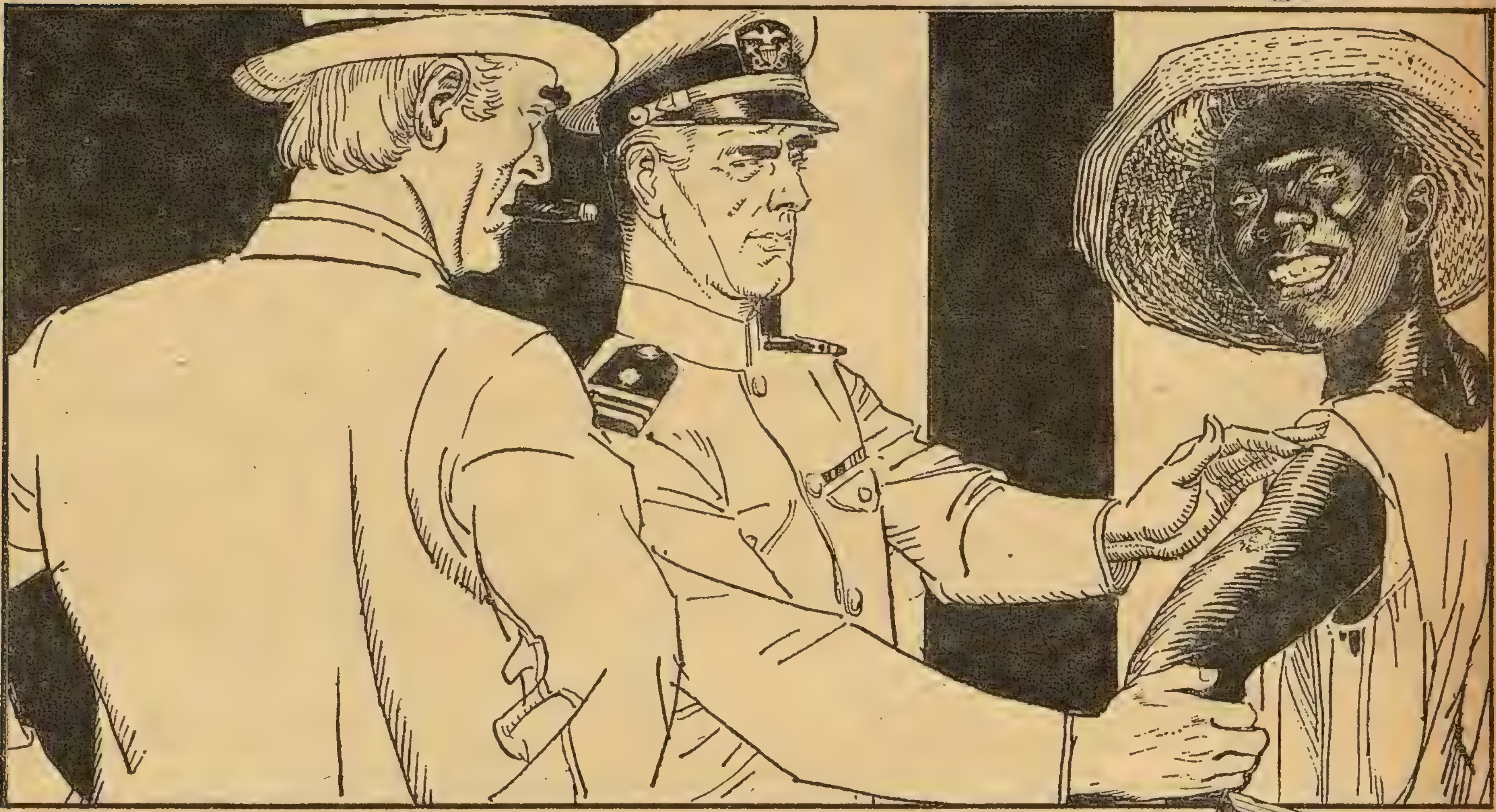
She smiled. "Do I talk in my sleep?"

"No, pup. But you stop pretending. You're a little girl when you're asleep, a little girl who's about half kitten and who likes to curl up where it's warm." He grinned at her through the smoke of his cigarette.

(*Continued on page 48*)

# Doctors Aweigh

## BY REAR ADMIRAL CHARLES M. OMAN



**This is the story of the Navy's doctors—and the corps behind them—who fight as thrilling battles as the men in the line.**

**It's their job to keep as many men at as many guns as many hours as possible.**

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

*ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN*

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ON Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, there were some 500 patients in the Naval Hospital at Pearl Harbor. These were men from the station and sick and injured from the ships of the Fleet then in harbor. The official rating of the institution was 506 patients. We were keeping a big fleet in the Pacific, and Pearl Harbor provided the only hospital facilities for it away from the mainland, except for small naval hospitals at Guam, Samoa, and Cavite.

We needed enlarged facilities. One by one new corridors, outbuildings, and pavilions were provided. Medical stores were built up. In Hawaii there are no firms manufacturing drugs or medical supplies. All these must come from the United States, and it takes time to get them there.

The value of this foresight is proved by the fact, announced by the surgeon-general of the Navy, Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, that at "midnight of December 7 there were 960 patients in a hospital whose official rating was 506 patients. And next day nearly 100 more were received who had been temporarily cared for at emergency dressing stations."

A mobile hospital with a capacity of 600 beds had been transported to Pearl Harbor and was practically set up and was functioning on that fateful day, December 7, 1941.

Captain Reynolds Hayden (M. C.), U. S. N., commanding officer of the Naval Hospital, was in his quarters, singing in his morning shower, when the first Japanese bombs fell. By the time he got to the hospital the officer of the day had ordered all hands to their stations. The hospital's three ambulances and all the fire-fighting apparatus were distributed about the grounds, so that in case a bomb were dropped, all the apparatus would not be destroyed at once.

All ambulant patients were moved from the wards to hospital tents set up behind the building. A number of men decided, without benefit of medical advice, that they

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were well enough to get back to their ships and into the fight. They didn't stop for uniforms. One lanky gunner's mate, who had been under treatment for a fractured rib, got out to his ship in time to help fire his gun before a bursting torpedo shattered both his legs. They brought him back to the same ward and the same bed he had crawled out of an hour before. Through grimly set lips he muttered, "It's just a damned merry-go-round!"

The hospital ship Solace, anchored in the harbor, became a mecca for the men swimming about in the oil-covered water. Approximately 141 patients were received on board.

The Navy is a stickler for records. All through a man's career in the service, whether just for a hitch or for life, two careful, up-to-the-minute, detailed accounts are kept of him. One is his service record; the other is his health record. The service record is kept in duplicate. One set goes with him from ship to station, in the keeping of his commanding officer. In the stress and confusion of battle or during such a raid as occurred at Pearl Harbor, there is naturally no time to search a man's health record before attending to his needs. This is one of the times when the metal identification tag, which every man in the United States Navy—officer and enlisted man alike—wears about his neck, is invaluable. In addition to its data, a man who has been given first-aid treatment at a field dressing station or by a Navy hospital corpsman is promptly tagged before being sent on to the hospital. The tag tells exactly what first-aid treatment has been given—morphine, sulfanilamide, or blood plasma.

Naturally, the powers of the entire hospital staff were stretched to the limit on that fateful December 7. For the next three days four operating teams, two teams working at a time in relays, attended to the urgent surgical cases as rapidly as possible. For the next ten days the hospital staff was divided into watches so the work could go on continuously round the clock.

The staff of the Pearl Harbor Hospital and that of the U. S. S. Solace were cited en masse by the commander in chief, United States Pacific Fleet, for distinguished services during, and subsequent to, the Japanese attack on December 7, 1941—the first time on record that the entire staff of a hospital or a hospital ship has received that honor.

Any one who has lived in the East knows you can kill a Chinaman, but you can't surprise him. The hospital's cooks and mess boys lived up to the traditions of their race. By some miracle and the equanimity of the Chinese temperament, those boys served that day, between noon and 3 P. M., *4,500 Sunday dinners.* Then they pitched in and produced an equal number of suppers. Next day they did it again. After that, the hospital was cleared of all except the patients and staff, and the housekeeping settled down to a routine.

Character and habit are what make for morale in any emergency. Sometimes force of habit produces amusing results. When the U. S. S. Arizona was blown up in a world-shattering explosion, the Hayden children ran excitedly to the front door to see. Automatically Mrs. Hayden called after them, *"Don't* let the mosquitoes in."

Pearl Harbor taught us that hospitals or any medical activity in areas subject to enemy attack should scatter their stocks of reserve medical supplies and personnel as widely as possible. Immediately after the raid, plans were drawn up and carried through for setting up emergency hospitals and stores of supplies all over the reservation. A number of these were built underground. The same arrangements were carried out at Midway Island, and only just in time. When the enemy struck there, and the hospital was the first building hit, medical equipment was safe underground.

In the very hour that the first wave of Jap bombers came winging over Diamond Head, the liner President Polk was making ready to sail for the Orient from the harbor of San Francisco. Aboard her was an unassuming, middle-aged American doctor, Corydon M. Wassell, Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N. R., who hailed from Little Rock, Arkansas, by way of ten years' service as a medical missionary and later as a United States Navy doctor in China. He was now to report to Admiral Thomas Hart at Cavite, Philippine Islands.

THE President Polk sailed shortly before noon. Before her bow had passed under the Golden Gate Bridge her radioman was listening, wide-eyed, to the reports of the raid on Pearl Harbor, and she turned back to her pier, disembarked all civilian passengers, and turned herself over to the Army. When she sailed again, ten days later, she was an armed transport, carrying forty-eight of the first P-40s shipped to the Far East. Aboard her was Dr. Wassell. His orders still were to report to Admiral Hart at Cavite. The admiral, however, had been obliged to withdraw to Surabaya, Java.

The President Polk unloaded the P-40s at Brisbane and took on troops and supplies to be delivered at Surabaya. She arrived there on January 27, just three days after one of the first engagements in Macassar Strait. The injured were beginning to come in. Admiral Hart immediately appointed Dr. Wassell to his staff. All sorts of medical supplies were being dumped, helter-skelter, on the docks. Every sort of vessel the United Nations could commandeer was being outfitted for use against the enemy. Men, planes, guns, ammunition, and tanks were arriving hourly, as the United Nations scrambled to put up a last line of defense of the Dutch East Indies and Australia.

American ships were endeavoring to hold Macassar Strait against the invaders. The U. S. S. Houston was lost. The U. S. S. Marblehead, with her steering gear shattered and great gaping holes in her sides, limped into Surabaya, carrying survivors from the Houston and her own injured.

To Dr. Wassell fell the job of assigning patients to the excellent Dutch hospitals of the town. Every day he visited each institution, making the rounds of the wards, distributing candy, ice cream, soap, and—final touch of thoughtfulness—long Chinese cigarette holders for men whose burned arms and hands were swathed too heavily in bandages to let them hold a cigarette.

"There weren't any naval orders to buy these things," the doctor recalls. "I didn't know but what I'd get court-martialed for spending 250 guilders (about $125) of the Navy's money on ice cream and smokes. But I figured it would be worth it. So far, the Navy Department hasn't called me on the carpet for it."

As February wore on and nothing seemed to halt the Japanese advance, orders came to Dr. Wassell from Admiral Hart to evacuate the American wounded to a town up in the hills. It was already crowded with refugees from all parts of the island. Medical supplies were scanty. Soon they had no more boric acid and no more cotton flannel. Dr. Wassell began to use a substitute remedy, such as he had often had to use as a medical missionary in China. Meanwhile, at Tjilatjap and other ports on the south shore, preparations were going on for the retreat to Australia.

After the retreat had begun, orders came from Admiral Hart: "Evacuate all wounded who can stand a hard trip." Every American face that looked up at Dr. Wassell from the beds begged for a chance of escape. The doctor sorted them. There were ten, including Lieutenant Commander William Goggins, executive officer of the U. S. S. Marblehead, who would have to be left behind. The doctor got the others dressed and over to the embarkation depot.

"How about you?" he was asked.

"I'm staying. With the ten."

"But a medical officer is needed to look out for these men."

"They'll get along. They all have fresh dressings. And they can help each other."

The doctor went slowly back through the February rain to his quarters at the Grand Hotel. Now there was nothing to do but wait—wait for the Japs to come up the road from Surabaya and take the hill town as they had taken the port. Unless he could somehow get his men away.

So he went poking about in the confusion and debris of the landing field on which the advance waves of Jap bombers were dropping high explosives every day. In a partly demolished shed, under the rubbish, he discovered a brand-new and uninjured four-engined plane. He had only to find a pilot and get his wounded aboard. He started on a run for the Grand Hotel.

*Boom! Crash!* Flames and smoke behind him, close enough to singe his coattails. The shed that housed the plane was a blazing ruin.

He couldn't face Goggins and the others right away after that. Instead, he joined the last stragglers in the Grand Hotel. That was how he happened to be on hand to hear a British colonel say he was trying to get a motor caravan of antiaircraft batteries over the pass to Tjilatjap. The doctor marched up to him.

"Can you take me and ten American wounded?"

"If you get them here inside of twenty minutes. We can't wait. The Japs are on our tails now."

Wassell sprinted for the hospital. He told it to members of the Medical Corps in Washington months later as follows:

"A Dutch rating at the hospital helped me put fresh dressings on the burn cases. He stole mattresses and we carried the men on them to the caravan. That Dutch hospital corpsman was a hero.

"Somewhere somebody found a brand-new Ford—all gassed and oiled, ready to go. It had been delivered for our Army and never used. I appropriated it. The three worst cases—a man with a compound fracture of the leg, one with a shattered elbow in a splint, and a seaman who had shrapnel in the bladder—I put in the back seat. Bill Goggins got in beside me.

"The road was terrible, rutted and blown into shell holes in places. The red taillight of the car ahead bobbed and swung like a drunken man's lantern. After a few hours' going, the boy with the shattered elbow pleaded to be let out. The jolting he was getting, and being crowded so in the back seat, put him in agony. A British Tommy, riding a motorcycle, offered to take him in his sidecar, which they figured would be less painful. But in the dark, the Tommy crashed and had to wait for morning to make repairs and come after the rest of the caravan. Our boy elected to stay with him. We never saw either of them again. I guess the Japs caught them.

"Finally, after driving all night and part of the next day, the caravan got to Tjilatjap. . . ."

IN the harbor a small Dutch coastal vessel was making ready to put out. At best, she could carry 150. Nearly 800 persons were aboard her. Every other ship that could put to sea had gone; many to destruction. Dr. Wassell, followed by men carrying his nine patients on their mattresses, marched down the gangplank and demanded passage. The captain just threw up his hands. "My God, man! If you can find an inch anywhere!"

The doctor found it. The wounded were laid on deck and he did what he could without drugs or fresh dressings to make them comfortable. In the dawn, as they were nosing westward toward the Indian Ocean, suddenly a flight of twenty-seven enemy planes sent a spray of machine-gun bullets across the deck before they flew on in quest of bigger prey.

Severely crippled and with dead and wounded aboard, the ship limped into the nearest port. There the captain put it up to his passengers. He intended to make the run to Australia, though he figured there was only one chance in a thousand of getting there. Those who wanted to make the run with him could have free passage, provided they were willing to work. About 80 per cent of those aboard decided against it.

"It wasn't anything I felt I had a right to decide for my nine Americans," said Dr. Wassell. "I put it up to them. To a man, they voted for sticking."

The ship set out for Perth. Only then was it found that the captain had no chart to sail by. The only map of the Indian Ocean aboard was in a Rand McNally pocket atlas belonging to a newspaper correspondent. Commander Goggins and two Dutch officers proceeded to lay out a course. It was decided to sail north by northwest for two days, hoping in this way to evade the Jap submarines which had already taken toll of the U. S. S. Langley off the coast.

In the two anxiety-filled weeks it took the little ship to cross the Indian Ocean, bets were made as to when, if ever, they would make Perth. Bill Goggins laid his money on 4:30 P. M. on March 15. The ship nosed up against the pier at exactly four twenty-five on that day.

At that time the defenders of Bataan were making their last desperate stand. Submarines were running from Australian ports, carrying food, drugs, and what supplies could be assembled for the men on Bataan and Corregidor. At the storehouse in Fremantle, Dr. Wassell and two chief pharmacists set up a base of medical supplies. They scoured Australia for every vitamin pill and preparation, every grain of morphine and quinine that could be bought or commandeered. These they had ready for the submarines when they started north on their relief errands.

MEANWHILE, in an Australian hospital the nine Americans who had come out of Java made their recovery. Not a man of them is the worse for that journey today. In the fifteen days they were aboard ship, the doctor was unable to change their dressings. "Two or three times a day I'd go over them, smelling them. I figured as long as they smelled all right, I'd leave them alone. If they got to smelling bad, all I had to use was a small quantity of sulphur and the ship's supply of butter. I'd have to fall back on the kind of medicine our pioneer ancestors used—like I saw used in Arkansas when I was a boy growing up there."

(Growing up in the same town and the same church was a boy named Douglas MacArthur.)

Dr. Wassell was awarded the Navy Cross.

Then there is the story of the U. S. S. Pecos, one of the fleet tankers which operated in the southern Pacific. The Pecos was in and out of Surabaya after the Battle of Macassar Strait. As it became all too clear that Java was the next item on the Japs' list, the race began to salvage all valuable war materials and get them away to the fighting ships and to Australia before the Japs moved in. The Pecos stayed at Tjilatjap until she had refueled all of the ships in that area. When she left, she had only about 4,000 barrels of fuel left, and the original mission was to try to get some more. (Where, is still a military secret.) In Tjilatjap the Pecos' medical officer, Lieutenant Joseph L. Yon (M. C.), U. S. N., became acquainted with Dr. Wassell.

As the Pecos reached the mouth of the river going out of Tjilatjap, she received word that the U. S. S. Langley had been bombed not far off the south Java coast. Two American destroyers had picked up the 450 survivors. The Pecos was given orders to proceed to the lee of Christmas Island and to take on the Langley's survivors.

As Dr. Yon told the story: "We came to the harbor on the south side of Christmas Island in the morning about half-past eight. We could see the destroyers lying offshore. The Dutch pilot came out and was just coming up the ladder when the sky lookout shouted: 'Enemy planes!' Three were circling in preparation for a run on the Pecos and the two destroyers. We got under way again and started to zigzag at top speed. As luck had it, a rain squall came up just at that time. The planes couldn't find us. We could hear bombs exploding near by. The two destroyers had sneaked out to sea. The squall lasted about an hour.

"Then our skipper put out to sea, and soon we fell in with the destroyers, which were waiting for us outside the harbor. We headed almost due south until four o'clock the next morning. Then we hove to, and the destroyers came alongside one at a time to transfer the survivors of the Langley to the Pecos. The boatswain got one of the motor launches away and made trip after trip to the destroyers, which were lying as close alongside as was safe, bringing back a load of survivors each time. Have you ever seen a small boat bump against a large ship in heavy weather? Then you know the job the boatswain had holding the motor launch steady in the dark while lines were secured to Stokes stretchers and the wounded hauled aboard. Cargo nets had been secured to the side of the ship, and men stood by with hand lines with loops in the end of them to help the men up the side of the Pecos.

"All of the survivors from the two destroyers had been transferred by 6.30 A.M., and the Pecos then got under way again. With all of this, there was not one word of discontent. Our job then was to head for the coast of Australia and land the Langley's men."

In the cramped sick bay of the tanker, Dr. Yon set to work. It lacked a few minutes of noon when the ship's siren warned all below decks that the enemy had returned. Less than a minute later the first bomb hit the ship. It tore a hole amidships, where a fire started. The tanker's antiaircraft guns barked and yapped viciously. At the same time she began to curvet and prance as the skipper endeavored to keep her from being an easy target.

There were nine attacking planes, and they made three runs, with about an hour between the second and third. First and last, they hit the tanker five times, with six near misses that sent up columns of water twenty feet higher than the deck, and dropped back on it with the crash of thunder and a thump like a knockout blow. One of the hits tore away the foremast and radio antenna. Others inflicted mortal wounds forward. The Pecos began to settle at the bow. Men in that part of the ship who had been injured could not get back to the main dressing station. The pharmacist's mate who had the forward dressing station had to carry on alone.

Several fires broke out, but were put out. The sick bay was crowded. Sailors struggled down the ladder, carrying burned and bleeding comrades. The ship was listing badly. One of the hits had jolted the operating table loose and sent it crashing into the bulkhead. The deck was covered with scattered surgical instruments. Tile from the operating room began to chip and fly about.

The doctor and the chief pharmacist's mate would lift a patient onto the deck and kneel beside him. The chief held him steady while the doctor worked. Yon told me:

"When I heard the machine guns and the antiaircraft guns begin to rattle, I knew that we had about thirty seconds before we either had another hit or a near miss. We would give them about ten seconds and then drop alongside the patient, the chief on one side and I on the other, and wait for the ship to jump. Then we'd get back onto our knees and begin to work on the injured until the next bomb was due. Often this was less than a minute."

AFTER four hours of this, the orders came: "Abandon ship!" From the sick bay the injured men were carried up the slanting deck to the starboard side of the ship. Life jackets were put on them. Sailors jerked the kapok-filled mattresses from the officers' berths, and the most severely injured men were lashed to these and lowered over the side. A well man went with every injured one, to look out for him.

One disadvantage of steel ships is that they offer so little floatable wreckage. The men tore down the doors, broke out all the wooden panels, and flung them over the side. Dr. Yon's eyes fell on the chart box in the captain's cabin. It was fully six feet long and two feet square. He wrenched it off the wall, and by the time it floated to the ship's bow, there were six men clinging to it.

It was five minutes to four that afternoon when the Pecos went down. As dusk was settling, one of the American destroyers which had given them the Langley survivors that morning came up. Rope cargo nets were lowered over her side.

"It wasn't until I got hold of the net that I knew how tired I was," said Yon. "I couldn't pull myself up the side of the destroyer. I just hung onto the net. There were a lot of men in the same state. They had to throw ropes over to us and we caught hold, and the destroyer's crew pulled us up and over until we dropped on the deck.

"There being no medical officer aboard (now there is a medical officer aboard every destroyer), the chief pharmacist's mate had all his medical gear laid out on the officers' wardroom table. It was about one o'clock the next morning when all of the injured were taken care of and placed in the bunks.

"As I made my last round to see that all were asleep, not a man murmured. A destroyer with 350 passengers aboard in heavy weather is not the most comfortable ship in the Navy, but as I curled up alongside the other sailors on the deck, around one of the warm stacks, it was the closest to heaven I had ever been."

Hero tale? Not a bit of it. Glimpse of the day's work. The kind of thing that happens to any Navy doctor during a naval battle.

I'VE often been asked by interested, if not very well-informed, civilians—and not infrequently with a supercilious look, "What does a Navy doctor find to do aboard ship in peacetime?"

The answer is: plenty. We have a saying in the Medical Corps: "In the Navy you may get anything from harelip to twins." Perhaps this isn't such an exaggeration now, since we have the Waves.

The Navy is often called upon to proceed to areas which have been devastated by earthquakes. Ships evacuate civilians—men, women, and children filling the spaces and decks to overflowing. Occasionally a baby is born on a man-of-war. Every medical officer of the Navy has had training in obstetrics.

As a matter of record, there is scarcely a cruise on which you don't have at least one appendectomy to perform at sea. But men aboard fighting ships don't want to admit they are sick. They don't want to risk missing any of the fight. On one of the cruisers which has been on duty with the Atlantic convoys, a seaman fainted one day on deck. Examination revealed a ruptured appendix and evidences of peritonitis.

"But you must have suffered considerable pain for some time before you fainted," the medical officer remarked. "Why didn't you report at sick call this morning?"

"Hell, sir, I couldn't be bothered," was the reply.

Every ship's crew has its quota of gold-brickers who try to work the doctor for a sick badge which automatically lets them off duty as long as they wear it. Eventually you acquire a nose for malingerers and invent ways of dealing with them, or, better still, of letting their shipmates deal with them.

A man in the black gang came several times to the sick bay, complaining of heat exhaustion. That is something our engine-room gangs used to suffer from a great deal. Since the discovery that the exhaustion was due to loss of salt from the body from sweat, salt tablets are supplied at the drinking fountains to make up this loss, and cases of heat prostration are rarer in the Navy than in industry ashore.

There was no real reason why this particular oiler, who drank the salted water, should be overcome. The medical officer gave orders that he would have to be acclimatized gradually to the heat of the engine room. He ordered him to sit there during his watch without working. It was extraordinary how soon the man reported himself recovered of his weakness.

The Medical Department of the Navy is officially pledged: "To keep as many men at as many guns as many days as possible." One of the young medical officer's first duties, therefore, is to see that the ship's galleys and the quarters of the crew are clean at all times. Navy regulations for supply officers are precise in decreeing inspection of all foods. As a matter of fact, the men in our Navy are the best fed body of men anywhere in the world.

The food-storage compartments, refrigerators, the butcher shop, bakeshop, and the galleys are all inspected by the doctor from time to time. The orders go into careful housekeeping details. No meat may be chopped and set aside to be cooked and served the next day. Chopped meat may not be kept in the refrigerators in containers deeper than three inches. The Navy rules that boiled ham should be served hot. If it is intended to be served cold, it must be placed in the chill box shortly after boiling and kept there until time for serving. Cream puffs and chocolate éclairs are taboo in the tropics. Cans of food which are dented or show bulges or nail holes must be discarded. All meats must be thawed in the chill box. Dish towels must be sterilized and dried on deck in the sun and air.

Few home kitchens are as spotless and sanitary as a ship's galley. It is not unusual to find that the master-at-arms has stationed a guard by the dishwashing machine to see that the water used in it is of the high temperature required by Navy regulations. Preventive housekeeping is one step in the Navy's great campaign of preventive medicine. Aboard ship every man of the crew is needed all of the time.

To any writer of mystery stories in search of a good opening for a tale I recommend what happened aboard the U. S. S. Spica during three days in December a year ago.

One morning a gunner's mate was telephoning on the forecastle. Suddenly he swayed as though dizzy, then fell on his face in a dead faint. One of the ship's hospital corpsmen came, administered first aid, and, when the man regained consciousness, helped him down to the sick bay.

The doctor's examination disclosed nothing to cause an attack of vertigo and no injury except a bruise resulting from his fall. The lad could not remember ever having fainted before. Presently he developed all the symptoms associated with shock-pallor, a rapid, feeble pulse, low blood pressure, and a cold clammy skin. The Spica's medical officer put him in the hospital under observation.

Next day a fireman on watch in the fireroom fell forward in a faint. He, too, was carried to the sick bay, where it was discovered he had the same shock symptoms as the gunner's mate. He, too, was hospitalized.

AN undercurrent of horror ran through the U. S. S. Spica. It lacked two days of Christmas, which, even in wartime, is always a season for some festivity aboard ship. And here were two members of the crew struck down by an illness the doctor could not diagnose. Who would get it next? It was clear, from tests ordered by the doctor, that both men had suffered a hemorrhage of the intestinal tract.

Three days later, after the Christmas dinners had been cooked and eaten, a ship's cook while on duty in the galley suddenly became dizzy and weak, broke out in a profuse perspiration, and began to vomit a quantity of red blood. Examination revealed the signs of acute circulatory collapse, as in the other cases. Here the cause was quite evident: hemorrhage.

Next day a fourth man answered morning sick call, complaining of dizzy spells, and was hospitalized with the others.

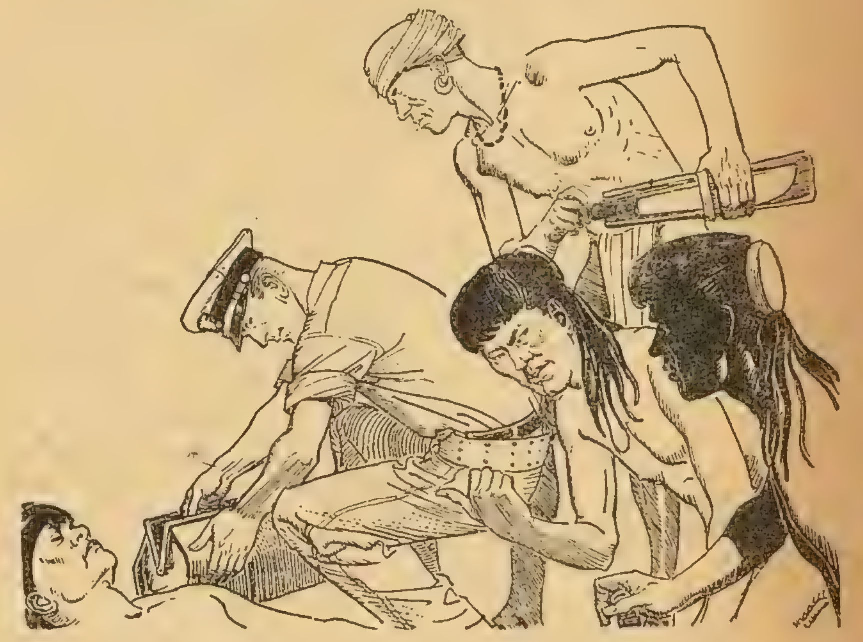
Meanwhile the doctor and the ship's officers instituted a careful search for something that could get into the men's food and cause the hemorrhages. They found it—a faulty can opener which caused small sharp-edged pieces of tin to fall into the food of an opened can. The Spica was running in a danger zone at the time, which meant all ports closed and the ship continuously darkened. This had made inspection of the food difficult. The cook's symptoms were the most severe, perhaps because he was sampling the food as it was opened.

All hands were fed large quantities of thick oatmeal mush to gather up any bits of tin in the intestines. The drink with this was strong tea, for its astringent action. The remedy, plus a new can opener, cured the crew, and the mystery of the U. S. S. Spica was solved.

When food supplies are taken aboard ship in a foreign port, the ship's medical officer inspects these in company with the supply officer. Certain foods from certain places are taboo. Certain fishes caught in the Puerto Rico and Virgin Islands area are safely edible at some periods of the year and apparently poisonous at others. The natives of the islands try it on a duck. If the duck dies, the islander makes his dinner that day off plantains.

Every medical officer has an opportunity for a life of varied adventure during his service aboard ship. But I have known medical officers who, when the ship put in to foreign ports where these men had never been before, had not sufficient interest to go ashore. Once when the U. S. S. Illinois was going through the Magellan Strait and most of us were staying on deck, looking at the awesome magnificent scenery, I went down to the wardroom for something. There lay one of our senior officers, stretched out on the bench (transom, we call it). He raised himself on one elbow and demanded with a yawn, "Well, what ocean are we in now?"

During the first years of my Navy service, back in March, 1902, I accompanied a detachment of marines to the Asiatic station. Part of my service at that time was aboard the gunboat Frolic, a beautiful ex-yacht of about 450 tons. We cruised in and around the maze of 3,000 islands that choke the sea between Luzon and Sulu, on a lookout for insurrectionists and carrying mail and supplies to isolated Army and Marine posts.



We were ordered to survey the harbor of Maibun Bay on the southern coast of Sulu. The sultan lived there, and his Moros were famed throughout the Pacific for their ferocity. We had several small brushes with them. They would tear down our signals as soon as we could get them up. We then resorted to driving pipes into the ground to enable us to find our position. The pipes were as promptly dug up. Turned into bolos, probably.

One day a few of us were ashore and the ship's carpenter was nailing the boards on a tripod signal. He had a pair of nippers which he used to bite off the ends of the nails. A group of husky Moros, clad in G strings and knives, stood by, fascinated by the nippers. Finally the carpenter passed the instrument to one of them and motioned him to try it. The native failed. The carpenter then took back the nippers, put it to his mouth, and pulled out a false tooth on a plate. He calmly passed this around the staring Moros and then, as nonchalantly, replaced it in his jaw. The natives looked on him as a miracle worker and gave us no more trouble after that.

Another day a boat put out from shore and came up alongside the Frolic. The rowers called up to ask for the medico to come ashore. One of the sultan's soldiers had been shot the night before. These Moros had rifles and plenty of ammunition which they had smuggled in from near-by Borneo. When they weren't knifing at us, they would have a little scrap among themselves. I strapped on my revolver, took a couple of men, and went ashore. A guard was waiting for me on the beach and escorted me to a nipa shack. There I found a couple of Moros well armed, two or three women, and, on a pile of dirty mats, my patient. He had been shot through the arm and the chest and was in bad shape.

I unbuttoned my holster and laid the gun aside. I then gave the man a hypodermic, which caused him to twitch.

There was a threatening movement and mutter in the group behind me. I imagined I could feel the prick of a bolo at the back of my neck. I probably would have felt it if my patient had shown a bad reaction to the hypodermic and the surgery I had to do; but he stood the treatment successfully.

Evidently he was a man of importance to the sultan, because after his recovery His Highness sent me a number of pearls and a hatful of silver dollars.

Those were the days before it was possible—as it is now—for a message to be received in the morning by radio in Washington, reporting the outbreak of a fever of undetermined type among the Navy's personnel on a certain island in the South Pacific, and possible by four o'clock that same afternoon for a complete epidemiological unit consisting of a doctor specially trained in tropical diseases and members of the hospital corps with all the equipment for a complete laboratory, to leave Washington by plane.

High-speed planes give science the edge on disease. They make man very nearly as speedy as infection. But what triumph there is in this particular achievement—and it is one which is being duplicated again and again as American forces move into new and farther theaters of war where tropical diseases exist—must be divided fairly between the means of transportation of the relief and the scientific research, patiently continued through years, which have ultimately put those relief measures into our hands.

The problem that confronts us today, in a war for air supremacy, is how to extend the powers and endurance of man to equal those of the planes he has invented. This is the job before the Navy's experts in aviation medicine. We have reached the point in aviation where man—the physiologic mechanism—is the weak factor. Out of this fact grew the first Special Care of the Flier Service, made up of medical officers who studied flying from the point of view of the man who went in for it. Aviation Medicine is now recognized as a department, and doctors who specialize in it are called flight surgeons.

A flight surgeon's course of instruction in the Navy includes two months of indoctrinal flight training, during which he engages in formation flying, blind flying, catapult shots, and torpedo runs. All are encouraged to solo. This is to fit the flight surgeon to understand just what the flier goes through and has to endure. A number of medical officers complete the course in the technical subjects relating to their specialty but do not take actual flight training. These doctors are known as aviation medical examiners, not flight surgeons.

THE physical examinations used by our Army Air Service and that of the Navy are the most exacting known. We believe that it is better to find out as early as possible, and without wasting time, money, and effort, whether a man has the physical and psychological equipment that will make him a good flier. If he has not, he is better off in some other branch of the service.

Under war conditions the Navy flier is apt to be ship-based for long periods at a time. There are no leaves, and the carrier puts into no liberty ports. Fortunately the hangar deck of an aircraft carrier provides space for games of basketball, volley ball, and badminton. Wrestling, boxing, and baseball are discouraged because of the high incidence of minor injuries. In the tropics the men are encouraged to sun-bathe as a means of easing nervous tension.

There was never any pioneering to compare with fighting in the air at 10,000 feet and more. From the R. A. F. have come numerous whimsical tales of "gremlins" which, seasoned pilots tell us, and without batting an eye, delight in making trouble for pilots and increase the chances of a crash. The gremlins are real in the sense that they are the devil spawn of fatigue, let loose by the effect on the pilot's nerves of exhaustion, tension, apprehension, and the uncharted solitudes into which he soars alone.

All this must be understood by the flight surgeon, whose duty is to keep as many men in as many planes as many hours as possible. He is usually the chief medical officer aboard a carrier. Frequently he is the eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist of the medical staff. In such close contact with the pilots he can discover the symptoms of pilot fatigue before it progresses and can advise and prescribe for it.

During battle the entire medical staff aboard a carrier functions as one unit under the command of the chief medical officer. Never was this system better illustrated than aboard the U. S. S. Lexington in the last hours of that gallant ship.

The Lexington, you remember, had been for weeks with the carrier U. S. S. Yorktown, operating with a task force in the Coral Sea. They came through the battle of May 8, 1942, but several hours later, while the Lexington was running at full speed, the explosions began which ultimately wrecked her. One of the torpedo hits had apparently damaged her gas lines, and the vapors from aviation gas, seeping through the storage tanks, became ignited. Commander Arthur J. White, her senior medical officer, was at work in the operating room. The first of the explosions threw him twenty feet down the passageway. He landed up against the bulkhead, his right clavicle broken and both ankles badly sprained. However, he managed to drag himself back to the sick bay.

For weeks, ever since the Lexington had left Pearl Harbor, Dr. White had been training his staff of doctors, pharmacists, and hospital corpsmen in a comprehensive plan of action during battle. Dr. White has insisted to me that what made it effective and enabled them to get all the injured off the carrier without losing one of the hundred or so patients was the perfect co-operation of every member of the medical department.

Stores of supplies and dressings were placed about the ship wherever a number of men would be stationed during battle. At each place one or two hospital corpsmen were on duty. The medical officers were dispersed in emergency dressing stations equipped with instruments and devices for doing minor surgery. Only the most severely wounded and those requiring major surgery were carried down to the main operating room in the bow, where Dr. White was in command.

During battle all hatches aboard ship are battened down, shutting off each deck from the others. The hatches may not be opened during action except by order of the skipper or the exec. In each hatch is a scuttle—a hole eighteen inches in diameter—just big enough for a man to crawl through. The scuttle is fastened down and opened by a large turnscrew.

It is a job for an able-bodied man to get the scuttle open, squeeze through, fasten it behind him, and go down the companionway to the deck below. Taking burned and wounded men down through the scuttles presents a serious—sometimes impossible—problem.

Getting the injured down from the funnel catwalk was another tough job for the hospital corpsmen. They rigged lines and pulled steel stretchers up to the catwalk. The injured were lashed into the stretchers and lowered sixty feet to the flight deck. The wounded who had to be sent down to the operating room were lowered through the scuttles in the same steel stretchers.

Dr. White continued to work in the surgery for more than three hours after the first torpedo hit. Meanwhile, more and more explosions occurred, and the fires started by them spread. The communication system and then the lighting system were thrown out of commission, and he had to work by battery lights. Then the ship's ventilating system was rendered useless. The temperature below decks was above 100 degrees. The carrier was listing heavily. Vapors from the gas were seeping through the ship.

Dr. White gave the order to evacuate all the patients below deck. The procession of stretcher bearers and the injured who were still able to walk moved cautiously through the smoke-filled passageways, crawling over heaps of debris until they reached the companionway ladder. Dr. White went up this to open the hatch, a battery flashlight fastened to his forehead. He tried to turn the heavy locker bolts, but, with his broken clavicle, he couldn't move them. He had to come down and let a hospital corpsman go up and open the scuttle. Up two ladders and through two scuttles, through the smoke and fumes, the procession came at last onto the flight deck. All the injured—about 110 men—were taken to the flight deck until the destroyers came up to take them off.

The Navy Cross was awarded to Dr. White, but he insists: "Honors are due the staff which functioned according to plan and without confusion."

Stories of individual heroism make inspiring reading, but what counts and what saves lives in the long run and in a long-drawn-out war is wise, comprehensive planning and the training of men to follow that plan during an emergency.

AS the bluejacket says "doc," there's an untold amount of regard, trust, and even embarrassed affection packed into that single syllable. The medical officer is "doctor," but the pharmacist's mate or even the hospital corpsman, wearing the red Geneva cross on his left sleeve, is invariably "doc" to the rest of the crew.

Aboard one of our submarines operating in the South Pacific, a seaman had acute appendicitis. The sub carried no medical officer. The nearest naval surgeon was thousands of miles and many days away. All the medical skill aboard was vested in Pharmacist's Mate Wheller Lipes, down on the records as an electrocardiographer. Lipes was competent to take care of the general health of the submarine's crew. Appendicitis, however, presented a problem.

The skipper had a talk with Lipes. There was no doubt about the gravity of the seaman's condition, and there was no chance of getting him to a Navy surgeon before the appendix ruptured. The sub was running submerged and in an area where enemy cruisers and destroyers were operating. The skipper put it up to Lipes: "Do you think you could operate on him?"

"I think so, sir," doc replied.

In his service of three years at the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia, Lipes had seen several appendectomies. It wasn't anything he had ever thought of doing himself, but now it was a question of trying to save a man's life. It is wonderful how the urgency of that thought releases and enlarges any man's power.

The skipper sent him in to have a talk with the patient, who had had his nineteenth birthday the day before.

"Look," doc said to the boy. "I never did anything like this before, but I'm willing to take a chance if you are. And it is only fair you should know that your chances of pulling through anyway are pretty slim."

The boy gave him a long look. "All right," he said. "I'm game. Let's get going, doc!"

The only place available for operating was the wardroom, which, aboard a sub, isn't much bigger than a drawing room in a Pullman car. The table, fastened to the floor, just about fills the space between the two benches. One of the big floodlights, used for night loadings, was rigged up to illumine the table. The skipper told Lipes to choose his assistants from among the sub's officers. Doc appointed one of the lieutenants to act as his assistant surgeon, the communications officer as anesthetist, the engineering officer as circulating nurse, and a chief yeoman as instrument passer.

The sub's skipper, Lieutenant Commander W. B. Ferrall, kept tally of the sponges placed in and taken out of the operating field and of the retractors used to keep the wound open. It was the cook's job to sterilize the retractors and send them in from the galley as called for. He also kept a double count on the skipper. Actually the retractors were tablespoons of Monel metal bent at right angles. Surgeons have made use of tablespoons in this way for years—I have, myself—and there really isn't anything any better. To sterilize the spoons and the scalpel—for which the machinist had to rig a special handle—they used boiling water and alcohol, which they drew out of the torpedoes.

What bothered the amateur surgeon was the problem of administering ether. The pressure inside a submarine running submerged is above the atmospheric pressure. More ether is absorbed under pressure. The supply aboard was five pounds, but there was no knowing how long it would take the amateur surgeon.

When the room and the instruments were ready, the operating staff slipped on pajama jackets turned backward. Over their faces they wore gauze bandages as masks. Rubber gloves, dipped in torpedo alcohol, were drawn on the "surgeon's" hands. The fingers were too long and the rubber tips hung over grotesquely.

"You look like Mickey Mouse, doc," commented one onlooker.

Lipes worked the fingers of the gloves up into place and nodded to the anesthetist. The patient lay on the table, which was only just long enough for him. The anesthetist put the ether mask, made out of a tea strainer from the galley covered with gauze, over the patient's face. He had been well instructed to watch the patient's pupils dilate.

It took Lipes nearly twenty minutes to find the appendix. "I've tried one side of the caecum," he reported after the first few minutes; "now I'm trying the other." The report ran back through the crew's quarters and the engine room, "Doc has tried one side of something; now he is trying the other side." The bow and stern planesmen heard it and knew what they had to do—keep the sub steady below the stormy sea while the amateur surgeon did his stuff.

The tenseness that filled the "operating room" was relieved when Lipes whispered, "I've got it, I think! It's curled way up into the blind gut. Two more spoons," he ordered.

The engineering officer passed them, and the skipper, with a look at the clock, made a note on his pad: "Two spoons at fourteen forty-five o'clock." At last the "surgeon" reached out his hand and pointed toward the needle, threaded with twenty-day chromic catgut. One by one he took out the sponges. The skipper counted and made a note of each one, and the bent tablespoons were passed back to the cook in the galley for the recount. There was one missing. The skipper nudged the "surgeon" and pointed to the tally on his pad. Lipes felt around in the incision, found the last spoon; the skipper drew a line through the score, and the cook nodded agreement.

It had taken the team of amateurs two and a half hours to do the job ordinarily done in forty-five minutes. But they had done it, and successfully. Half an hour after the last tablespoon was counted, the patient opened his eyes. "I'm still in there pitching," he whispered. Two weeks later he was manning the battle phones as the submarine launched torpedoes at an enemy cruiser.

EARLY in my service with the marines, when we first took over the Philippines, we had a number of hospital corpsmen who were not only new in the service but had never been out of their own country before. Naturally they came in for a lot of hazing at the hands of the old-timers. At the time our temporary morgue was a dark cave in the wall surrounding the old Spanish navy yard in Cavite. One evening a death occurred, and the body was placed in the morgue for burial next day. The master-at-arms, an old-timer, stationed one of these young corpsmen on watch in the dimly lighted cave and told him to stay there until he was relieved.

It happened that this recruit had been an undertaker's assistant before he enlisted. A corpse didn't disturb him, but the swarms of mosquitoes and other bugs which infested the island did. As the night wore on and he got tired of slapping, he had a bright idea. He picked up the corpse and set it upright in the chair. Then he lay down on the slab, pulled the sheet over his face, and went comfortably to sleep.

Sometime during the night the master-at-arms either took pity on the guard or wanted to see how he was taking it. He came in with a sandwich and a cup of coffee. He offered it to the figure in the chair.

When no response was made to his offer, he exclaimed, "Well, if you don't want it, I'll throw it on the deck!"

At that, the sheet covering the body on the slab was thrown aside and a voice protested, "Hey, don't do that! Give it to me!"

The master-at-arms is still running!

At the Hospital Corps schools the men are instructed in advanced first aid and the care of the sick by Navy nurses. Those who qualify for it are given courses in laboratory technique. After graduation, they serve in naval hospitals ashore, or are assigned to ships, where they serve under the medical officers. With them goes their bible, the red-bound Handbook of the Hospital Corps, published by the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery.

With every landing party of marines goes a hospital corpsman who has been trained by the Navy. With every detachment of paratroops there are several hospital corpsmen to make the jump with them and be with them in the field. The corpsman carries his bag of dressings, instruments, and drugs. He is equipped to give morphine, the sulfa drugs, and injections of blood plasma as soon as possible. He places fractured limbs in splints, following the rule of the corps: Splint 'em where they lie.

In the report of Rear Admiral William Chambers (M. C.), United States Navy, of an inspection trip in the South and Southwest Pacific, he said, "I discovered that no more than ten or twelve cases are known in which a wound casualty had to apply his own dressing or sulfanilamide powder, carried in his first-aid packet. Nearly always there is a corpsman at hand to give first aid."

Obviously the hospital corpsman who goes into action with marines, sailors, and coast guardsmen must be trained and equipped to protect himself. He is taught to recognize "terrain" shelter, to flatten his body, to read maps, to follow contours, and find co-ordinates. He is disciplined in chemical warfare and adjusted to nerve-shattering explosions of bombs and shells. He learns in this training how to detect angles of fire and how to pick out the points of danger and points of relative safety in an area which is under bombardment.

At our front in the Solomon Islands was a Navy hospital corpsman serving with the marines. His name is Harold McFann. His rank, pharmacist's mate, third class. Before the raid on Pearl Harbor he was a law student at the University of Indiana. In his dreams he may have imagined himself addressed as "Your Honor." Not in the wildest nightmare did he hear himself called "doc," or conceive that he would hold top score for citations in the Solomon Islands fighting. Yet he has twice been recommended for the Navy Cross by different commanders of his outfit, and once for the Silver Star.

AT all times the Hospital Corps under the charge of the Navy's medical officers serves—without charge—all naval activities, including the Marine Corps and the Coast Guard, as well as certain insular civil communities.

Before the present war turned the entire South Pacific into a war arena, at various remote islands in the Philippines, in Samoa, Guam, Midway, and Palmyra, members of the Hospital Corps were stationed to act as health officers for the civilian population as well as for the military personnel. It is amazing what many of these men have accomplished. Remember, they are no doctors; but also they are a great deal more than male nurses.

In the last days of the siege of Corregidor two thirds of the crew of the mine sweeper U. S. S. Quail were ordered ashore to join the thinning ranks of defense forces of Fort Hughes on Caballo Island. Pharmacist's Mate William Head was one of those who went. The casualties were so heavy during the last hours of the fort's defense that the underground hospital was filled to overflowing. The floor was slippery with blood. Two Army doctors kept on working hour after hour as the cases were brought or staggered in. Then a shell injured both doctors, leaving only an Army medical corpsman and Pharmacist's Mate Head to carry on.

Lieutenant Commander Morrill had salvaged a thirty-six-foot launch. He cleverly contrived to bring it close up to Caballo Island and sent a couple of men ashore to try to round up as many of the Quail's men as wanted to make the attempt to get away. Head was among those who crept through the island underbrush and finally clambered aboard the launch. Even during the confusion and tragedy of those last hours before the surrender of Fort Hughes, Head had found time to pack a duffel bag with all the medical stores within reach. It was going to be "doc's" job to safeguard the health of the crew, to assure them unpolluted water, and when they ran low on the canned rations, which they had salvaged along with the launch, to trade for fresh foods with the islanders.

In the whole thirty-day voyage to Darwin, Australia, not a man was ill and all of them gained weight. This on a diet of sardines, corned beef, sausages, rice, tinned tomatoes, tinned milk, coffee, sugar, and the coconuts, papayas, bananas, and chickens bargained for from the islanders. Meanwhile their respect for Head's bag of supplies grew daily.

As they ran out of the islands flanking New Guinea, into the open sea, with Australia ahead, the boat needed a flag. The pharmacist's bag yielded needles and thread. White skivvies were sewn together into an oblong. A square field was cut from blue dungarees, and twenty-four holes in the shape of stars cut out of it. This was patched onto the white foundation, with good effect. For the red stripes doc produced a bottle of merthiolate, used as an antiseptic, which dyed strips of skivvy shirts, which in turn were sewn on the white foundation. The finished product wouldn't have passed Navy regulations but it established the nationality of the boat's crew as Commander Morrill finally brought it around Melville Island to Darwin.

IT'S a long jump from Florence Nightingale, in a voluminous long-skirted gown, moving through the filthy wards of a war hospital in the Crimea holding a kerosene lamp, to a bobbed-hair girl in dirty blue dungarees carrying an electric flashlight and being shoved down the hatch of a submarine that had dared to steal inside the Japanese patrols around Bataan. The men aboard the pig boat did not know the refugee wasn't a man until one of them put his hand on her head to push her down the hatch. "My God! This one's a woman!" he exclaimed. From under his hand came reassuringly, "Just a nurse."

That was how Agnes Ann Bernatitus, one of the Navy's nurses, escaped from Corregidor. That same afternoon she had been assisting the surgeons in operating. Because she was so valuable to the Navy's medical work in the Pacific, she was ordered aboard one of the submarines for evacuation to Australia before the Rock fell to the enemy.

The Navy Nurse Corps, established by Act of Congress in 1908, is a part of the Medical Department of the Navy. Its members are registered nurses, graduates of the best schools of the country. They are appointed with the relative rank of ensign, and may rise to the rank and pay of captain, the rank held by the superintendent of nurses.

There is also the Naval Reserve Nurse Corps, authorized by the Naval Reserve Act of June, 1938, to which a nurse may be appointed from civil life. The Reserve nurse takes the oath to serve the Navy in time of war, or during a national emergency declared by the President, for as long as required.

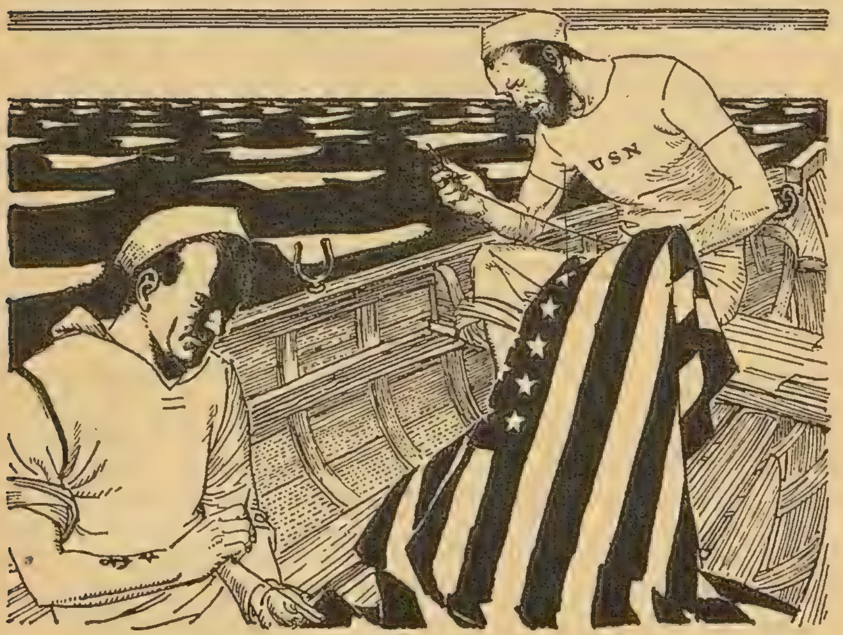
Naturally, with women in a service in which men predominate, the question of etiquette presents something of a problem. At what point does the nurse cease being a woman and become a naval officer? And—harder to define—where does she leave off being an officer and become woman again? Still more difficult, how does her superior male officer combine the offices of officer and gentleman?

I don't know whether the Navy Department took counsel with Emily Post, but the rules of etiquette finally arrived at state unequivocally that the rules of military courtesy apply to men and women in the service. That is, rank takes precedence. The junior—man or woman—salutes first. Because military courtesy includes deference to women, and because a senior's wish is an implied command, if a senior male officer indicates that he wishes the junior female officer to go ahead, then it is her military duty to go, without hesitation, blushes, or any fuss and feathers.

As to hats—where nurses and Waves, being women, naturally keep their hats on even though men remove their caps—as in church, at mess, or in the theater—it is presumed by Navy regulations that the hat is not being worn as a badge of office but in conformance to civilian and not military custom. In such instances the salute is not given.

Upon appointment, a nurse is sent to a naval hospital within the United States for initial assignment. She is transferred to hospital ships and to stations beyond the continental limits of the United States after she has received indoctrination and training in Navy routine.

In our hospitals, members of the Navy Nurse Corps teach and supervise. They may specialize in training as dietitians, anesthetists, and physical therapists, at government expense, provided they demonstrate unusual aptitude for the type of work selected. In the hospitals the major part of their duty is to train hospital corpsmen in nursing.



It is on the hospital ships and hospital transports that the Navy's nurses do one of their biggest jobs in peacetime as well as in war. Several types of floating hospitals are required to serve the Fleet—a fully equipped hospital ship, hospital transports, ships for advanced bases, and smaller craft for inland waterways and for evacuating larger ships.

The hospital ships Relief and Solace are examples of the fully equipped ship which serves as a base hospital where ships of the Fleet rendezvous and can even proceed to sea. They have a capacity of from 400 to 500 patients and are as well equipped as any first-class hospital. We now have a number of transports used to convey sick and wounded from battle zones to hospitals ashore. These are converted liners. They are not hospitals. They are really sea ambulances.

We sent a fleet of flying ambulances to the Solomons to evacuate the wounded from Guadalcanal to mobile hospitals in New Zealand and Australia. A number of young women who have served as air-line hostesses are being used as nurses in these ambulance planes. Air-line hostesses in peacetime are required to be registered nurses. The Navy believes that their flying experience helps them in caring for the casualties.

These fleet hospital ships function like a Navy ship with a large sick bay. Maintenance and handling of the ship are looked after by the line officers and crew, the same as on all Navy ships. The chaplain looks after the moral and spiritual welfare of the personnel and arranges their entertainment. The ship carries, at all times, a year's allowance of all supplies except biological and perishable articles.

The senior medical officer is responsible for the administration of the Medical Department. There are usually ten or more medical officers, including specialists in eye, ear, nose, and throat, urology, psychiatry, and roentgenology. There is a dental staff. Female nurses, under a chief nurse, and a number of hospital corpsmen do the nursing. The ship may carry a complete field hospital of seventy beds, packed and crated, which on short notice can be set up on shore for duty with an expeditionary force, or for relief work in a civil disaster.

During World War I hospital ships were commanded by medical officers, but the actual navigation was done by auxiliary merchant marine officers. This was changed in 1921, and now these ships are commanded by line officers, with a senior medical officer in charge of the Medical Department. There has always been much discussion as to who should command these floating hospitals.

During the last war I was in command of the hospital ship U. S. S. Comfort. In the spring of 1918 we were ordered to France—as some newspaper described it, "to test the faith of the Huns." Some sixteen hospital ships had already been sunk or badly shattered by submarines. We were properly marked with the broad green band and red cross, and were going to cross the Atlantic fully lighted. A few days before sailing, objections to the so-called "suicide voyage" were expressed very vehemently by the press, in letters to me and to congressmen, and on the floor of Congress itself. Time dragged on, as the objections became more forceful, and finally the trip was abandoned. The Comfort was finally painted "war color" and proceeded across the Atlantic in convoy.

In 1937 I was detailed by the Navy Department to represent the United States at an international committee of experts which met to revise the Hague Convention of 1907 in regard to the use and protection of hospital ships in war. We assembled in Geneva, thirteen representatives from as many nations. The meeting lasted ten days, and certain revisions and classifications of the old treaty were adopted after lengthy discussion, and approved by the members. These findings were to be discussed further by the officials of the International Red Cross, and then submitted to the various nations of the world for approval by their governments. The present war began shortly after. In consequence, we are still operating hospital ships as before—and, I fear, with the same disregard for their humane mission.

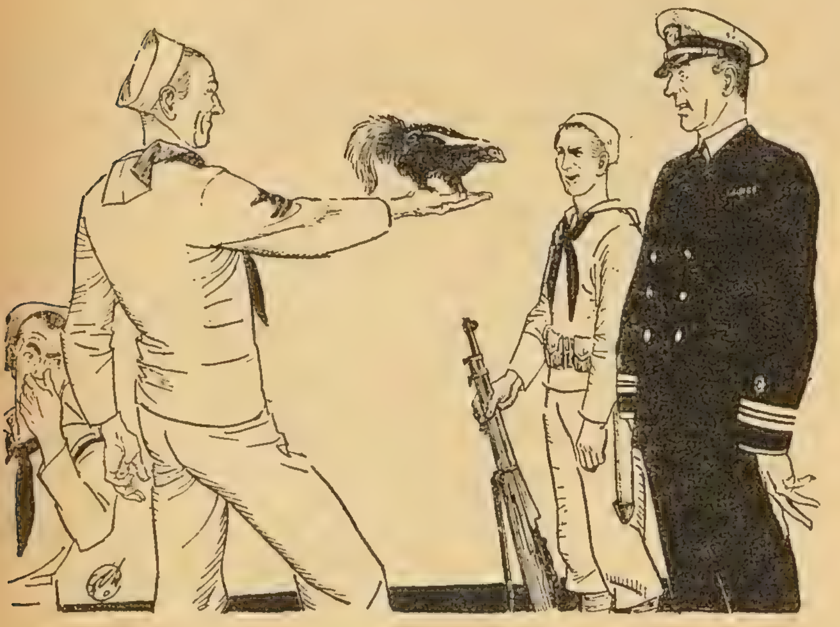
WHEN a naval recruit goes to a training station he is promptly vaccinated against smallpox and given injections against typhoid, yellow fever, and tetanus. In that famous modern armada which took our first troops to North Africa, Army and Navy medical officers worked constantly during the voyage to make sure that there was not a man aboard the 850 ships whose blood stream had not been fortified against possible infections. When a ship is ordered to a part of the world where cholera is raging or is prevalent, all the personnel are vaccinated against it as a general preventive measure.

The subject of vaccination recalls something that happened in 1915 in Haiti after the marines landed there and we took over two hospitals in Port-au-Prince and started to clean up the city. Haiti had long been a breeding ground of yellow fever, and smallpox ravaged the island. Vaccination was practically unknown. Our medical officers set to work with vaccine. As soon as it was demonstrated to the Haitians that the scars made on their arms by the American doctor with his little needle would keep away the smallpox, there was such a mass demand for vaccination that we could not keep up with it. The Navy actually vaccinated one million patients in a single year.

While this campaign was in progress and was being reported in Washington, an investigating committee went down to the islands to look things over. One senator, who wanted to assure himself that the vaccination of Haitians was really taking place as reported, suddenly asked the medical officer who was showing him around town to tap ten natives picked at random from the crowd in the market and have them show their vaccination scars. The officer, who had been doing all he could to sell the idea of public-health work in Haiti to the senator, felt a shiver down his backbone. However, with the senator's eye on him, there was nothing he could do but beckon to ten passers-by and ask them to show their arms.

All ten had been vaccinated and all ten were "takes"! The senator went home convinced that the Navy was doing a good job in Haiti, and the medical officer went home and took a much needed drink.

While I was making my first acquaintance with cholera,



Manila was undergoing one of its bad plague epidemics. The medical officers of the Army and the Navy and the doctors of the U. S. Public Health Service worked together, and desperately, to rid the city and the villages inland of rats, which we then suspected, but did not actually know, were responsible for the spread of the Black Death.

In Manila we built the first rat-proofed wharves in the world. They were needed, because practically every ship that came in from the other islands, from Japan or China had its cargo of rats, some of which might be plague-infected, or had some member of the crew already down with or on the verge of the disease.

The French have never been celebrated for liking fresh air. Just the same, it was a French shipbuilder of Brest who designed the first porthole and introduced this method of ventilation in the old wooden galleons. In modern ships blowers and fans send fresh sea air through the vessel. Even so, and especially during war, when ports are sealed and hatches battened down at "battle stations," it frequently gets hot and close below decks. This is especially true aboard submarines. Which makes me think of a story.

Sailors have a great fondness for pets and are always bringing them aboard. It's part of the medical officer's job to examine the pets and pass them. One day a sailor from a submarine came back from liberty carrying a baby skunk. The officer of the deck objected. The sailor protested that he was fond of it. "But you don't want to take it below decks where it's so crowded!" the officer persisted. "Just think of the odor down there!"

"Let him get used to it," said the sailor, "the same as I did!"

UNTIL the outbreak of war the hazards to the Navy's men on shore were much more serious than those at sea. For many years the principal cause of death in the Navy was drowning. But for the ten years before Pearl Harbor, fatalities from motor-vehicle injuries far outbalanced deaths from sea water. The sailor ashore on a liberty party is an inveterate sight-seer. He is willing to try anything once—the stewed live eels of Nagasaki, the fifty-seven varieties of curry compounded in the Dutch East Indies, and every kind of drink the bartenders of every nation have invented in their wildest moments. He falls a prey to the shifty-eyed guides who entice him into the dance halls, opium dens, and other unsavory resorts where he is promised the opportunity to see and experience delights withheld from the ordinary tourist. Not infrequently he brings back from these excursions some form of skin infection or a venereal disease.

That same curiosity, plus his American provincialism, heightened by drinks of liquors he has never sampled before, gets the sailor ashore into innumerable involvements with the authorities in foreign ports. Punching a fat guardian of the peace in his most corpulent part, or resisting arrest with football tactics has landed many a bluejacket behind the bars of a verminous foreign jail. When the man does not show up aboard ship, his commanding officer sighs and sends a party under a petty officer ashore to find him, or the trail which will lead to him.

During peacetime our fleets frequently cruise in foreign waters and put in at many friendly ports. I remember one such cruise—a prolonged one—in which all of us, after a time, got a little tired of state receptions and dinners given for us by the Army and Navy of the various countries we visited. But it was a diplomatic good-will tour, and it was part of the officers' duty to be entertained. When we reached a port, a list of the entertainments was posted, and the officers put their names down for those they wished to and could attend. If the list of guests for a particular function did not come up to the number invited to attend that function, the skipper detailed others of us to attend. That was an official order.

WE were at Gibraltar, on our way home. On the night before we were to sail one of the British regiments stationed on the Rock gave a dinner to which a number of us were invited. It was a very gala occasion, even for that particular mess, which was famous for its cooks and for its cellar.

After dinner the senior medical officer of the mess challenged me to make a punch that would go his one better. I believe I did not let our national honor at the punch bowl down. I know it was very late when the party broke up. I started to walk down the crooked narrow streets of the Rock, in company with one of the officers from our ship who had been particularly attentive to my brew of punch. Not that he was overcome by it. Rather it had stimulated his imagination and started him on his hobby, which was naval aviation, then still in the experimental stages. He began to expatiate fervently on the future of flying and the wonderful exhilaration felt by the flier when he takes off into space. . . .

At this my friend actually did take off. With outflung arms he stepped into space and disappeared over the edge of the Rock of Gibraltar. I had a horrible moment, waiting for the splash of his body in the sea below. But no splash came. I peered over the edge of the path, striking matches to see. A geranium bed in the garden of a resident of Gibraltar whose house abutted on a road just below had caught him.

Sprawling in the geraniums, he protested to me that he was a seriously injured man. I convinced him, in nautical language and in short order, that he would have to get back to the ship whether he could or not. The first streak of dawn was showing in the east and we were due to sail on the early-morning tide. Eventually I got him up onto the road, and down to the landing place. Our boat's crew grinned at sight of us, even though they decorously said nothing.

It was my duty to enter on the record whether my friend had met with his bruises in the line of duty—in which case he was in for no trouble—or that no act of duty had been involved, in which case he was in for plenty of the same.

"See here, Oman"—he fixed me with his one good eye—"you damn well know I got this black eye and those bruises in the line of duty."

"How do you explain that?" I asked.

"I didn't put my name down to go to that dinner! The skipper ordered me to go. What's that, if not duty? Besides, *you* made the punch!"

I decided his argument was sound and made the entry accordingly.

That experience apparently did nothing to dampen his enthusiasm for aviation. Later he specialized in this branch of the service and was the officer selected to bring the dirigible Hindenburg, which we acquired from Germany after World War I, back to this country.

When a Navy man has to be hospitalized ashore he is usually in for a longer time than a civilian would be for a similar injury. He must be fit to perform any duty when discharged from hospital. He can't be sent back to his ship to convalesce. Consequently, it is not unusual for the commanding officer of the hospital to detail his convalescent patients to do light work about the buildings and hospital grounds until they are in condition to return to the ships.

Sometimes it is not a little difficult to explain to some steely-eyed marine company commander why one of his sergeants is cutting grass on the hospital lawn and not back at duty. On a certain occasion at the Norfolk Naval Hospital I had operated on a marine. His convalescence was rapid and he soon became one of the best players on our hospital corpsmen's football team. While our team was playing a match with the Army team at Fortress Monroe, our marine patient was so careless as to break his leg. I don't like to recall the twenty-minute interview I had with his company commander, trying to explain away that fractured leg and the circumstances in which it was incurred.

A certain commanding officer of the hospital at Norfolk many years ago had the reputation of working his convalescent patients in the garden, cutting hay, plowing, et cetera. The word soon got around among the recruits at the training station that they worked harder at the hospital than on regular duty.

One evening the medical officer on the receiving ship went below to the sick bay to see a young recruit who had been sick for a few days. The doctor took his temperature, felt his pulse, and then said, "My boy, I'm afraid I'll have to send you to the hospital."

The boy raised up in his hammock and exclaimed, "My God, doctor, don't send me to the hospital! I'm a sick man."

THE problem of venereal-disease control and prevention is not essentially a problem for the Army and the Navy, but for the entire civilian population. Venereal infections do not originate in the armed services. They cannot in any sense be regarded as war casualties. They are present at all times in the social structure.

As soon as the "boot" reaches a training station his education in venereal-disease control begins. Lectures, special motion pictures, pamphlets, and informal talks by line and medical officers carry on a program of prevention based on self-denial. One of the toughest resistances which have to be overcome is the general belief that abstention from sexual intercourse is dangerous to the health of young vigorous men. It is extraordinary how many persons believe this and how many books on health and physiology which the men have read and accepted verbatim sustain them in this erroneous belief. Every medical officer spends a lot of time explaining that continence never injured any man yet, whereas promiscuity invariably does, sooner or later.

Science has given us a treatment for syphilis which cures cases more rapidly than we used to believe possible and therefore with less loss of man days. But control of the problem of venereal disease is essentially a problem of prevention. The number of cases of venereal disease in the Navy is growing less every year.

I BELIEVE it was Goethe who observed that "no man walks with impunity under palms." However, to start with the most obvious interpretation of the poet's words, during my own many years in the tropics I was frequently impressed by the fact that though our lives were lived literally under coconut palms, I never heard of a falling coconut hitting a human being. You would hear them thump on the ground occasionally, and you would think: If that hit somebody. . . .

A medical friend who did a tour of duty in Guam reported the case of a native who took his siesta under a coconut palm while the trade wind was blowing and was brought to the hospital with a fractured skull. But that case is the only one I heard of.

Before you can hope to get rubber, valuable ores, and other commodities which the world needs acutely out of Africa and South America, you have to be able to keep the men who go into the jungles after these things not only alive but healthy and able to work. It is probable that for the next quarter century the foremost problem in medicine before the world will be the prevention of tropical disease.

The mosquito has been under suspicion for years. Everywhere east of Suez the mosquito net is important. I remember being in Bangkok and having the hotel servants come to where we were sitting on the terrace, watching the sunset, to bring us multicolored mosquito-netting bags into which they tied our feet and legs. At formal dinner parties in Siam and Burma a netting bag for the guest's feet and legs is laid with a napkin at each place, along with individual bottles of citronella to anoint hands, face, and neck before dining.

Today, with the opening up of the coast of tropical West Africa, with the cutting of roads through jungles, and the establishing of airplane routes and landing fields throughout the heretofore Dark Continent, our medical officers are challenged to find the means of rendering the bite of the tsetse fly and the malaria-carrying mosquitoes innocuous. It is a matter of pride that we can report that the landing fields on the air supply routes across Africa already have been made practically malaria free.

IT has sometimes been suggested that war has its compensations in that great medical discoveries result from the conditions and tragedies it brings. On the contrary, the greatest advances in medicine have all been made during periods of peace. But the emergencies produced by war incite research and experiment which are continued through the peace that follows, and war's necessity is the mother of a good many inventions.

During World War I, Dr. O. H. Robertson, an American working with the British forces, for the first time used preserved blood on the battlefield. This experiment carried on under fire led to the establishment of blood banks and made possible the relief measures being employed so successfully in our Army and Navy today.

At the beginning of this global war, blood banks—meaning whole blood—were much in evidence. Experience showed, however, that much valuable blood was lost by improper preparation, infection, and rapid deterioration, one to three weeks being the limit of safety. The recent rapid advances in processing whole blood to get rid of the cells have provided blood substitutes—plasma, dried plasma, serum albumin—which have made transfusion—or infusion—a safer and more practical and universal procedure.

Today, not only are our hospital corpsmen equipped with dried plasma to inject immediately into the wounded, but we have devised containers which are filled with plasma and the equipment for injecting it, with directions how to do this. These containers can be dropped from planes to men on the deserts or in remote, inaccessible spots in the mountains, or onto rafts floating on the sea.

With the emergence of aviation into first place as a form of combat, much research has been directed to its needs. We are working on a mask which shall have a seal fit, be comfortable, be ventilated, permit full vision, supply oxygen, and contain a microphone.

A great deal of research is now going into the development of devices which will fortify the pilot against blackout.

Our eye specialists have been working for some time on the problems of dark adaptation, which is the power to adapt, rapidly and perfectly, to low visibility. Blindfold drills assist men in the performance of night duties without lights. The pilot develops a tactile familiarity with his controls. The same training is given lookouts, gunners, and torpedo men for night duties aboard ship. Lookouts are taught how to see. For example, a dimly illuminated ship, airplane, or other object cannot be seen if one looks directly at it. Looking slightly away, however, will throw the image on the more sensitive portion of the retina, where it will be more easily picked up. The eyes are more sensitive just after being moved, so lookouts are trained to move the eyes frequently while in dim light. They are instructed to move them in short jumps, to search the sky or horizon systematically, and be on the lookout for objects in the corners of the eyes.

The Navy's researchers are working on means of protecting the night observer from loss of adaptation through exposure to uncontrollable sources of light—exploding shells, discharges of guns, tracer bullets, the dazzle of searchlights, and even illuminated instrument panels. For military reasons I cannot go further into this matter.

Defense against chemical warfare is another subject of active investigation here and abroad. However, nothing may be reported at this time as to accomplishments in this field. For the same reason, disclosures regarding biological warfare must be withheld. Nevertheless it may be said that our research agencies are on the alert to provide protection to our country from these inhuman weapons.

Foremost among new problems is that of immersion-blast injuries inflicted on men in the water by explosions which may occur fifty to 150 feet away from them. This is giving us more concern than any other problem we have in the Navy. When a destroyer goes down at sea, she goes fast. The men are left in the water fairly close to her. The depth charges which are always there ready to be thrown on the enemy will explode when they reach a certain depth. There is no way known to prevent this.

But a life jacket made of kapok, or some other buoyant material, which protects the anterior chest and the entire abdomen, has been devised and is being put to use. Men are instructed to swim on their backs if the abdomen is not adequately protected. It has been found that men who have their backs toward the blast, or who are swimming on their backs, suffer lung rather than abdominal injury. One survivor told of two shipmates swimming near him. An underwater blast, about 150 feet distant, occurred as one of the men was climbing into a raft, with his comrade a few yards behind him swimming in a prone position. The former was unhurt; the other instantly killed. The patient who told the story said he had turned over on his back to rest for a few moments when the explosion came. His injuries were not serious.

In addition to products of laboratory research, hundreds of discoveries and inventions made by private individuals are brought annually to our Research Division—proof that the American people feel that the Navy and its men belong to them and want to do their utmost to safeguard those men in their important task. Admiral Smith—"Scientific" Smith, as we in the service call him—receives with an open mind the letter of a lady from New Hampshire urging the use of slippery elm to cure sailors of sore throat; the description and blueprint of a homemade splint; and the formula for a remedy which, a Nebraska farm woman writes, keeps her turkeys healthy in cold wet weather and so, she believes, will be valuable as a medicine in the Navy.

VERY early in the morning after the battle of Savo Island, on November 13, 1942, one of the American light cruisers which had taken a torpedo hit during the night's battle was proceeding, with other ships of the cruiser-destroyer fleet, through the Coral Sea. Suddenly—and inexplicably to most of the men aboard her—there was a terrific explosion amidship. The cruiser had been struck by a torpedo loosed from a lurking enemy sub. This hit, which was exactly opposite the hole received during the battle, literally broke the cruiser's back.

A young lieutenant, whose leg was fractured by a piece snapped from the mainmast, came to some minutes later to find himself in the water. When his head came up out of the sea, he found himself under a cargo net to which a number of other survivors were clinging.

These men attracted the attention of some men on two rafts. They got the rafts together and stretched the net between them. The wounded were placed in the middle of the rafts.

"The next morning," the lieutenant said, "some of our planes came over. One of them circled us and dropped some stuff, but we lost it in the sea. All this time we could see an island off on the horizon. It looked to be about forty miles away, and we figured it was San Cristobal, one of the southernmost of the Solomons group. We decided to try to make it. We were without water or food, and we had only improvised paddles. Those who could swim had to try to help the rafts along.

"The second morning another plane came over and dropped a rubber boat. One of our fellows got it and brought it to the raft. They put me in it with boys to paddle and we started for San Cristobal to send back help.

"I must have been out of my head," he added, "or I wouldn't have let them do it."

As a matter of fact, the lieutenant was in worse shape than any one else in the party. His leg was swollen up to twice the normal size, and he was delirious most of the time.

"We were within five or six miles of the island when all of a sudden a terrible storm came up out of nowhere. In just a minute, it seemed, the plane was blotted out and the island too. We had to start fighting for our lives.

"The storm lasted nine hours. Fortunately for us, it was moving toward the island and took us along with it. One enormous wave picked up the boat and tossed us right on a reef, not far from the beach.

"The next day the two boys found a settlement back in the jungle that had been a Catholic mission. The missionary wasn't there, but he had taught some of the natives to speak English. They came and carried me, in the rubber boat, through the jungle to the mission. One young native took a message from us to a white planter living on the next island. Early next morning the planter's son came over from Santa Anna Island. He brought bandages, sulfanilamide, and brandy. He fixed me up the best he could. Then he took us in his boat to Santa Anna, where we could be well taken care of. The planter said he would get word to our Navy that we were there. Early next morning we heard a plane circling and our two boys ran down to the beach. They signaled it with a mirror and it came in close to shore, landed, and took us off. It was just eight days since our cruiser was sunk."

THE convenient presence of the Santa Anna planter's son, with valuable medical supplies in his possession, reads like a bit of a fiction writer's invention, unless one knows something about the plans for medical service in that vast territory of Oceania which the governments of New Zealand and some of the islands, aided by the Rockefeller Foundation, established in 1929.

In that year the Central Medical School for the training of native medical practitioners was established at Suva in Fiji. The governments of American Samoa, New Zealand Samoa, Fiji, Tonga, the Solomon Islands, Cook Island, and one of the French islands aided in the support of the school and had the privilege of sending students who were trained in medicine and surgery.

The Medical School at Suva has been called, and rightly, unique in the world's educational institutions. It is, in its way, a United Nations' effort in the South Pacific, one in which Americans, British, New Zealanders, and Australians assume an interest and a responsibility. Until 1939 the head of the school and its most ardent promoter was Dr. S. M. Lambert, then working for the Rockefeller Foundation.

In his fascinating book, A Yankee Doctor in Paradise, Dr. Lambert tells of his visit to Santa Anna Island, where he was a guest of Trader Kuper and his native wife. The trader's son Geoffrey was graduated from the Central Medical School in 1938. The city of Sydney, Australia, gave him a prize for being "the most distinguished scholar of the year." He went back to the Solomon Islands to take up his duties as a native medical practitioner among his mother's tribesmen. Dr. Geoffrey Kuper may very well have been the planter's son of this story.

When the lieutenant told his adventures he was a patient in a United States Navy advance base hospital on the island of Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides, which is the island group lying between the Solomons and Fiji. Our medical officers landed on this island late in August, 1942, just two weeks after the Navy and Marines took the lower Solomons. Captain Joel J. White (M. C.), United States Navy, commanding officer, chose a site for the American Naval Hospital in a grove of coconut palms within sight of the sea, and set it up. Six days later they took in their first eighty-four patients, evacuated by plane from Guadalcanal. The hospital was ready to care for wounded from the U. S. S. Wasp when the 14,700-ton aircraft carrier went down in the vicinity of the Solomons on September 15, 1942.

To supply materials for this global war the Navy has adopted the principle of the mail-order house. Its Medical Department has assembled at key ports vast quantities of hospital and medical supplies, packaged and crated, ready for immediate shipment anywhere. A medical officer in charge of a field hospital in the Solomons, or a base hospital in Iceland, or one on the coast of West Africa can order by radiogram 100 hospital beds, with the necessary fittings and linen.

The cargo planes that deliver the goods are big four-engined flying boats. They exceed 60,000 pounds' gross weight when loaded and are capable of carrying thousands of pounds of pay load to our farthest-flung outpost. Hospital beds, operating-room supplies, instruments, drugs, dressings, X-ray equipment—all the materials of mercy—are transported as readily as the materials of war.

Ambulance planes are fitted to carry eleven litter cases and four or five sitting patients, one medical officer, one pharmacist's mate, and the crew. It is now only a matter of hours before a marine who has been hit by a sniper's bullet in the dense jungle of Guadalcanal is undergoing an operation in safe and serene surroundings, hundreds of miles away from the scene of his injury.

A vehicle which looks as though it had lumbered straight out of Walt Disney's film Fantasia and belonged to the age of the dinosaurs and enormous reptiles is the alligator ambulance. These gas-driven "swamp buggies" were designed for rescue and relief use in the storm-stricken areas of Florida. They move through water, mud, and sand, and are capable of transporting supplies and material from ship to a location on shore in one continuous trip. They make nothing of swamps and reefs.

The Medical Corps of the Navy has experimented with these alligators to bring the wounded from shore to hospital ships with less discomfort and possible injury than they would sustain by evacuation in small boats. One alligator will carry nine Stokes stretchers, each of them seven feet long and two feet wide. When the stretchers are in place, held by canvas straps, there is a twenty-inch air space between the tiers and room for the doctor to have access to each patient.

THE thrilling escape of Captain Eddie Rickenbacker and his six companions after twenty-one days at sea might not have been possible but for the previous establishment of a little one-room hospital of eight or ten beds on an unnamed island in the Solomons. The Navy plane which rescued the party brought them to the island, where they were the first patients in the temporary hospital. A few days later, when the medical officer in command of the hospital believed they could stand the trip, all but two of the seven were transported by air ambulance to our hospital on Samoa. The promptness and perfect running of this evacuation service undoubtedly saved those lives

Not a man has been lost through an accident in transit, although one plane load spent two days on a coral reef when the ambulance plane had to make a forced landing in a severe tropical storm.

A rubber raft is part of the equipment of every Navy plane. Every Navy flier is instructed in "dunking sense" —how to manage the raft, use the supplies stowed in its watertight pockets, and how to eat, drink, avoid painful sunburn and windburn, immersion foot, and other liabilities of shipwreck—in case he and his crew have to come down at sea.

In intense heat, the men are told, they should "dunk" themselves over the side, fully dressed. This is a help against dehydration, which is the chief danger shipwrecked sailors have to face. They are also instructed to improvise head coverings or use a parachute or the sail fabric as an awning. This fabric is orange yellow on one side and dark blue on the other. The orange yellow is to serve as a signal. The dark blue is for purposes of concealment from enemy aircraft. The men are trained to yank the sail down and spread it over them, sea-blue side up, if they sight the enemy. If he strafes them, they are prepared to go over the side and hang onto the raft, which will continue to float even if a hole is shot in one compartment.

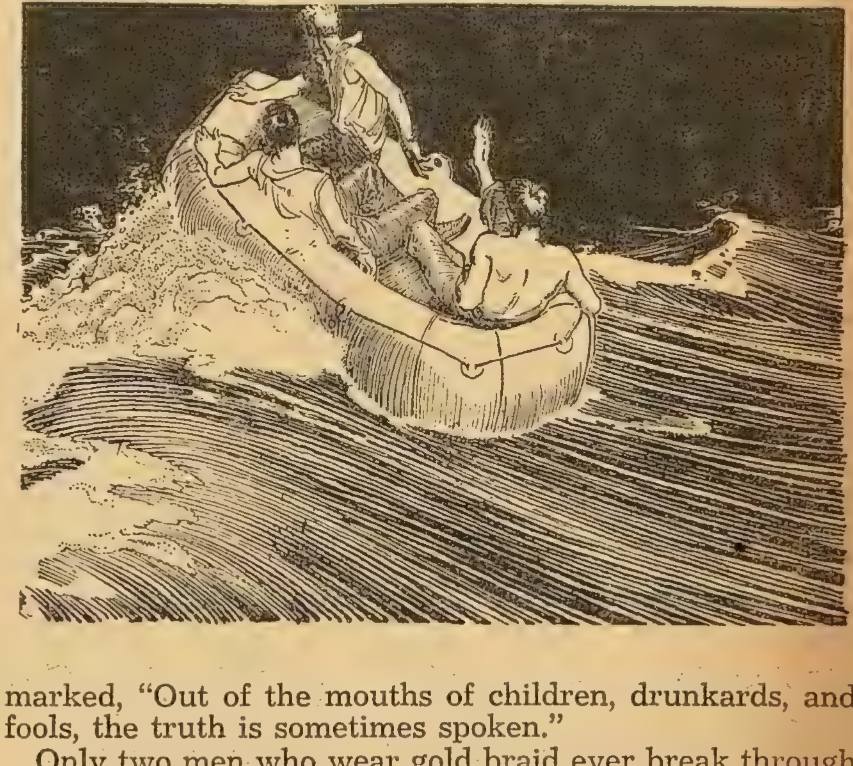
The Life Saving Board of the Navy and the Coast Guard has announced that a carefully planned fishing kit is now being added to all rubber rafts. Instructions printed on waterproof paper warn against fishing for sharks or in the vicinity of them. Small sharks may be harpooned, but the fisherman must be alert to keep the line taut and save the harpoon if the shark tries to roll over and bite the line. Large sharks are to be discouraged by a hit on the nose with an oar. The instructions also tell how to cut the fish into thin narrow strips and dry them in the sun. Fish can be preserved in this way for several days, and then supply both food and drink. Fish juice is safe and not unpalatable. It tastes much like the juice of oysters or clams.

THE bulkhead, which stands between the Navy's enlisted personnel and the officers, divides life aboard the most congested ship at sea into two separate and distinct worlds. Many a junior line officer has lain awake nights wondering, somewhat uneasily, just what his men really think of him, or what they say of him in the sanctuary of the forecastle. When Captain Harry Garrison (M. C.) was executive officer of the Norfolk Naval Hospital, he was given an opportunity to know just where he stood with the enlisted personnel.

Captain Garrison had a trick of getting into a pair of disreputable dungarees and going out with the gardener and outside laborers to work in the hospital grounds. One fall afternoon the captain was raking leaves when an enlisted man came along and started to converse with him. The man complained that the blankety-blank exec was never in his office. He had been trying for several days to see him about a leave of absence.

Garrison remarked mildly, "Aw, try him around nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

When the man turned up at the office at that hour and recognized Captain Garrison, he turned several shades of green. Captain Garrison made no reference to the day before, only signed the man's request for leave, and remarked, "Out of the mouths of children, drunkards, and fools, the truth is sometimes spoken."



Only two men who wear gold braid ever break through that bulkhead between wardroom and forecastle: the chaplain and the medical officer. You cannot have been a member of either corps for many years without acquiring an understanding of what I suppose might be called the Navy mind and the Navy way of life as these function on each side of the bulkhead. If you have been long in the service, you will have talked—and intimately—with men of every rank from the apprentice seaman, second class, who has yet to use his issue razor, to weathered captains and rear admirals. Never, as long as you live, will the man in Navy uniform be just another man to you. He is some one you know, drunk and sober, sick and well, through fair weather and storms, in the brig and out of it. He has stood before you naked and unashamed. And let me add, from that apprentice seaman, second class, to the admiral of the Fleet he has your respect. If you have measured up to the opportunities and the privileges attached to your job as medical officer or chaplain, you will have his too.

Like the medical and dental officers, Navy chaplains are put through a six weeks' indoctrination course at the School for Chaplains at Norfolk, Virginia. This indoctrination has nothing to do with the theological doctrines they profess, but in the course of it they acquire a knowledge of Navy life which stands them in good stead when they go to sea. Their ears become accustomed to sailors' language, which frequently isn't of the sort generally considered suitable to parsons. One sea-seasoned chaplain nodded wholehearted approval when a sailor told him after a battle, "I tell you I prayed like hell the whole damn time!"

The chaplain aboard one of our ships was a great dog lover, and in the course of a cruise acquired a wire-haired terrier of the female sex. The dog had to be kept out of the officers' country because there were several other canine pets there who had prior claims. When the chaplain wanted to exercise his pet on deck, word would be passed down to the forecastle: "Send up the chaplain's bitch!" The humor of this order was as much appreciated by the chaplain as by any one else aboard.

The men of the Navy make two demands of their chaplains—they want them honest and they want them energetic! War at sea is no place for a frail religious mystic whose muscles are flabby. Swimming is not one of the prerequisites to a divinity degree, but a Navy chaplain may find it comes in handy. Lieutenant M. F. Williams, chaplain of the U. S. S. Wasp, was among the survivors swimming in the oil-covered water about the abandoned torpedoed carrier. "I was doing a fine bit of Australian crawl," he said, "when I saw the captain swimming toward me.

"'Are you sure you're all right, chaplain? Can't I help you?' he called out.

"I told him I was getting along all right. And then the captain poured on the coal and outdistanced me in a few strokes. I, being the junior by years and in rank, ought to have been able to outswim him and not seem as though I needed his help. I was going over this in my mind when up swam the admiral.

"'Here, can't I help you, chaplain?' the two-star officer offered.

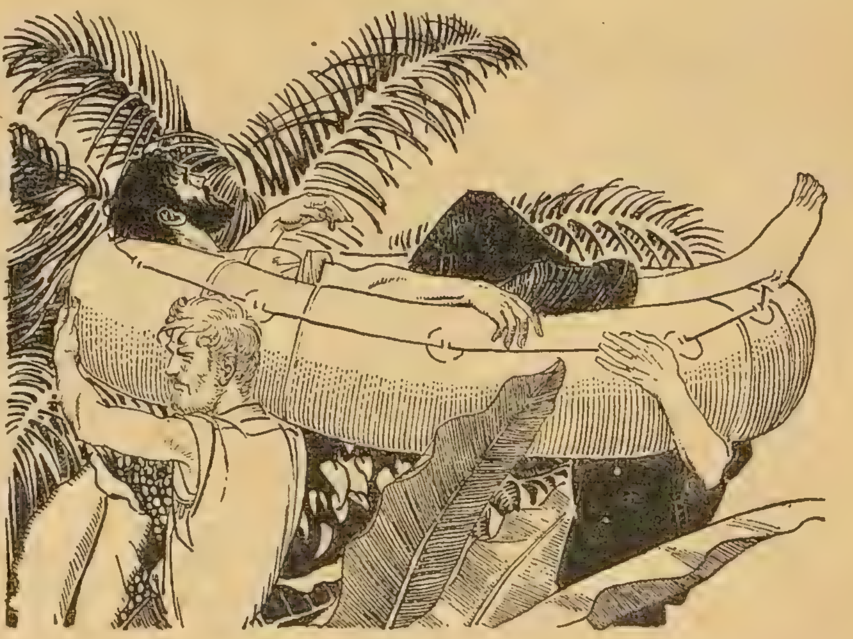
"I gasped that I was doing as well as could be expected, and let him know I intended to make port under my own steam. Just the same, I took a couple of reefs in my pride when the admiral struck out and left me panting behind in his wake."

THE chaplain has one of the toughest jobs aboard ship, largely because he has no job at all in the usual Navy sense of standing watches or manning guns. He plans his own day and, to a considerable extent, his own duties. Frequently he is editor of the ship's paper. He arranges for movies when blackouts don't prohibit him. He stages amateur nights, smokers, boxing matches, arranges quartets and choirs for Sunday services. He usually supervises the ship's library. Every day he visits the sick bay. He may bring some magazines, write an important letter home for a disabled sailor, or help straighten out some of the complicated financial and matrimonial tangles sailors get themselves involved in.

It often is the chaplain, and only he, who knows the full story in discipline cases. Frequently he has a few words with the man which encourage him to tell the whole truth in his testimony—something which may affect the man's later life. At shore stations and at sea, religious services are held every Sunday morning, barring an engagement with the enemy. At sea, church is often rigged up in a messing compartment below deck. And in addition to the weekly service, the chaplain holds Bible classes for instruction in the Scriptures, preparation for baptism, confirmation, and marriage.

During an engagement at sea the chaplain is busiest. Before the wounded start coming into the hospital he very likely is giving a play-by-play account of the battle over the ship's public-address system to the men below deck. As soon as any of the men are wounded, he is apt to go into action in the sick bay, where he can lend a hand as needed and can give comfort to the dying. If the man is of another religious faith than his, the chaplain says a prayer for the dying and repeats with him a form of confession acceptable to the man's church.

Sunday services were held for our marines soon after they began to take over the Solomons on the cricket field of Tulagi. Chaplain Warren W. Willard, U. S. Navy, had been with the detachment since they made their first landing. When the landing parties were zigzagging up the beach and being sniped at by enemy sharpshooters strapped in trees from which they trained rifles and machine guns on the advancing marines, Chaplain Willard went along with the hospital corpsmen to give first aid to the wounded and spiritual comfort to those whose wounds were beyond the help of drugs and dressings. Later, when a dressing station had been established and three medical officers were busy operating on surgical cases, the chaplain pitched in and turned himself into an efficient assistant surgeon and anesthetist.



Though "See the chaplain" is the stock Navy phrase, meaning "Don't bother me with your troubles," there are many men who find it easier to go to the doctor for advice and even for confession than to a sky pilot who is professionally "good."

A doctor is supposed to be impervious to shock. Moreover, he has no obligation to go heavy on morals. His concern is primarily with health—with what is "good for you." And, too, a lot of the regard that is given to the medical officer aboard ship is an inheritance from the general practitioners in small towns all over America who have established a reputation for doctors as possessing patience, understanding, tolerance, and an almost magical ability for getting fellows out of scrapes.

One of his lesser duties is to supervise the number, type, and character of pets or mascots which the members of the crew wish to bring aboard. There are innumerable stories of sailors risking their own lives to save pets. "Admiral Wags," the dog of the commanding officer of the ill-fated carrier Lexington, was lowered over the side before the captain abandoned his ship. A similar thoughtfulness for a dog occurred on the destroyer Blue, lost during the Solomon Islands engagements.

Naturally, a sailor has an unusual opportunity to make a selection of a pet, and it is surprising what a variety of dogs, goats, cats, pigs, monkeys, bears, burros, kangaroos, parrots, parakeets, cockatoos, et cetera, are picked up on his travels. I have known more than one small pig to be adopted as a ship's mascot and kept scrubbed snowy white by the crew.

When I was serving aboard the battleship Illinois, while the Fleet was in Seattle a young bear was given to each ship. The bears were shown with a great deal of pride by the various crews, in parades and to visitors aboard ship. As we proceeded on our voyage, various vicissitudes were experienced by them and some were lost. However, we managed to keep ours, and he became quite a pet.

While we were at Punta Arenas on the Strait of Magellan, our consul to Tasmania, who happened to be from the State of Illinois, presented us with a kangaroo. He would hop around the decks, up on the turret, and from there to the after bridge, and the bear would make a futile effort to follow him.

One day, during the firing of a salute, the bear happened to be on the boat deck, right above the gun. During a blast he fell to the deck and seemed unconscious. One of the crew immediately sent for me. I put on a pair of loading gloves and examined him. He soon began to walk around, and I went below, thinking he was all right. In about five minutes I was again called. I responded immediately, but the bear was dead, apparently from a fractured skull.

On one trip home we were at Alexandria, Egypt, in December, 1908, when we were ordered to proceed to Messina, Italy. A devastating earthquake had entirely destroyed the city and caused tens of thousands of deaths. On our arrival we immediately sent ashore a working party of about 400 men, who began digging in the area where our consul had lived.

There were numerous homeless cats and dogs about the ruins. Our men saw a large mastiff on the third floor of a house, the front walls of which had entirely collapsed and whose stairways were completely blocked. They rigged a ladder and finally reached the dog, which had been there for at least ten days. The dog was lowered in a sling, brought back to the ship, fed and bathed by a boatswain's mate. The dog was devoted to this man and would have nothing to do with any other member of the crew, nor would he come back to the officers' quarters. He was finally brought back to the United States.

Once, while the U. S. S. Wyoming was in Vera Cruz harbor, a man brought a Mexican hairless dog aboard and asked my permission to take him home. I could not imagine what a "he sailor" wanted with a dog like that, and said so frankly. The man said he had heard that these dogs cured rheumatism and his old grandmother was bedridden with that affliction. He intended to use the dog as a hot-water bottle.

The crew's compartments aboard ship are only comparable to the subway during rush hours. There is usually a writhing mass of humanity struggling in and out of hammocks and through the passageways. There is the blare of hundreds of small radios—broadcasting the patter of Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Charlie McCarthy, and Bob Hope, and the swing music of America's favorite dance bands.

The sailor hasn't much room for personal possessions, but nearly every man in the officers' country and in the forecastle manages to find six square inches of wall space for the photograph of a girl.

One prerogative dear to all sailors is that of "shooting the sun." This means sprawling on deck and growling about the ship, the officers, the food, Navy life, and the world in general. A lot of excess steam is let off that way which does nobody any harm. And "terms of endearment," which the landlubber wouldn't exactly appreciate, are frequently applied to their leaders. Presumably it was such a group of men aboard Admiral Halsey's flagship who watched the admiral and his aide going down the deck. Back in the admiral's cabin, the aide remarked with a grin, "Did you catch what one of those fellows said, sir? As you passed I heard one of them say, 'I would fight through hell for that old S. O. B.!' "

The admiral drew his celebrated eyebrows together. "Humph! Where does he get that *'old'* stuff?"

THE number of mental cases in our veterans' hospitals as the result of World War I has shown us that we cannot afford to allow mental cases to develop among our Army and Navy in World War II. Actually, we are able to do very little to cure mental cases. Our hope lies in being intelligent and skillful enough to prevent them. A psychiatric service has been established in connection with all our training stations.

Too often families and communities have the idea that a problem case should be shifted onto one of the services; let the Navy discipline Joe when his parents, his teachers, and the local police authorities have all failed at the job. Frankly, the Navy does not want Joe if he is a problem. He may be a dementia-praecox case, or hysterical, or too maladjusted to behave after the normal pattern. The Navy can't afford Joe for the reason that the mentally and emotionally unstable constitute a danger to the other men in their divisions and companies. They are dangerous if they can't be counted on in an emergency and to do their duty efficiently at all times. They lower the efficiency of the whole; and it is the efficiency of the whole —not the dashing exploits of one hero—which inevitably turns the tide in the direction of victory.

Six months before the raid on Pearl Harbor the Navy's Department of Medicine had established a neuropsychiatric staff and psychiatric board. One of the first duties that faced us was training psychiatrists used to civil practice in the requirements of naval life so that they could decide whether a man would function at 100-percent efficiency in it. If the incapacities do not show themselves until after he has received some training, then loyalty to the service demands that he be returned to civil life as speedily as possible.

The Navy regarded as a community is very large, widely scattered, autocratic by military necessity, with a great complexity in its function, movement, communications, and personal relationships. It is a world of active men and, in strict contrast to civilian life in America, untinctured by feminism. To be suddenly transplanted into this world from, let us say, the life of a small town where boys and girls mingle freely in all sports, schools, and businesses, and from a home in which a mother may be the dominant power, is a change which is immediately reflected in the behavior and psychology of the youthful "boot."

A GREAT many of our recruits are from seventeen to nineteen years of age. Many of them have never been away from home before; they have never lived beyond the influence of their families and school companions. If some of them seem to get a little out of hand or turn homesick during the first ten days at "boot camp," these may be normal reactions and not necessarily indications of an inability to adjust to a new, vigorous, and strictly masculine environment. The Navy's psychiatrists serving at the training stations quickly learn to discount such symptoms. They see a lot of lads, who mope through their first days at boot camp, suddenly snap out of it and become good sailors.

There is little chance of dementia-praecox cases not being spotted early and dismissed from the service. The symptoms of this disease of the young are now well enough determined to make the psychiatrist quickly aware of it. Emotional instability is less easy to recognize under ordinary circumstances.

On one occasion in one of our hospitals a patient was in the mental ward under observation. There was some doubt in the minds of the medical officers as to whether he was mentally deranged or merely "faking."

He was a husky sailor, and among many peculiar actions and demonstrations he insisted that he was "Bozo the Snake-Eater." At that time there was a vaudeville performer showing his act in a near-by city, entertaining large audiences by actually swallowing live snakes. This patient apparently got his idea from this. He kept shaking the bars of his room and yelling in a loud raucous voice, "I'm Bozo the Snake-Eater! Give me some snakes! I thrive on them! I want to eat them!"

This clamor kept up for days. Finally the attending doctor decided to try him out. He arranged with a dealer in snakes to bring a few to the patient's room.

The sailor howled with glee and yelled, "Snakes! Now I'll have my breakfast! Give them to me!"

A small snake was handed him. He put up such a show of swallowing it that the dealer grabbed it by the tail, expostulating, "Hey, that's my prize snake and I can't afford to lose it!"

I don't remember what label we attached to this unique mental case, but every one was satisfied that it was "mental."

Men who have gone overboard from a torpedoed ship and have drifted for days on a raft or in a cramped rubber boat—with either insufficient or no food and water, and with the constant menace of the sea and enemy planes—are apt to be "queer" for a bit and to suffer disorders of the nervous system for some time after their rescue and return to physical health. The wounds the mind suffers strike deep and are slow to heal. This is not evidence of weakness or of psychopathic tendencies. It is true of every normal and brave man. The man who can undergo the physical horrors of war unmoved by the continued presence of death, suffering, and the loss of comrades is more apt to be psychopathic than the man who suffers nervous injuries as the result of his experiences in action.

Among the Navy's enlisted personnel many men do not re-enlist after their first "hitch." As a policy, we do not want 100-per-cent re-enlistment. The ideal proportion is two thirds re-enlisted personnel and one third new men, as it insures a flow of men to be trained and gradually builds up an experienced body in the civilian population, which becomes a great national reservoir from which to draw during emergencies.

Like the elephant, the sailor does not forget. He may go back to an office or a factory and become absorbed in the structure of civilian life, but the four years or more he has served in the Navy have given him something which he retains, and on which he can draw. When the country needs men to man fighting ships and to build them, he is ready. He finds it extraordinarily easy to hang up his "civvies" and put on a uniform again. It feels comfortable; and in a day or two he has slipped into the habits of the old-timer. That sense of belonging to one of the services is immensely valuable to him and to his country.

It is amusing sometimes to see the hangover of old habits. Recently I heard of a successful middle-aged business man who went into one of the civilian-defense posts in New York City and remarked, "I have nothing to do this afternoon. I thought I'd like to give a little time to the O. C. D., if that's all right." The lady at the desk said it was, and asked him what he'd like to do. "Well," he said, "if you've no objection, I'll begin by swabbing the deck. I've been coming in here for some time, and this place is pretty dirty." And to her astonishment he remarked:

"I learned to *scrub* in the Navy in the last war! Ever since, I've never felt easy on dirty decks."

THE END

# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## By E. A. PILLER

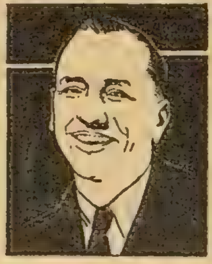
**MARY O'HARA,** whose first novel, My Friend Flicka, was dramatized by the movies after a highly successful sale, ranks high in the Sewell, Salten, Terhune tradition of writing about animals as engrossingly as most authors write about human beings.

Not that Miss O'Hara neglects the human element in her stories. Her latest novel, **Thunderhead,** is a beautifully done piece of work which combines the story of Thunderhead, Flicka's colt, with the story of the McLaughlin family. It centers, of course, on Thunderhead and young Ken McLaughlin who, as the owner of Flicka, has already endeared himself to thousands through the book and movie mentioned above.

This story opens with Thunderhead's birth in a storm, the discovery of the event by Ken, his struggle to get Flicka and her newborn colt into the stable, his dismay that Thunderhead is all white and thus, obviously, a throwback to the wild albino stallion who was too much for any man to train and who now roams the high mountains. Ken fears that the outlaw traits of that grandsire will crop up in the colt and that instead of the race horse which would bring enough money to lift the McLaughlins out of debt, this colt would become just another wild thing.

*Mary O'Hara*

Thunderhead shows little promise at first. He is powerful, but squat and ungainly, fierce, proud, and stubborn. And then, in his second spring, when Flicka is with foal again, he roams off on his first adventure. There is a desperate battle with an eagle, a return to the ranch for a week, then away again to discover at last the grazing land of the albino and his mares.


*G. A. Reeder*

From that time on, Thunderhead's life alternates between the ranch, where he is cared for and trained to race by Ken, and his wild days when he returns to watch and study the albino whom he recognizes as the force he must some day master.

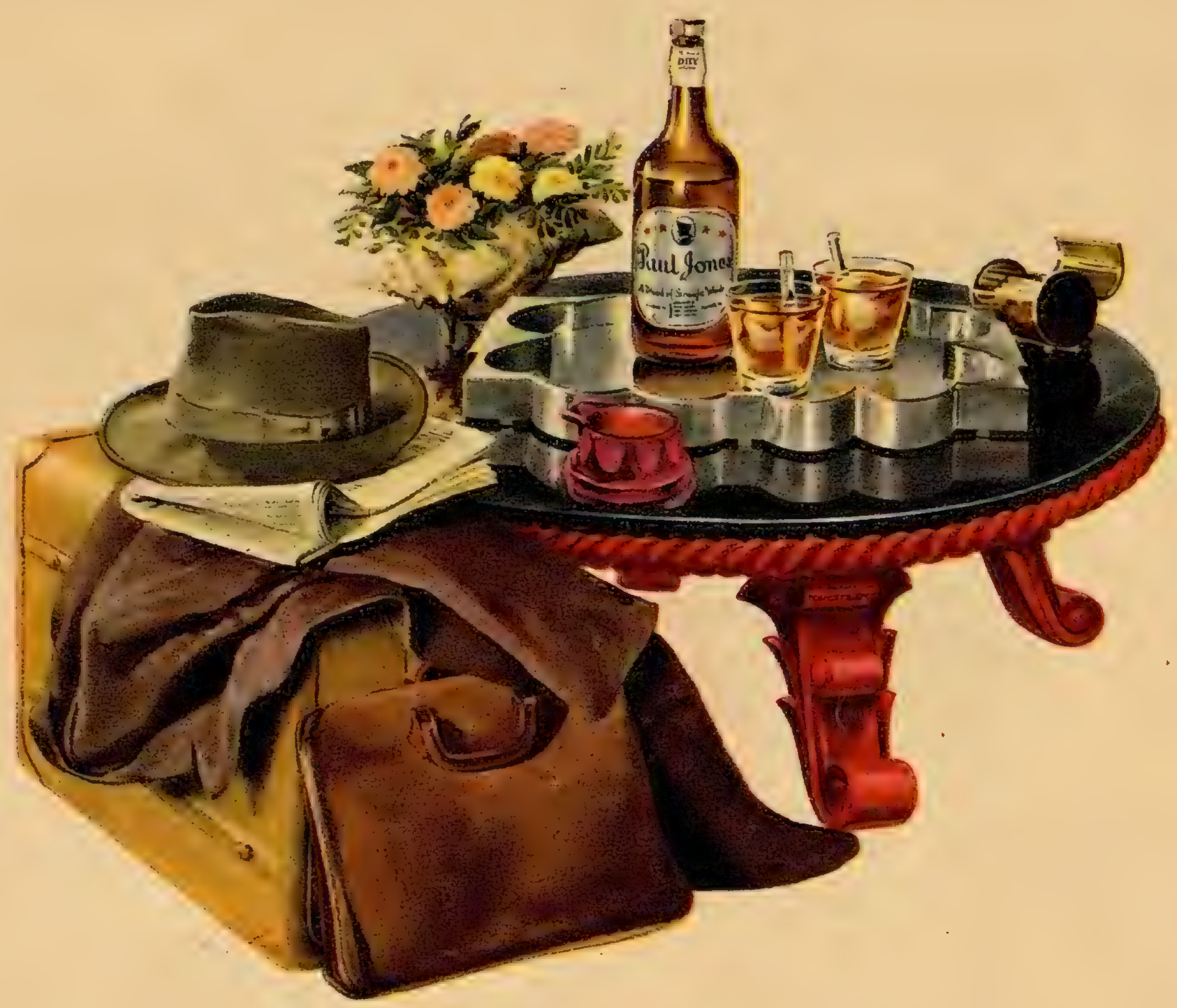
Into this story of Thunderhead, swung between his love for the ranch and his atavistic impulses, Miss O'Hara integrates the story of the McLaughlins, the struggle of Ken's father, Rob, to make a go of raising horses, the conflict which this downhill battle provokes between Rob and Ken's mother, Nell.

Miss O'Hara weaves it all into a beautiful novel in which she captures the moods of people, of horses, and of the rugged Western country itself. She is an indisputable master in her field.

THE most important communications in war are not the front-line dispatches, the communiqués, nor the war books. They are the letters which pass between the men (and women) engaged in war and the people at home, an intimate, vital line of communications which sustains the fighting spirit on both fronts.

**Letter Writing in Wartime,** by **G. A. Reeder** (with an amusing foreword by John Kieran), sets its sights at bettering that line of communication. Intended primarily for people whose minds tie up in knots when they see a piece of blank paper, it tells people at home how to write to soldiers, and soldiers how to write to the home folks, with special emphasis on how to write to sweethearts.

Mr. Reeder starts at salutations (giving a list of amorous ones you'd better use gingerly) and goes right through examples of just about every kind of personal letter you're likely to write, including bread-and-butter notes.


DRY
Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

"Welcome home, Bob..."

**DRY Paul Jones**...a gentlemen's whiskey since 1865

THE *DRYNESS* of Paul Jones Whiskey . . . like the *dryness* of champagne ...permits you to enjoy the full flavor, the full richness and mellowness of this truly great American whiskey. See for yourself, the next time you try this superlative *dry* Paul Jones.

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If you can't always get Dry Paul Jones . . . please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks of Paul Jones to assure you a continuing supply for the duration. Our distilleries are now 100% in the production of alcohol for rubber, explosives, and other war materials. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

*A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore*

## BROKEN RIVER

Continued from Page 30

"And you forget when you're asleep; you can't wear your masks."

"Masks?" she said.

"You've always worn one mask or another, pup. I know that, because I've known you for a long time. You played the great lady, back in the days when I mowed your lawn. Lately, you've used the business mask—the career-girl mask. You've been all crispness and efficiency, and very sharp. Full of facts and details, contracts and stumpage prices."

Softly she said, "Go on."

He pulled his knees up, turning toward the fire, and then turned to look at her, chin propped on crossed forearms. "And there's another one you've tried on me: Miss Hollywood of 1943, Miss Glamour. But you're not a glamour-pants, pup. You're not the great lady or the career woman. You're swell people in your own right, and when you try to be some one else you're like a little girl in a Halloween mask that doesn't fit."

"Please," she said—"please don't!"

"Throw the masks away, pup." His voice was husky. "The whole lot of them. Just be yourself."

He touched her hand and for a moment his fingers were cool and moveless against her palm, and then there was strength in them—rough, quick strength. "Rack," she said. And he was kneeling beside her, bending down. His fingertips brushed her cheek. She closed her eyes and he kissed her.

Afterward it was hard to think, hard to talk. "Rack," she whispered, "did you mean that?"

"Did I?" he said. "Yes. It's been there all the time, big and real, and I didn't know till now. But now I know, pup. Now I do."

"And you did mean it?"

"Today," he said, "and all the tomorrows."

"Then," she whispered, "then do it again. . . ."

IT was late when they reached the camp. There was light in the Tinker cabin; the blinds were up. Through the window they could see Clyde Prio and Big Red standing before the fireplace. Gale Nordlund's yellow hair showed above the top of a chair. Addie moved through the room, going toward the kitchen.

"They've waited up," Sara said lightly.

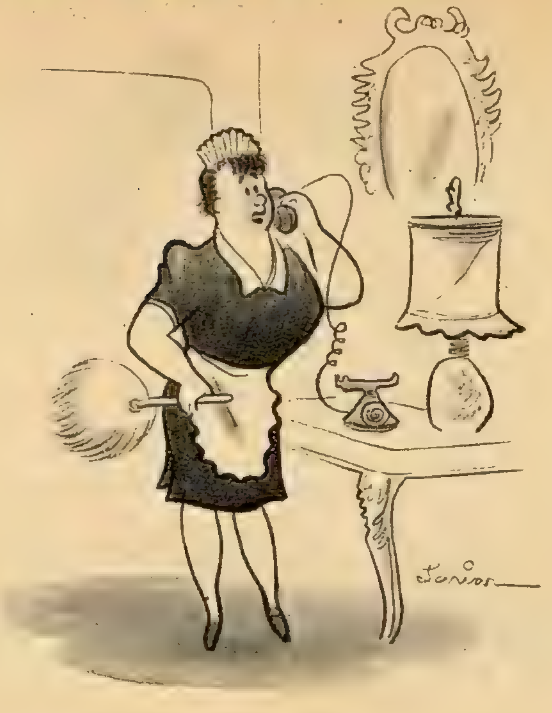
"So they have," Rack agreed.

And the easy grin he'd carried through the last day and night was gone. In its place came a sober, thinking look. His brows were straight; his mouth was somehow hard. Sara Bishop wondered about that, wondered if Clyde Prio could have caused the change, and then Rack opened the door.

"Hey!" Big Red said. "By golly!"

He crossed to them. He took Sara's hand, shaking his big head.

### THE HOME FRONT



"I can get out any night except tonight, Joe. This is the mister and missus' night out."

"Girl," he said huskily, "you give us a time. This camp's been walkin' itself bow-legged, huntin' for you."

Sara considered him narrowly.

"You were comfortable enough a moment ago."

"Just got in," Big Red assured her. "I was tellin' the senator we hadda go on lookin' tonight. 'We ain't leavin' off,' I says, 'till we find her, or what's left of her, an' that's a gospel fact.' Why, I—"

Sara Bishop said, "You big bum!"

The breath went out of Big Red suddenly. He looked at her, a red flush on his face, uncertainty in his eyes. Rack gave him a dry grin.

"She's got the whole picture," he said.

Big Red wet his lips. "Yeah?"

"And I still think you're a bum," Sara said, but now she could not help smiling. "I knew Rack would keep me lost, but I was sure you'd never sink so low."

"Me?" A slow grin spread across Big Red's face. "Girl, I can walk clean to Westburyport an' never get my head above the ground."

"You and Rack," Sara said.

Clyde Prio and Gale Nordlund had watched all this quietly, taking no part. Addie Tinker looked in from the kitchen to say there would be food soon. Sara went to stand beside Clyde at the fire. Clyde looked at Sara, a pleasant twinkle in his eyes.

"Rack knows nothing of ethics," he said, "but he gets things done."

Sara said, "Then the check is good now?"

"Of course," Gale told her.

Sara smiled at Gale. "A den of wolves," she said. "I've never been so thoroughly taken in my life."

Thoughtfully Gale said, "You stand it well."

"Rack's an expert. Give him a night and a day, and he'll make a Christian out of any one."

"Get 'em hungry and get 'em tired," Rack said. He turned to Gale. "I promised the lady a bath and a change of clothes. Can you help her out?"

Sara said, "It was in the terms of surrender."

"Did he put it in writing?" Gale asked.

"No-o. Not exactly."

"That was a mistake," Gale said slowly. "His word isn't much good unless it's in writing." Her eyes were on Rack's as she spoke. "Isn't that so, Rack?"

"Sometimes not then," Rack said.

His words meant nothing—a polite phrase where a phrase was needed. His eyes met hers, cool and direct, and in them there was a full understanding of the question she'd asked, but no answer. They were impersonal, the eyes of a stranger. Rack had shut himself away again. Gale bit her lips against a flood of anger, and Rack spoke to Prio.

"How come you're here? Have you talked to Horton?"

"No." Clyde Prio put his pipe away. "Horton's out of town for a couple of days. This is something else, Rack. I've got news and it's bad. All bad."

Gale said, "This way, Miss Bishop."

IN the bedroom, Gale laid out a bathrobe, underthings, and a towel. She was aware of Sara's following glance, of the cool amusement in the tilt of the smaller woman's mouth. She knows, Gale thought. She's so sure of herself!

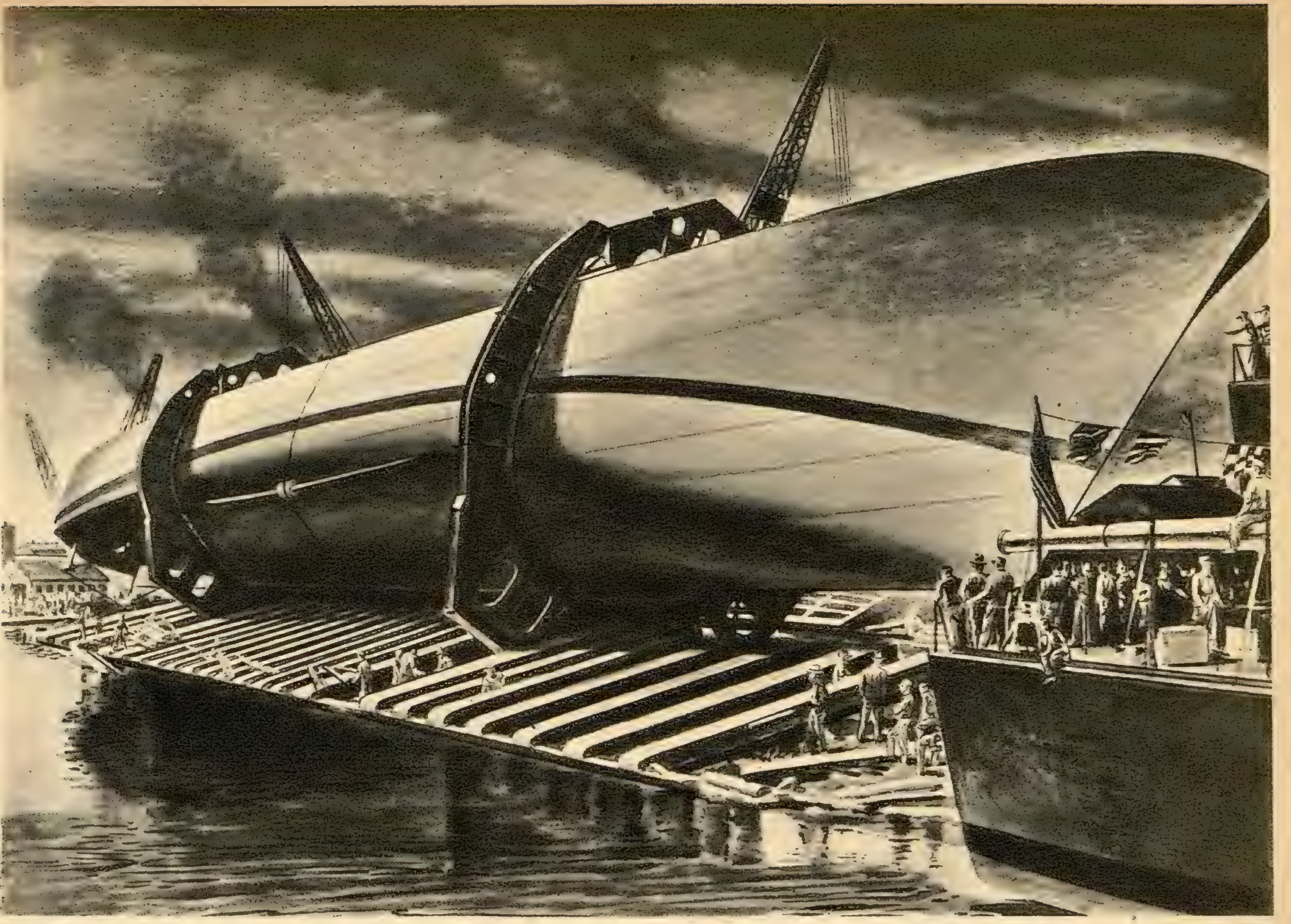
"I haven't much," Gale said, reaching for light unconcern; "just a few things I keep here for hunting and fishing trips. It seems I'm always falling down a mountain, or getting soaked. The bathroom is here," she added.

Gale was alone then. Through the thin walls she heard the rush of water and, above it, Sara's lighthearted humming. Gale clasped her elbows and walked slowly to the window. Her face was mirrored in the pane. "You fixed this right," she told her image. "You muddled it with too much trying!"

And she wondered if Sara Bishop had broken down the wall of Rack's reserve. No. Sara probably did not know about the wall. But it wouldn't matter if she did, Gale decided. Sara wasn't the type to worry about such things. Then, quite suddenly, Gale felt a thousand years old and utterly tired. "You're a cat!" she told her reflection. "Call her anything but shallow!" Turning away, she remembered why she and Clyde were there. There was sharp hurt in remembering, but a grim kind of satisfaction, too. The redhead would have a chance to show her depth. And very soon.

Sara came out of the bathroom a moment later. The robe was belted tightly around her slender waist; there was a scrubbed and shining look about her. She bent her head to run the towel through red hair.

(*Continued on page 50*)



# 750 Ton Flapjack!

HISTORY was made when the destroyer escort, U.S.S. *Bunch*, was "rolled over" successfully at the Defoe Shipbuilding yards at Bay City, Michigan. For this was the first time a steel-welded ship more than 300 feet long and weighing over 700 tons had been built upside down.

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Defoe's unique "flapjack trick" with ocean-going warships does away with conventional ship scaffolding and allows workers to stand over their job at all times. Defoe construction methods deliver *twice the production per man hour* resulting in *double the number of ships* built at *half the labor cost per vessel.*

Resourcefulness in developing new methods and short-cuts to speed delivery of ships to the Navy is typical of Defoe engineering tradition. And when our fighting men and their allies have dealt a knockout to the Axis, the same competitive spirit, skilled workmanship and "know how" that are now setting records in producing for Victory, will be reflected in even greater values of Defoe products to serve peacetime America.

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> HARRY J. DEFOE
> Founder Defoe Shipbuilding Co.

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Defoe

**Ships for Victory**
**Servants for Peace**

*(Continued from page 48)*

"There's make-up on the dresser," Gale said.

"And my shade—how nice!"

Gale watched Sara use powder and rouge. Sara's eyes met hers in the mirror. Pouting her mouth to the lipstick, Sara said, "I'm afraid I'm an awful chiseler."

Dryly Gale said, "Not at all."

Sara Bishop capped the lipstick. She pressed tissue to her lips and stood a moment thinking. When she turned, her face was serious. "Let's be adult about this, Gale. You're in love with Rack, aren't you?"

Gale flushed. "Suppose I am?"

"You know the answer," Sara said.

"Well!" The word was faintly bitter on Gale's escaping breath. "This is your party, Miss Bishop. What comes next? Do you want to flip a coin for Rack?"

"No." Sara was dressing again. "But now we know where we stand. That's important to me." She looked up, her face grave. "From here out, it's—"

"Every gal for herself?" Gale said.

Sara nodded. "Something like that."

"You sound sure of yourself."

"I am," Sara said. Then, "I'll have to wear my ski boots home, but I'd like to wear your slippers now. May I, please?"

Quietly Gale said, "Of course."

THEY went back into the living room. Gale found a chair in a shadowed corner; Sara spread her hands to the warmth of the flames. Big Red and Clyde Prio still stood before the fireplace, and now Big Red's look was one of bafflement and anger. Rack sat on the low couch, a sheet of yellow paper in his hand. "We can't duck the facts," he was saying. "The figures are here. It looks like I was wrong."

"About what?" Sara Bishop asked.

"The sky line." Rack lifted the yellow sheet he held. "This is the invoice from River Mill. We're about thirty per cent under my estimate."

"How much is that?" Sara asked.

Quietly Prio said, "Three thousand dollars."

Sara said, "What will you do now?"

Rack folded the yellow sheet. "We'll check the sky line. We'll see if we can find a way to speed it up."

"You can't speed her up," Big Red growled. "The boys've been movin', with the throttle clean over against the pin all the time."

Rack said, "We've got to try."

"Suppose Big Red's right?" Sara said.

It was Clyde Prio who answered her. "I'm giving information to the enemy," he said, "but you may as well know the truth. We step up production or we go broke."

Gale Nordlund watched Sara's face, watched her turn and look at Rack. And a cold thought came: There it is, Nordlund. The redhead's heart is in her eyes! Gale felt numb.

Things were tangled then, past and present. Gale found herself remembering the day in Clyde Prio's office, her own voice saying, "What about Nordlund?" And Rack's light reply: "Tops. Number one. I'll tell you when I change my mind." Well, he hadn't told her, but there was little consolation to be squeezed from that. He would as soon as he had the chance. He would—unless . . . Gale looked down at her clenched hands. I will, she thought. It's the only way!

She left her chair and walked across the room. She sat down on the couch beside Rack. He gave her a brief questioning look, and then Clyde Prio claimed his attention. ". . . check it all over," Clyde was saying, "and call me as soon as there's anything definite."

**In huge turbine shafts the coupling bolts are as much as five inches in diameter. These bolts are fitted so closely no press is powerful enough to press them into place. This is accomplished by placing the bolts in dry ice for many hours before fitting. Due to contraction from the low temperature, they readily slip into place without pressure.**

Gale said, "Rack," and the word hurt the tightness of her throat—"Rack, maybe this isn't a very good time, but let's—tell them now."

He said, "Tell them?"

"That we're going to be married," she said.

The tiny flattening at the corners of Rack's mouth was his only change of expression. Big Red let out a joyous whoop. Addie was there suddenly, her long face wreathed in smiles.

"Well!" Clyde Prio said. "Congratulations, Rack. This is really quite a surprise."

"Isn't it?" Rack murmured.

And Gale Nordlund made herself look up. Sara Bishop's face went white; her eyes held bewilderment and hurt. But her head was high. "I'm sure you'll be very happy," she said. "I'm so glad for you both." She smiled. "And now if some one will take me across the river, I'd like to get back to town."

"I'll take you," Rack said.

Rack waited in the deep shadow beside the track. Behind him, the speeder engine muttered quietly.

The door of the Tinker cabin opened and flashlight glare danced down the walk. "This way," Big Red said, "an' watch them puddles there." Sara Bishop said something in answer; the words were lost in Big Red's rumbling laugh. They crossed the street and came along the loading dock.

Rack said, "I'll help you down."

"Thanks. I can manage it alone."

There was a tinkle of ice in her voice. She dropped to the track, and went past him to the speeder.

"I'll need that flashlight," Rack said.

"Here," Big Red said. "An' hurry back."

Sara Bishop was sitting in front of the speeder controls, facing the track ahead. She did not move or speak when Rack climbed aboard. He let in the clutch and opened the throttle; the speeder jounced over switch frogs to the main line.

Rack said, "Pup, I want to talk to you."

Sara Bishop's back stiffened.

"So it's like that?" he said.

Coldly she said, "Just like that!"

They were over the river now; the speeder wheels made a hollow roaring. Rack eased the throttle shut. They rolled on around a long curve to the landing.

"Thank you," Sara said, "and good night."

Rack said, "I'll walk to your car."

He switched the flashlight on. The white glare touched her face. There was hurt and anger there. She was, Rack thought, not far from tears.

"Do I pass inspection?" she asked icily.

Rack said, "Pup, I didn't mean—"

She wheeled and took the path that led to the road above. He caught her before she had gone more than a dozen steps. For the balance of the climb he stayed at her side. She was fumbling in her purse before they reached the road, and when they did her car keys were in her hand.

"Good night again," she said.

"Pup," he said, "wait a minute."

Furiously she turned on him. "I won't! And don't call me pup!"

He put his hand on the door latch. "You'll wait long enough to hear me out," he said quietly.

"Get out of my way!" she blazed.

His expression did not change. "This is a habit of yours—a bad habit. You jump at conclusions before you have all the facts."

SHE stepped back. "Mr. Tinker, I'm not interested in anything you have to say. Now or ever. And I mean that. I've had the full course, complete with build-up, brush-off, and knife in the back. The fault was mine; I got what I was dumb enough to ask for."

"So that's what you think?"

"Yes!" she snapped. "You weren't making love to me, Mr. Tinker; you were making love to a stumpage payment. And you got away with it—once! But your sky line isn't working. You won't be able to meet the next payment. Then, Mr. Tinker, the Broken River Logging Company is all through!"

"You've really got a head of steam," he said. "And this seems to be where I came in." He lifted a hand in half salute. "G'night, pup."

---

*Is this the end between Sara and Rack? Can Gale hold him? Next week this gripping story of love and danger works up toward an unexpected climax.*

## WILL WE FEED THE WORLD?

Continued from Page 13

Tunisia got under way last February, a program was formulated in Washington for taking care of civilians in North Africa. This was no philanthropic gesture. Uncle Sam wasn't going to play Santa Claus abroad for sweet charity's sake. Food and clothing would be given to the Arab rug merchant of Tunisia and the citrus farmer of Sicily whose homes and livelihoods have been wrecked by German looters or Allied bombs; but that didn't mean that the United States was going to be preoccupied with social and economic problems in distant lands.

The official reason for civilian relief was "to provide for people left destitute owing to military action." Its purposes were: first, to protect our rear and zones of communications so that supplies could be moved; second, to prepare the conquered region as a bridgehead. The sooner order was restored, the faster we could march on and the greater our striking power. Chaos, anarchy, starvation with its attendant riots, and disease—epidemics—could not be permitted to exist near our soldiers.

SUCH considerations brought about the formation last winter of Herbert H. Lehman's Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation Operations, the OFRRO. This little group had to go to work hurriedly. French Morocco and Algeria were already in our hands, and the battle for Tunisia was beginning. Even before its organization was completed, some members were rushed overseas. As several of them have recently returned to Washington for consultations, it is now possible to report on their activities at the front and the whole relief campaign.

The first job of the OFRRO was to lay down a program for Tunisia. It was based on the following premises:

Tunisia has a population of some 2,900,000. Of these 2,700,000 are Arabs, Moslems; about 100,000 are Italians; the remaining 100,000 are French or other Europeans, including Jews. About one third of the people live in the six cities along the coast south of Bizerte.

Certain odd considerations entered the picture. Arabs and Jews are forbidden to eat pork: therefore in any feeding program they would have to receive more cheese, cereals, etc.

Tea was especially important in dealing with the Moslems. The native Arab will gladly work for tea, whereas money—particularly in a land where there are few commodities for sale—may not tempt him. Hence seventeen tons were sent in an early shipment.

Another vital commodity to be rushed to North Africa was soap—good old yellow laundry soap. It is

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the best defense against the louse-borne typhus, which killed 16,000 there in 1942, double the 1941 mortality.

The program for Tunisia was prepared for the worst. If Rommel had made a last-ditch stand, as many as 600,000 persons might have had to be cared for. As it turned out, the Afrika Korps and its Italian allies curled up and howled when they saw they were beaten, and much civilian suffering was thus averted.

For the civilian populations, two types of feeding—emergency and maintenance—were planned.

Right after the "Cease firing!" order was given, emergency rations of soup, cereals, coffee, dried and evaporated milk, tea, sugar, and margarine would be served from soup kitchens for an estimated sixty days.

Then, until the harvest was in, maintenance rations—food packaged for home cooking and preparation—would be handed out.

The daily allowance per person was about one pound, of 2,000 calories food value. (The American soldier gets 5½ pounds, of an average of 3,750 calories.) Distribution of this food would be an economy, for otherwise Army rations, costing five times as much, might have to be given out to prevent trouble.

The planners even figured, to the last penny, the costs of dressing individuals. To clothe a European infant, $1.83; a European adult, $5.30 female, $5.99 male. To clothe a Moslem of any age, $1.60. Orders were placed for cotton cloth and for reclaimed garments in the secondhand stores of East Side New York.

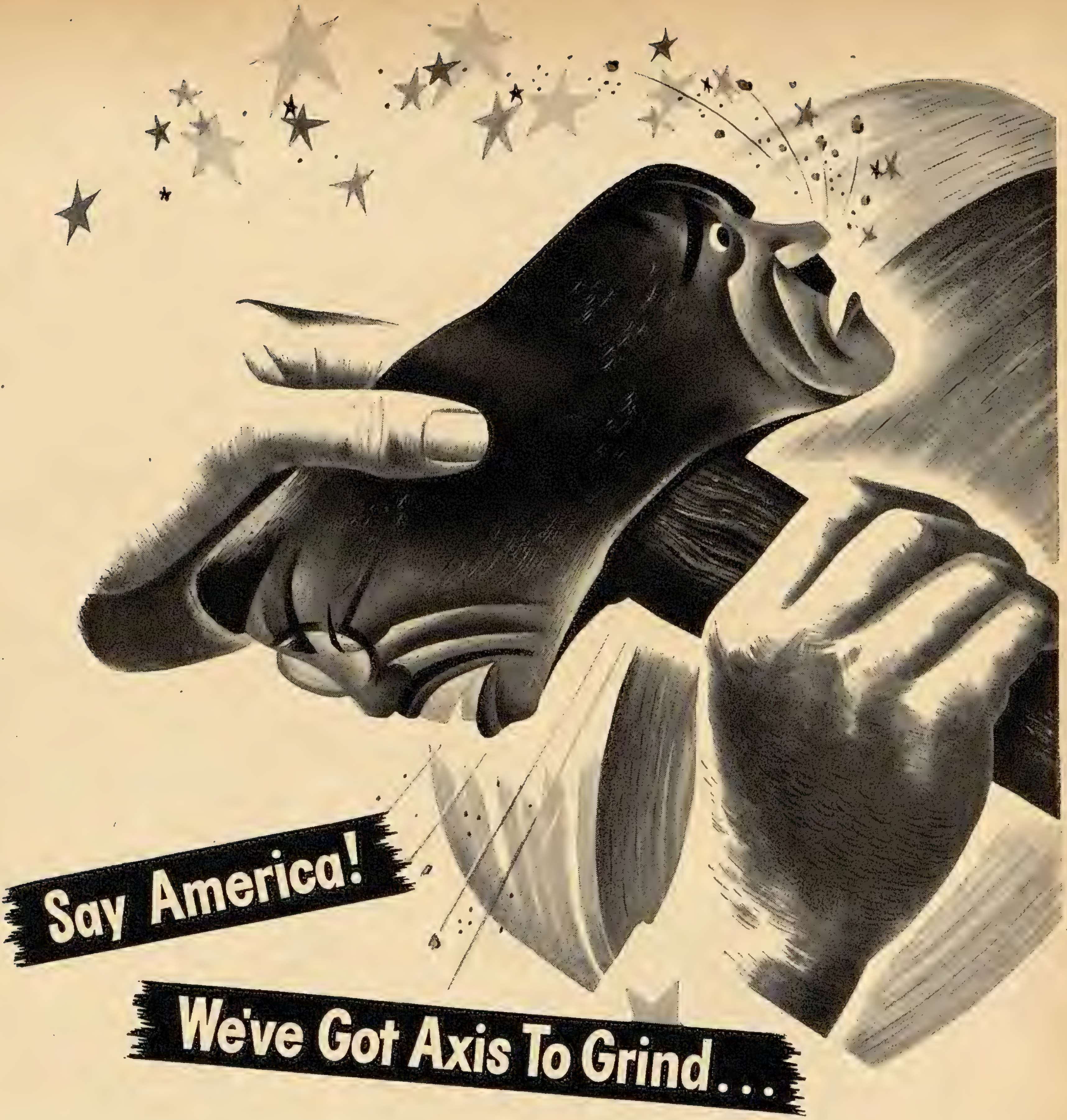
Agricultural and industrial machinery for production of commodities in the French colonies was needed, although it was not immediately available. Every grain of wheat, every can opener produced in the Mediterranean lands would mean just that much less to be shipped to them.

WITH the above outlined picture, gathered from some firsthand information, some government reports, and some out-and-out guessing, OFRRO sent its "field team" into North Africa. William Hodson was the first "captain" of the team; he was killed on the way over in a plane crash in Dutch Guiana. Fred K. Hoehler resumed as chief of mission, aided by Herbert W. Parisius, E. Reeseman Fryer, Paul Gordon, and others.

So, with these plans in their pockets, the advance guard of the little civilian invasion army—twenty was its peak strength in North Africa—trickled in. They worked under the direction of the Army's Tunisian Detachment, an outfit formed by General Eisenhower and commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Harvey S. Gerry.

Singly or in small groups they scooted all over the 1,000-mile

(*Continued on page 54*)


Say America!
We've Got Axis To Grind...

YES SIR, we've got a fight on our hands that's going to take more than wishful thinking to win.

Sure we're a powerful nation. Certainly we've got tremendous industrial facilities. But all that power . . . all those machines . . . can't win the war for us—won't give that boy whose service star hangs in your neighbor's window the materiel support he needs. No, not unless the brains and brawny hands of those who operate these machines run them at full-speed full-time.

We all want to win the war. And quickly! We can only do this by WORKING . . . *harder . . . faster . . . longer . . . more carefully!*

This is the order of the day at the Detroit Tap & Tool plant. Each employee looks upon himself as a soldier. Instead of shouldering a rifle he shoulders his own responsibility in such a manner that every Detroit Tap or Thread Gage is the finest, most accurate that can be turned out. Therefore, each of us feels he has a personal Axis to grind.

*You've done your bit—now do your best*

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**TAP & TOOL CO.**

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GROUND TAPS • GROUND THREAD HOBS • THREAD GAGES • SPECIAL THREADING TOOLS AND GAGES

(*Continued from page 52*)

stretch from Casablanca to Bizerte. They rode in trains, planes, and Army trucks when they could get them. At night they bounced in jeeps over mountain roads; they ambled along desert paths on camels. They even used captured German volkswagens and motorcycles.

They called on French farmers and shopkeepers, on village mayors and Arab chiefs, on heads of social-service agencies and welfare units. The big jobs were to survey the needs of the people, to organize local personnel and resources, and to get supplies where most needed, and where the key men in local governments could help most.

After Hoehler, the first man in, had looked over the situation, he began the organization of the Tunisian stock pile: 6,500 tons of food and clothing, one month's supply for about 200,000 persons. He found that distress was caused mainly by faulty transportation; that there was money to be spent if there was anything to buy. The big job was not charity, it was organization, getting manufactured goods to the interior, and getting farm products out.

In general, although a survey made in December, 1942, had predicted widespread suffering in Tunisia after the enemy was driven out, the forecast was not borne out. There was some distress, owing to war conditions. There were also great extremes of dire poverty and much wealth.

The poorer Arabs, scratching in the thin soil on the fringe of the desert, were fatalistic.

"I asked one," said Parisius, who was the agricultural expert, "'Will you have crops?'"

"'Yes, if Allah wills,' was the reply. 'If not, we starve.'"

DISTRESS caused by war was found in the Berber warrior villages perched on mountaintops in northern Algeria. Hoehler, accompanied by a tough Army colonel, drove up winding roads to one of them. The colonel kept telling him "not to ruin these Arabs by raising their standards of living," but on the way down, after they had seen hungry children clawing at their mothers' breasts, the soldier was practically in tears. "Do something for these people," he urged.

The French, on rich coastal soil, presented a different picture. They operated huge farms, with cement-lined irrigation ditches, that would put to shame our "modern" farm oases in the West and Southwest. They had stills for making perfumes from rose petals and orange blossoms. Their big tractors needed petrol.

The relief undertaking began soon after Hoehler's arrival. Up to that time the Army had charge. The principal projects which OFRRO helped organize are:

1. Milk stations. Every child—European French, Italian, Jewish, and Arab—received nearly a pint a day. Two hundred thousand youngsters were being fed. Late in May this was put on a "need" basis; the milk had to be prescribed by a nurse or doctor, and the service was considerably reduced.

2. Relief stores. There were twenty-nine of these. Natives could buy articles urgently needed, including the reclaimed clothing. The French *contrôleur civil,* or local administrator, presided. Heads of families with permits and ration cards could buy according to the size of their brood. The head of a small family—three members or less—could purchase 1 kilogram of sugar and of rice, 1 cake of soap, 4 cans of milk, 1 reclaimed dress, suit, and overcoat. Prices ranged from 25 cents to $2 for the clothing, and near riots among the women seeking dresses were frequent. The *contrôleur* receipted for the goods in the name of the French Ravitaillement, an organization set up by the Committee of National Liberation. The stores served some 100,000 persons, of whom about 80,000 were Arabs.

3. Children's camps. These, established by the French, took in 11,000 waifs and war orphans, picked up mostly by the French Red Cross. OFRRO helped to organize these camps and supplied milk, sugar, and even blankets—a rarity.

* * *

**People often ask how trick riders in a circus perform so well on a horse without slipping or sliding, and why the horses chosen are always white.**

**Here's the explanation: Rosin is used on the horse's back to keep the rider from slipping, and white horses are used because rosin shows the least on white.**

* * *

4. Political refugees. About 6,000 of these were interned in North African camps just before our troops went in. Many of them had fought against Hitler or Franco and had come to Africa for safety, only to be imprisoned by order of the German-Italian Armistice Commission. They were all released, provided with shoes and clothing, and given a little money from private funds from Britain and America.

Most of these political refugees found places to live in and work to do, but those who were crippled or otherwise incapacitated were set up in a colony outside Algiers, and became almost self-supporting.

Such were the principal relief jobs. They were urgent and vital, for upon them depended the easy passage of our armies, duly supplied, to greater deeds and victories.

Rehabilitation followed relief, and in North Africa that meant speeding the planting of the next crops, getting them harvested, and getting the flour mills going again. This involved obtaining gasoline for tractors, repairing damaged farm machinery, and ordering new parts from abroad. It involved labor, transportation, distribution. It meant finding hidden stores of grain.

But all this was taken care of, and Parisius, reporting back in Washington, declared that "we saved the cereal crops, approximately 400,000 tons; and another 100,000 tons should be recovered from seized hoardings."

Thus the surplus in North Africa meant civilian aid to Sicily.

Drawing up a balance sheet on North African relief is impossible at this writing. Lend-Lease brought in 30,000 tons of supplies a month, of which 5 per cent in tonnage was earmarked for OFRRO. It charged $40,000,000 to the French, who by July had paid back $25,000,000, part of which resulted from sales at the relief stores.

WHAT did our North African adventures in relief teach us? What lessons did we learn for our future military occupations? Will our experiences help us when we get into Greece, France, the Balkans, Norway?

Men in the field believe that native administrators should be used as much as possible. By doing this, the forces of occupation not only save their own personnel for other jobs and for supervision, but they also preserve the sovereignty of the overrun peoples and retain their confidence. The relief experts particularly emphasized the necessity for the establishment of local farms and factories.

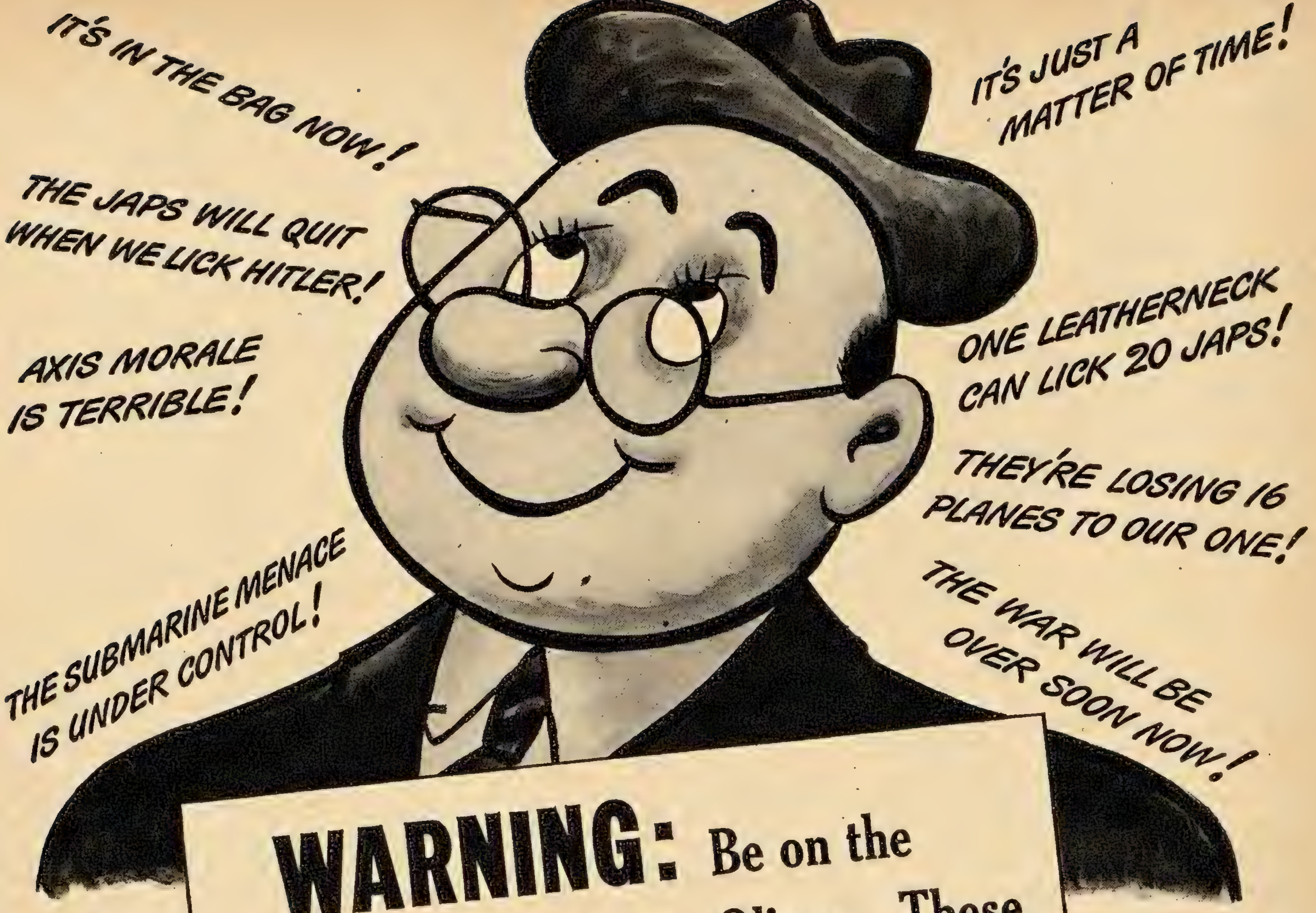
The OFRRO men also found a great need for the services of technical experts, such as agronomists, accountants, warehouse managers, to get the mills going and the warehouses in order, to keep track of goods such as sacks of sugar—tasks with which the Army does not care to bother—and to do a hundred odd jobs such as delousing villages, guarding docks, and running offices.

Of course OFRRO was not the only American civilian war agency doing business in North Africa. Treasury Department experts fought inflation, stabilized currency, and released for Spanish Republican refugees their funds impounded by the French. The Board (now Office) of Economic Warfare helped control strategic materials; Lend-Lease did the supply job; State Department men decided policy questions; the OWI carried on propaganda warfare.

To help over-all organization of these agencies, the OFEC, or Office of Foreign Economic Co-ordination, was formed at about the time the Tunisian scrap ended, and Secretary of State Hull appointed as our first Liberated Area director Wesley A. Sturges, to serve in Sicily.

Already some idea of the magnitude of the tasks before the Allies in liberated lands and in occupied enemy territory is beginning to penetrate. Victory brings the gigantic task of restoring war's victims to health and decent living and orderly government.

THE END


IT'S IN THE BAG NOW!
THE JAPS WILL QUIT WHEN WE LICK HITLER!
AXIS MORALE IS TERRIBLE!
THE SUBMARINE MENACE IS UNDER CONTROL!
IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME!
ONE LEATHERNECK CAN LICK 20 JAPS!
THEY'RE LOSING 16 PLANES TO OUR ONE!
THE WAR WILL BE OVER SOON NOW!

# WARNING: Be on the lookout for Optimistic Olivers. These men are dangerous citizens!

THEY'RE American citizens, it's true ... but they're worth a million dollars apiece to our enemies. This "it-won't-be-long-now" talk spreads like wildfire. Rosie-the-Riveter and her co-workers take an afternoon off for a permanent ... Mrs. Jones isn't so careful about saving her tin cans ... Joe Zilch guesses he doesn't have to put so much of his pay check into War Bonds. That's what a few Optimistic Olivers can do to our "all out" war effort. It's up to you to button their lips.

*There's no short cut to victory ... it's a long road—an expensive trip!* Let's not kid ourselves ... nobody's going to win this war for us. We can drag it out, or we can wind it up with a terrific wallop. The sooner those War Bond dollars pile up in Uncle Sam's pockets, the sooner we can give those guys that double shellacking.

What's your score? Would you care to match it with that of a Marine just back from Guadalcanal? 10% is only the beginning. When you've figured just how much you can afford to invest, double it. You can do it. Remember ... those dollars are just loaned. When this war is over, you'll be holding a very substantial investment ... shares in the finest country in the world.

## FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. War Bonds cost $18.75, for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.
2. War Bonds are the world's *safest* investment—guaranteed by the United States Government.
3. War Bonds can be made out in 1 name—or in 2, as co-owners.
4. War Bonds *cannot* go down in value. If they are lost, the Government will issue new ones.
5. War Bonds can be redeemed, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
6. War Bonds begin to build up interest after 12 months.

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# AMERICA PREPARES FOR THE AGE OF FLIGHT

Continued from Page 23

Detroit, although it takes in a dozen towns and even slops over into Canada across the narrow Detroit River. Detroit has visions of becoming *the* international air-transport center of the United States, and already the bulk of U. S. planes taking off for Europe use fields near the Canadian line. And one of the largest of those fields—continually expanding—is the U. S. Air Transport Command's, just outside Detroit. Of course that field is likely to remain strictly an Army proposition, but Detroit feels sure that at least the Naval Air Base on Grosse Ile will be returned to civilian use.

Five other very large ports are in various stages of preparation to ring the city with abundant air facilities. The International Port, across the river in Windsor, Canada, has long been in operation and is now being enlarged, a mile-and-a-half-square site in the northwest section of the city is under consideration, a mile-square field is contemplated on the city's west side, and a freight port is planned to connect with rail and water facilities on the east.

Detroit's interest in developing its airport system is pitched high because the present leaders of the automotive industry remember how close Toledo came to cornering the bulk of that industry less than a generation ago, and Toledo has just as good a geographic location as Detroit for channeling aviation cargoes from all over the world into the center of the United States.

TOLEDO can be counted on to leave no field unleveled in this new opportunity to outstrip its old municipal rival—at least, that is what Toledans tell me. In spite of Detroit's now vastly greater financial power, the advantages are not all on Detroit's side. As things stand now, it's a much shorter taxi ride from the Toledo fields into the heart of town, and that's what counts in planning an air terminal. It should be a good fight in the best old railway-town tradition and one well worth watching.

However, there's one new factor that a good many municipal air planners seem to be overlooking. Sky cabs, as yet not on the general market, may fill in the gap between an isolated airport and the very roof of any hotel in the heart of any city. One famous bus line has already asked permission to start an air-bus system covering Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and southern Michigan. These sky buses—helicopter types—with an initial scheduled service between Louisville, Detroit, Cincinnati, and all intermediate cities, will take off—straight up—from the roof of a depot right in the middle of each town, and will deposit passengers at the same centrally located spots. Taking the air bus to the next town will be no more difficult than catching a streetcar or hailing a taxi.

Long-range flights are, however, still the backbone of aviation. They are particularly useful to our own Pacific Coast states, which have always been cut off from the rest of the nation to some degree by the Rocky Mountains, and from neighbors on the other side by the great ocean. California, Oregon, and Washington have been acutely aware of this, and have energetically seized aviation as a means to overcome it.

TAKE the startling case of Pendleton, Oregon (population less than 10,000) in the rich Columbia Valley. Pendleton is speeding work on a first-class port from which, immediately after peace, it will be linked with New York City by regular 100-passenger planes on an eleven-and-a-half-hour schedule with only two stops in mid-continent! Pendleton is even arranging to service craft up to the 400-passenger transocean air liners which as yet are only models in the experimental laboratories of aviation engineers. If I had not seen the evidence of work already accomplished on this project I would say it was dreamed up by some chamber-of-commerce press agent.

In a bygone day a vaudeville comedian might have referred to Timpson, Texas, as "a one-horse town"—and gotten away with it. Today Timpson's merchants are getting ready to claim their share of the new airborne merchandizing system. They foresee a great increase in orders for goods to be delivered in rural areas by helicopter mailmen, and in over-the-counter sales to customers who will helicopter in to town from ranches up to 200 miles away.

That is a small-town example. Here's one that's big-town—though not metropolitan:

Wichita, Kansas, goes even further than building airports in its plans for the future. The heads of such Wichita industries as the Boeing airplane plant, Beech Aircraft Company, and Cessna's "Family Air Car," see a partial conversion of their immense production facilities to turn out radios, farm and oil-field machinery, and even automobiles—all of which can be delivered direct from manufacturer to purchaser by air from Wichita's own air-shipping ports.

Here's another fair-sized American community literally head and heels immersed in the job of servicing the contiguous area by airplane: Joplin, Missouri. Joplin municipal authorities, working closely with private enterprise, have enlisted Congressional support in the speeding up of the town's application to extend an already existing air service.

*(Continued on page 58)*

# RADIONICS*

# "AYE, AYE, SIR."

**In old English "Aye" meant "Yes." But the Navy's "Aye, Aye, Sir" means far more. It really says . . . "Your order is understood and will be obeyed." The Navy has given Zenith many "orders" since the war began. Our prompt "Aye, Aye, Sir" has, we believe, been justified by the "intelligence and initiative" (as the Navy says) with which these orders have been executed.**

—in days of civilian radio, Zenith was proud of its long series of "firsts"—improvements which made radio history and established leadership in the industry.

—today our viewpoint has changed—materially.

—engaged exclusively in war production, the things we have been called upon to do—the tasks we have succeeded in accomplishing, make past improvements in civilian radio literally look like "child's play."

—the work of our engineers in radionics has made the "impossible" possible and accomplished the "miraculous."

*—mark that word "RADIONICS" (with its subdivisions of Electronics, Radio, etc.)—it has brought into reality and being, devices which only a year or so ago came in the "impossible" and "miraculous" categories.

—today Zenith works in the science of radionics for our armed forces alone.

—in that bright "tomorrow" when peace returns—

—we can only say—the post-war radios that Zenith will produce will contain many interesting new developments.

—that statement is based upon experience which we can not now reveal—but you may take our word that it is a fact.

**ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO**

> "the impossible we do immediately . . . the miraculous takes a little longer"
>
> —ARMY SERVICE FORCES

**BETTER THAN CASH**

*U. S. War Savings Stamps and Bonds*

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

(*Continued from page 56*)

Windsor Locks, Connecticut, with less than 5,000 inhabitants, living placidly on the banks of the Connecticut River, has been stirred into a frenzy of hopes by the location on its outskirts of Bradley Field, chief Northeastern Army Air Base. Overnight Windsor Locks became air-conscious. As one dignified matron explains: "If the Army could just let us have *part* of their field when peace comes, we could add to it—there's plenty of good flat land up here—and there's no reason at all why Windsor Locks shouldn't have the main landing field for all New England for ships coming from old England and Europe. It's just as easy to get anywhere from Windsor Locks as it is from Boston or New York."

BOSTON violently disputes any such statement. Right now, as one Bostonian told me, "Boston has the chance to recapture what an older generation of Bostonians foolishly let slip away—supremacy as a shipping port, this time by air. It is eight hours nearer to England by water than New York, and is the natural western terminal of the oceanic path. All those things hold just as true for the air as for the water."

The Massachusetts Legislature has voted nearly $5,000,000 to increase Boston's air facilities, and old Beantown is in a dither about whether to put in runways 5,000 feet long, as recommended by "experts," or to put in 10,000-foot strips, as is being done at New York City's newest field at Idlewild, Long Island. Yankee caution about expenditures may be thrown to the winds before that particular argument is finished, because the stakes are so high.

Next to the Middle West, the Pacific Coast is experiencing the most spectacular postwar airport planning. To the people of California there can never again be such a thing as a distant place. Down in Los Angeles, that busy hive of aircraft production, experiment, and training, the Angelenos have every reason to count themselves as sure of a major position in the world aviation picture. The military and naval air installations alone entitle their city to serious consideration, not to mention the sprawling factories which, in due time, will return to civilian production.

Los Angeles, even more than Detroit, has the problem of far-flung communities which must be linked together by air bus and sky cab. This local aviation problem is even more acute than the enlarging of first-class transocean and continent fields in the Los Angeles area. E. Lee Talman, executive vice-president of Transcontinental and Western Air Company, recently told the Angelenos, "Undoubtedly the solution here is a central terminal and a number of outlying terminals between which passengers and mail can be shuttled by helicopter plane." And T. C. Coleman of Northrup Aircraft, Inc., told his fellow citizens, "We probably have more plans for airports in Los Angeles County, and at the same time are doing less about them, than any other similar community in the country."

But in San Francisco the complaint is louder and more specific. Before the war the great Pacific port had probably the most convenient airport of any great harbor in the world. Treasure Island, right in the middle of San Francisco Bay, had been developed as the U. S. terminal for Pan American's Oriental lines, and it was the very last word in safety signals and luxurious passenger and cargo handling. When the war came, necessarily the military authorities took it over. Now the Navy feels that Treasure Island will be needed for years and years to come as insurance for the safety of the West Coast from enemy attack, and San Francisco has been asked to cede the island, with its equipment, to the Navy Department.

Naturally, the San Franciscans are just as eager as anybody in Washington to protect their city from attack, but they fail to understand why the federal government is only willing to pay some $50,000 for the nearly $8,000,000 worth of aviation installations erected on the island before the Navy moved in. The fight has made them so mad that, in the words of one civic leader: "We're going to show the United States that the federal government may steal our airport, but not even Washington can prevent us from building a bigger and better one."

THESE, then, are only a few of the literally thousands of cities and towns and villages in every corner of the nation which have their own well conceived and financed plans for cashing in on the air age. One could write thousands of words on such cities as Duluth, Minnesota, Great Lakes port, which has reason to expect recognition as an American terminal for a U. S.-to-Russia transpolar route; Houston, Texas, advancing its logical position as northern terminus for a trans-Caribbean air system; Minneapolis and St. Paul, with a valid challenge to Duluth for international traffic, backed up by a most elaborate installation of seven major leading ports fully equipped. Then there are cities with specialized industries such as Winston-Salem, North Carolina, whose tobacco products and knit goods are capable of air shipment; and Indianapolis, Indiana, with its famous Memorial Day auto races, perhaps to be turned later into an air race.

All of these communities are readying their ground plants for future landings. Look at the airport in your own town. What you find there may surprise you.

THE END

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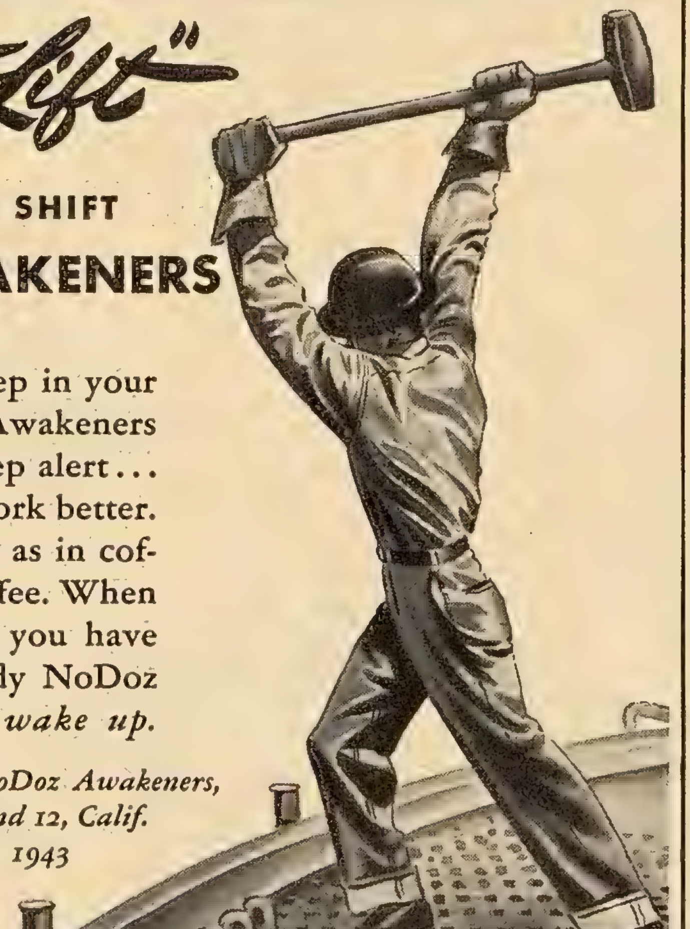
**ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT**

**with NODOZ AWAKENERS**



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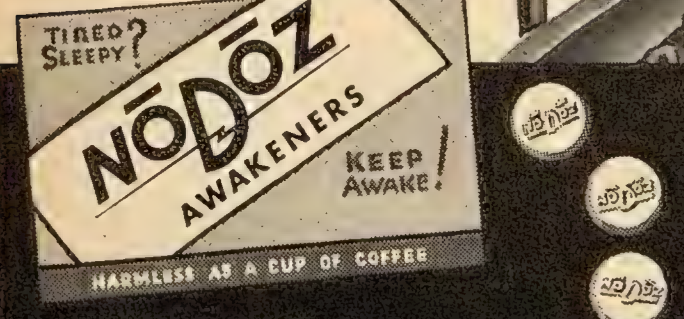
*For trial-size package, send 10c to NoDoz Awakeners, Dept. L-7, Tribune Tower, Oakland 12, Calif. Offer not valid after Oct. 31, 1943*



**25¢ AT YOUR DRUGGIST**

**Since 1933, over sixty million NoDoz Awakeners have been used to fight fatigue**

## THEY WORK FOR A SONG

Continued from Page 19

dates on which their songs are to be played. Once a leader has obtained arrangements of a tune, he is pretty sure to play it several times, unless it turns out to be a disappointment. Anyway, from their logs, the pluggers, sitting around Lindy's some early morning, can pretty accurately forecast the major radio musical programs three weeks off, and also say what will be the most played-on-the-air song at that date. This also will tell them what songs will be on the Hit Parade.

They are happy now that one of the evils of song plugging, the Sheet, has been greatly changed. Formerly the publishers made a drive to "hypo a song up to the top of the Sheet"—to get it to the top of the list of songs most played on the air.

Pluggers had to romance unimportant singers and little bands to get that one important plug that would shoot the song a notch ahead of a rival. That led to payolas. It led to making a king out of a punk who happened to be leading a band.

So the union got together and arranged that henceforth the trade papers would not carry the Sheet listing the songs in order of the number of times they had been plugged. Instead, the Sheet would list the twenty-five or fifty most played tunes alphabetically. It reduced the frantic, almost hysterical competition. The pluggers feel this is much better than the old way. They don't want to get back to the payola basis.

PERSONALLY, the pluggers are mostly in their thirties and forties and are frequently frustrated musicians. They love the freedom of their jobs, and feel that it compensates for their long hours. Some of them, like Benny Alberts, are against this streamlined song plugging and think the old days, when pluggers sang their songs in theaters and cabarets, were better. Benny says one group of leaders lets him romance them in a peculiar way. They let him act as their chauffeur. They will call up and ask him to drop them some place in his car. He only objected to this once. That was when he had just got a new car, and some "contact" insisted that he move a pile of lumber several miles. Benny's fine new auto got scratched up.

Another band leader has insomnia and likes Benny to keep him up all night and part of the next forenoon. There is still another leader who likes Benny to find girls for him—and this leader has a strange taste. He only wants girls who weigh more than 150 pounds. Benny Alberts, at times, can be found roaming around New York looking for girls weighing more than 150 pounds.

"A hell of a way," he mumbles, "to sell sheet music!"

THE END

We first heard about this unique *"mountain rum"* from a native in Puerto Rico.

"Senors," he said, "if you wish to taste a truly superior rum, such as you have never experienced before, try this mountain rum. It is produced high up in Puerto Rico's only mountain distillery, where the sun, soil and water are perfect for distilling a superb rum. It has never before been exported to the States."...That was three years ago. Today this discovery, Ron Merito, is known the length and breadth of the land. You will find your rum drinks taste better when made with Ron Merito. It's the mountain-distilling that does it!

Ron
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THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM
WHITE LABEL
Ron
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Available in both Gold Label and White Label. 86 Proof. Write for free recipe booklet. Address Dept. S-2, National Distillers Products Corporation, 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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## BESSIE ARBRUSTER BUCKS A BLOW

Continued from Page 25

flag. I don't want to tangle with no patrolmen tonight."

The starter wheezed and then they were off, with the motor coughing and spluttering. An ominous yellow gloom shrouded the sky.

Now they were in a trough, gazing up despairingly as the Lark's searchlight bore into a glassy green, white-flecked wall whose tattered and toppling summit shut out the world. Then the wall slipped its whole weight beneath them and their frail ark bounced into a surging crest.

The tiny pilot's light reflected from Bessie's eyes and they were grim with anxiety. Captain Engles, who had weathered many a deep-sea blow, sucked silently on a sodden cigar, his eyes glued on the compass. Shorty clung desperately to the stern seat. Bessie tried vainly to get a bearing on the Tuckerton Light and jammed a piece of chewing gum into her mouth.

"Cripes!" she exploded, and the gum popped out. She swerved the helm and the Lark sheered as her stern lifted on the sea, receiving the full fling of a comber on her quarter.

"Hell's bells, woman," roared Engles, "what kind of navigating is that?"

In answer, Bessie pointed quickly to starboard, and Captain Engles turned just in time to see a huge gray shadow, shaped like a whale, go charging past two feet from the rail.

"Steel buoy from the inlet," Bessie shouted. "Must 'a' ripped loose. Weighs about two ton."

Shorty closed his eyes and muttered a short prayer.

They rounded Weakfish Thoroughfare Inlet purely by dead reckoning, because the meadows and marshes were completely inundated.

Captain Engles jabbed Bessie with an elbow.

"Doc and Trixie might be up in Little Mud," he suggested. "There's a good anchorage there in a blow."

"Nope," Bessie said firmly. "To git to Little Mud, Doc would of had to buck tide and wind. He knows better than that. I figger he'd use his head and try to make Pelican Point. There's some big sand dunes there that he and Trix could crawl under."

Somehow they made Barkentine Channel. Somehow they avoided the channel debris, jolted perilously over the rip, and reached the windward side. Bessie glanced at her big watch and sighed.

"High tide," she shouted to Captain Engles. "Now somepin'll hap—"

The staccato *pocketa-pocketa* of the Lark became a groan. The motor whined and they lost headway. Bessie threw out the clutch.

"I was afraid of that," she muttered. "Garbage on the prop."

Garbage was Bessie's definition for that diabolical type of clinging grasslike seaweed that clutters inland waterways in rough weather.

"Somebody," roared Bessie, "has got to go overboard and clean that prop."

Shorty gulped and his eyes popped.

"I—I got rheumatism," he whimpered, "and besides, nobody could reach the prop in this water."

Captain Engles chewed nervously on his cigar. Then his jaw stiffened.

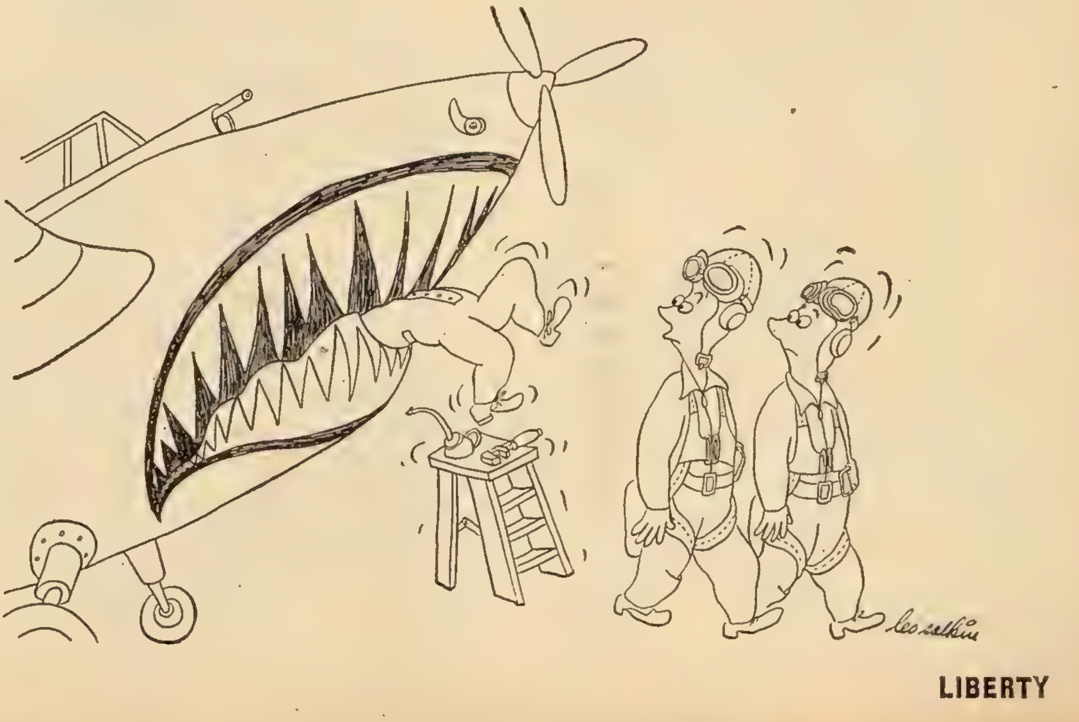
"Water's pizen to me, Bess," he said. "But I'll do it."

BESSIE'S pudgy hands flew to her hips, momentarily neglecting the helm.

"A fine blasted crew," she barked. "You should of stood in bed. Down the hatch, both of ye. And if ye come aboveboard afore I say so, I'll duck ye in the bilge, s'help me."

Shorty disappeared with alacrity. Captain Engles' protests were quickly curtailed when Bessie started stripping. He joined Shorty in the cabin and they heard Bessie's boots thud on the deck. The boat ladder thumped against the port side. A splash.

They waited for perhaps five minutes and then Shorty ventured a sneak peep out the hatchway. He was just in time to see Bessie, puffing and blowing like a porpoise, pop to the surface at the stern of the



Lark directly into the rays of the searchlight, which she had reversed. Bessie swung carefully around to the starboard side, waited for a rushing wave and allowed it to carry her to the ladder.

Captain Engles and Shorty heard the starter wheeze, the motor roar, and felt their spirits upsurge with the Lark's bow as she roared forward. They waited a full ten minutes, however, before they noisily climbed up the hatchway. Bessie grinned.

"The weather's clearin' like I said, but I smell a marsh fog comin'."

Bessie's prediction fell right on the button. With the tide change the wind ebbed almost miraculously, and as the high waters began retreating seaward the channel became smooth but fast. Fifteen miles to the northwest the cheerful Tuckerton Light, blinking its thirty-second red warning, finally broke through the muck.

The Lark plowed spiritedly through Marsh Thoroughfare and on to Pelican Point. Shorty, now crouched in the bow, waved his arms.

"Light blinkin' two points abaft starboard bow," he shouted.

Bessie quickly cut the motor and snapped on the big searchlight. She swung the beam to starboard and its rays focused first on a green garvey boat, one of Bessie's flock of forty, and then shimmered shoreward until the beam encompassed two figures which were waving arms and jumping up and down.

"Lord bless 'em," said Bessie ecstatically, "they're all right. Cripes!"

SHE allowed the Lark to drift within ten feet of the channel bank and ordered Shorty to drop anchor.

Doc Harrison's gruff bass voice boomed out of the darkness.

"Ahoy, Bess! We got some beauties."

"Six blue stripers," chimed in Trixie. "They're honeys, Bessie. Smallest one weighs about eighteen pounds."

Bessie flounced angrily into the dinghy, almost upsetting it. Three forceful shoves with an oar and she was at the channel bank. Doc proffered a helping hand and Bessie smacked it sharply with hers. She scrambled up onto the beach and stood there, hands on hips, jaw working furiously.

"Don't bite," said Doc dryly. "I'm susceptible to rabies."

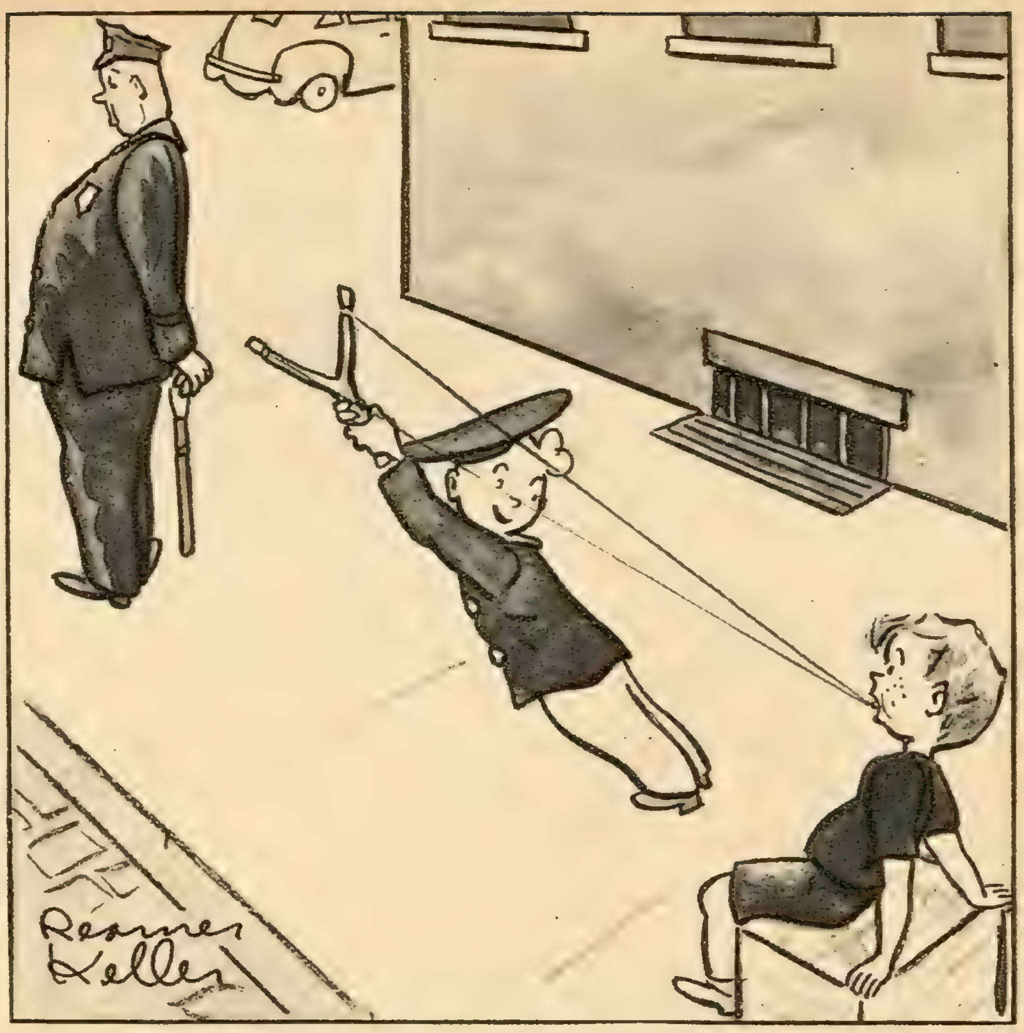
Bessie exploded.

"Of all the bottle-nosed, pigheaded, rum-addled—"

Trixie, very wet, her normally curly black hair drooping sadly over a sodden sweat shirt but her aquamarine eyes shining through the gloom, grabbed Bessie's arm.

"Don't," she urged. "He was wonderful. The storm caught us at the inlet. If it had been any one else but Doc at the motor, we'd both be bait now. And we're cold and hungry, Bessie."

"And damn thirsty," added Doc gruffly. "Wait'll I stow these fish aboard and then let's get going. I think this big baby will take the prize down at the club."



"Get ready to run when it comes out."

Bessie shook her head hopelessly and then pitched in to help Doc load the fish.

"You're a team," she said. "I oughta scald ye in oil. C'm'on—we gotta help Captain Engles find his Slaphappy."

THE Lark, built during the previous winter's doldrums by Bessie and several close friends, under the careful supervision of Doc Harrison, who at one time had combined baby deliveries with boatbuilding, boasted a number of innovations which were invaluable to inland-water navigation. Among these features was a special attachment to the propeller shaft consisting of a brass-alloy pin extending through the shaft and fitting into grooves on the propeller. The object of this gadget was to prevent cracking of the propeller shaft when the prop struck hard bottom or rock. Instead, the pin would shear.

Now, as Bessie drove home the clutch, the propeller shaft spun furiously, the motor roared, but the Lark remained stationary.

"Pin sheared," said Doc grimly. "It'll be a cold job but it has to be done." He started to remove his sodden leather coat.

Bessie looked first guilty, then miserable.

"I must 'a' hit the prop too hard with the marlinepin when I was clearin' off the garbage awhile back," she explained.

"And," added Bessie, gulping, "my tool box is back at the tavern. I was usin' the tools to make some little boats for my nevvy."

"You're practically hopeless," said Doc, shaking his head sadly. "I'll bet you didn't stow any coffee, or soup—or brandy."

Bessie's silence was an unhappy admission of error.

"That means we park here for the night," said Doc. "Bessie, I think you have developed crepitus in the cranium."

"What's that?" asked Bessie suspiciously.

"Your gray matter is in a state of atrophy. But think nothing of it. You'll never miss it."

Bessie bit her lip. "I'm truthful sorry," she said humbly. She snapped on the short-wave radio and at the same time spread out a U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey map of New Jersey inland waterways beneath the pilot's light. The radio crackled spitefully for a moment and then a voice came over.

"G-422 Auxiliary," it said. "Join patrol boats G-417 and G-290 off Point Number 18. Join patrol boats G-417 and G-290 off Point Number 18. Unidentified craft reported in vicinity of Point Number 18. Commander Crosby's orders."

Doc stiffened.

"G-422 is my boat," he said quietly to Bessie. "I'm supposed to be on patrol duty. Point Number 18 is off Desolation Island. That's the new British-American oil supply base. Commander Crosby has undoubtedly given you the confidential reports on it."

Commander Crosby was the officer in charge of the Barkentine

Coast Guard Station, a friend of both Bessie and Doc.

"Yes," said Bessie in a hushed voice. "But they can't mean the Lark. We're too far away from Desolation Island."

Doc gripped her arm. "There's at least a million gallons of gasoline and oil stored at Desolation," he said tersely. "We've just got to get down there."

"Hah!" Bessie brought a heavy hand down on Doc's bent shoulders and he winced. "Outgoing tide, slight wind shiftin' to nor'west, six-mile channel current. We'll drift over Fool's Creek. We'll probably reach Desolation Point, and we might find some Coast Guard Auxiliary boats. They'll lend us tools and we can do some patrollin' too."

Doc's eyebrows rose. "In this fog?"

"Cap Engles and Shorty can man the bow with gaff hooks. You and Trixie take the starn. I'll hold helm."

"It's a four-mile drift and some wicked bars," said Doc. He shrugged his shoulders. "We might as well be doing something."

It was a jittery journey. From the bow Shorty and Captain Engles shouted warnings when the big searchlight revealed dangerous shallows. With gaff hooks they shoved the Lark's nose away from mussel-packed channel banks. Doc and Trixie spurred their progress by dunking oars over the sides and paddling. The channel finally widened, the water, churning in the searchlight rays, changed to a deeper green.

"Whew!" Doc broke a tense silence. "Smells like Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania. We must be near the tank farm."

"Take a sounding," ordered Bessie, studying the map.

Trixie dropped a lead over the stern and reported eighteen feet of water.

"Uh-huh," said Bessie. "We're near the island. Whoa! Shorty, heave anchor! Quick!"

"What's up?" asked Doc.

"Somepin' solid ahead," said Bessie, peering. "I jest heard the oars echo. Hah—there 'tis. Just off port bow."

A solid gray object loomed through the fog against the rays of the searchlight.

"By all that's holy!" shouted Captain Engles. "It's my darling."

THE Lark drifted gently against the Slaphappy and Bessie slung cork bumpers over the starboard side of the Lark to prevent chafing.

"Ahoy, Slaphappy," she shouted. "Ho, Spike!"

No answer.

Bessie mounted the rail with elephantine effort and clambered aboard. She disappeared into the cabin of the Slaphappy.

"What d'ya bet," murmured Captain Engles, "that the Slaphappy was the unidentified craft the coast guards was talkin' about?"

"I think that would be a safe bet, captain," said Doc grimly. "You'll probably have some explaining to do to Commander Crosby."

Engles bridled.

"Spike Thomas is going to have some explaining to do to me," he said; "plenty of it."

Bessie reappeared and boarded the Lark. Her face was grim.

"Spike must be ashore," she said in a strained voice. "Shorty, git the dinghy over. I'm goin' ashore to find Spike."

"Right with you," offered Doc.

"Me too," added Trixie, suddenly appearing in the hatchway wrapped in blankets like an Indian.

Bessie shook her head. "It's tricky ground. Full o' bogs. I'll take me flashlight along, and while I'm ashore I'll borrie some tools down't the dock office."

Captain Engles turned up his jacket collar.

"I'm going with you, Bess," he said determinedly. "I know every inch of the ground on Desolation Island."

Doc and Trixie volunteered to man the searchlight, blinking it periodically for Bessie's guidance. Shorty took over the foghorn and was instructed to sound a blast every three minutes. In less than five minutes Bessie and Captain Engles found a cove that offered perfect anchorage. They pulled the dinghy up beyond the high-water mark and proceeded along the beach in a general northwesterly direction. Both stepped gingerly, testing the ground at various intervals.

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At a point where the island coast line veered sharply to the southwest they suddenly stopped, and Bessie muttered something unintelligible as her flashlight rays revealed a jagged gaping hole in an eight-foot, barbed-wire-topped fence that surrounded the tank farm.

Captain Engles cursed softly.

"Bessie," he said, "so help me, I ain't mixed up in this."

"In a way you are," Bessie replied sharply. "Your tongue's too long fer your mouth, Luther. Y're an old fool." She struggled through the hole, ripping her heavy dungarees. "Cripes," she muttered impatiently, "I jest gotta reduce."

The stench of gasoline became obnoxiously potent. It clung to their hair, made their eyes water and their hands itch. They passed two towering gray objects.

"Over this way," said Captain Engles. "We'll be at the docks in another three minutes."

The dazzling rays of a flashlight burst full in Bessie's face.

"Stick 'em up or I'll drill you!"

Bessie's arms shot up and her flashlight flew off into the fog. She felt a hard object pressing against her back. For a brief moment she was actually terror-stricken. A hollow voice at midnight in a desolate swamp smacked of the supernatural.

"It's Bess Arbruster and Engles," a second voice said. "I told you I heard a foghorn."

"Well, it's just too bad for them," the original voice replied.

Bessie took a deep breath.

"Hello, boys," she said. "Thought I'd find you here. Didn't know Gus Slovey was wid ye, Spike. How's the tautog bitin'?"

"Shut up!" Spike Thomas' bulky form loomed beside Bessie. "How'd you get here, anyhow?"

"I hired me some roller skates wid water wings on 'em."

Thomas' hand caught Bessie full across the face and she felt blood gushing from her nose.

Thomas turned to his partner but kept the flashlight and the pistol trained on Bessie and Engles.

"GUS," he ordered, "place that last batch of sticks over at the base of the big Diesel tank. Set it for five minutes. That'll give us time to get to the boat. While they're busy fighting that, the main charges will let go at the gasoline tanks. We'll take these two back to the boat with us and lose 'em in the channel."

"I allus knew you was no good, Spike," Bessie commented, "but I never knew you was a sabertoor until I found some fuses on the Slaphappy."

"Shut up and get going, both of you," ordered Spike, shoving the pistol in Bessie's ribs.

Gus Slovey caught up with them.

"Diesel tank'll go in five minutes," he said. "Main tanks in about twenty minutes."

Captain Engles sounded utterly beaten as he addressed Spike.

"There's a short cut back to the Slaphappy. Right along this path."

"All right," agreed Thomas. "But no tricks. And I'm boarding the Slaphappy first. If there's any one aboard her, it'll be just too bad for them."

Bessie and Captain Engles marched side by side, arms in the air.

"Take it easy," said Captain Engles. "There's a plank over a little creek here. You go first, Bess."

Thomas directed his flashlight rays onto the plank. It was about fourteen feet long, a foot wide, and supported by two barnacled pilings. Beneath it, the light shone on an oily ooze that reflected odd rainbow hues.

Bessie was about three quarters of the way across the plank when Captain Engles gave her a mighty shove. She landed sprawling on the opposite bank, Engles on top of her.

**The ancient Roman government seems fairly entitled to the deanship of respectable forgers. Rome issued silver pieces with bronze cores and circulated them preferentially among the outer barbarian provincials, who were supposed to know nothing. The barbarians filed saw teeth around the edges and thus detected the bronze core. Thereupon the Roman mint issued coins with notched edges, *serrati*, with base cores as before—coins that the barbarians obligingly accepted.**

"Quick," he said, "the plank!"

They grabbed the end of the plank and lifted.

"Damn you!" shouted Thomas, and the next moment he and Slovey were waist-deep in quicksand and muck.

The pistol barked and Captain Engles grunted painfully.

"Full steam ahead, Bess," he ordered. "Git down to the docks. Don't worry 'bout me."

Bessie scrambled ungracefully across the plank.

"Spike!" There was stark terror in Slovey's voice. "I'm sinking!"

Thomas cursed bitterly. "How can I help you? I'm in up to my armpits."

Slovey's screams were like those of a wounded animal.

"Bess," he shrieked. "Help, please! Oh, my God! Help me!"

"Yeah, Bess." Thomas' voice was high-pitched. "We know when we're licked. Give us a hand. Oh-h-ugg!"

But Bessie was far away, running as fast as her legs would take her.

It started as a low sullen grumble a moment after she passed the Diesel storage tank. *Broo-o-mm!*

The concussion hurled Bessie onto the mud flats. Showers of sparks encompassed her. Clouds of heavy black smoke rolled over her. The fog became a dirty blood-red mass.

Sobbing, Bessie regained her feet. She ran, ran until her big heart was pounding like a broken piston.

And she ran headlong into the arms of Commander Crosby, who, with half a dozen naval officers and a crew of men in asbestos suits, was heading for the blazing Diesel tank.

"No! No!" shrieked Bessie. "Git the main tanks! Dynamite! Planted around 'em. Sabertoors! Cripes!"

And, for the second time in her active life, Bessie passed out.

IT was comfortably warm and dry in the Anglo-American Naval Headquarters on Desolation Island. Bessie lay on a big leather couch and Commander Crosby bathed her blistered face and neck with tannic acid.

"Cripes!" said Bessie, struggling to get up. "Stop smearin' that goo on me. Didja git the dynamite? That's what I been askin' and nobody pays attention."

"There, there," soothed Commander Crosby. "You're as bad as Pappy Arbruster used to be. Yes, we got the dynamite, we put out the fire with steam, and Cap Engles rescued Slovey—after Slovey promised to tell everything. Naval Intelligence just picked up Slovey's boss in Atlantic City."

Bessie's red-rimmed eyes widened.

"Tch-tch. Who was it?"

"He called himself Myron Apfel."

"Cripes! The fat guy what runs the big restaurant?"

"The restaurant was just a front. He's the ringleader of a gang of saboteurs. They'd been plotting to blow up this supply base for two months. Just waited for a storm and fog. Now for heaven's sake relax."

Bessie fumbled with the lapel of her leather jacket for a piece of used chewing gum.

"Well, whadda ye know!" she murmured. "H'mmm. Say—where's that serpent Spike Thomas? I want to twist his nose off."

Commander Crosby looked away. Trixie and Doc, who had been standing by a window watching the activity in the now light-flooded dockyards, came over to the couch.

"Thomas went down in the mud where he belonged, Bessie," said Doc quietly. "We heard the shot, and Trix and I came ashore hell-bent. Cap Engles had Slovey out, but Thomas was under."

Bessie shuddered.

"That's an awful way to die," she said slowly. "I'm truthful sorry. How about Cap?"

"Shoulder wound," said Doc. "He's in the dispensary. He told me to tell you that he grabbed the enemy by his big ears to open his mouth. I presume he referred to Slovey's rescue."

Bessie sat up, motioned with her index finger for Commander Crosby to lean over. She whispered something in his ear. Doc and Trixie could see the commander's coat shaking as he stifled his laughter.

"Sure, Bessie," he said. "That's no secret. A shandygaff is a mixture of half beer and half ginger ale. Popular beverage among the British."

Bessie's stockinged feet hit the floor and she looked around for her gum boots.

"C'm'on, gang," she ordered. "I got some cabbage to collect from Pedigo."

THE END

WHAT SORT OF GIRL ARE YOU?—Continued from Page 15

see, she has no real home and . . . His voice trailed off as he watched his father's face.

Even those few days, John thought. "I don't see why not," he said.

They made the necessary plans, and Harry said he had better hurry back to the house and wire Gloria. He could catch her train at Chicago.

"You go ahead," his father said. "I'll drop in at the Pattons'. Maybe Uncle Bill will buy me a beer."

But that wasn't what he had in mind.

Around back of the Patton house he found Mary in charming red shorts doing something complicated to a lettuce bed. He dropped down on the grass beside her.

"I'm going to join the WACs," she said.

He said quietly, "I thought something like that might be in the wind."

Her glance was sharp and direct. "He's told you, too," she said bluntly. "He said he was trying to get up the nerve."

"My dear," he said, and put a hand on hers. It was a well meant but unfortunate gesture; he could see the quick brightness beneath her lashes.

"It's all right," she said. "He came over the first thing this morning to tell me—as his oldest and best friend. And I was sweet and understanding, as only an oldest and best friend can be." She picked up the trowel and jabbed it viciously into the earth. "But it doesn't matter. Really it doesn't. Fortunately, things had never got to a sentimental point between Harry and me."

There was no sense in beating around in a case like this, John decided. That was, if anything were to be done. It was better to cut right to the center.

"Mary," he said, "I want you to tell me the truth. How is it with you?"

After a moment she looked up and eyed him clearly. "I love him, Uncle John."

He got to his feet. "That's all I wanted to know."

Sudden panic filled her face. "What are you going to do? Please don't, Uncle John!"

"It may not be necessary."

"You must promise not to say anything," she said urgently. "I couldn't bear it! Promise."

He thought a moment. "I promise," he said.

She stood up and kissed his cheek lightly. "You're a darned sight handsomer, Uncle John. You could have any woman you wanted."

GLORIA STARR arrived in Chelton on Saturday. On that day a crisis in the delivery of a certain lot of tools for a government order kept John Spence in his Bridgeport office later than usual. He left Bridgeport at seven o'clock for the twenty-minute drive to his home, his mind so possessed by the problems of an industry at war that he did not give a thought to the meeting with his prospective daughter-in-law until he turned into his own driveway.

He decided he would just have time to slip into the wine closet beneath the stairs and fetch a bottle of Burgundy to go with the gala steak, then change his shirt for the seven-thirty dinner—"exclusively for the three of us, so we can get to know each other," as Harry had put it.

"I'd like to do something more," John had said. "I'd like to give you and Gloria a party."

"No parties, absolutely," Harry said. "There's little enough time and we want that with you, sir." Then he added, rather surprisingly, "Except for tennis and luncheon at Mary's on Sunday. We'd want to go there, naturally. It'll just be the four of us. Uncle Bill and Aunt Kay are going into town. I'd like Mary and Gloria to be good friends, so that while I'm away, perhaps . . ."

John marveled at the blindness of it, though it was some satisfaction at least to know that his son was honestly innocent of what he was doing. But Mary must be killing herself.

NOW, as he started to cross the hall, a figure dressed, according to his vague masculine notion, in something black and well fitting with a square-cut bodice, came slowly down the stairs toward him. It was the face, however, as it gradually revealed itself in the hall light, which made him catch his breath. An undoubtedly beautiful face. Beneath ash-blonde hair sleeked back from a forehead marked by straight dark brows, large hazel eyes looked at him with a slightly amused candor. But it was the lower features which engrossed him most: the Dresden-china nose, the small delicate mouth, the fragile chin. It was not a modern face at all. It was *fine*, archaic, elusive. The best he could do was to think of a blonde Mona Lisa.

She held out her hand, and this frank American gesture seemed to him somehow anachronistic.

"How do you do, Mr. Spence? I'm Gloria Starr."

Even before he spoke, he made a decision: He could not deny his son this. This was beauty, unique beauty.

"Good evening, Gloria," he said. "I'm very glad you are here."

It was flat and inadequate. But he *was* glad, definitely.

"My beau is still upstairs, primping." She gave a small clear laugh. "You know how these young wings are about the perfection of their tunics."

"I don't, frankly," he said; "but it's one thing to be said for being old—no one gives a hang about what your tunic looks like."

Her glance was not exactly rude, but it was definitely appraising, as though he were up for review, not she.

"No, one wouldn't," she asserted. "Henry gave me only a sketchy idea of your good looks."

That might be a little forward, and the use of Henry for Harry sounded strange, but you could hardly take offense at anything uttered in a voice which was both cool and warm, like a brook pond in August.

And then Harry was there and everything was warm and bright and an instant success.

"Henry," she said, "you've got a spot on your tunic. Hold still while I wet my handkerchief. There. Now, let me see your fingernails."

At dinner, Gloria brilliantly sustained her first impression on John.

## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S
## FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

**ANGRYCULTURE:** Ranting at the planting.

**SHELLTERED:** A turtle with its head and feet inside.

**LICKWID:** What your tongue is for. To . . .

**GAYTERS:** Happy-go-lucky galoshes.

**NEWDLES:** Freshly made for chicken soup.

**SAUCEPICION:** Suspecting the gravy.

**BROADIENCE:** Fat folks in a theater.

**REIGNBEAU:** The king turns all colors when he courts the future queen.

**SIRFACE:** The outside of a man.

**QUEUEPID:** A little naked boy with a bow and arrow and pigtail.

Her charm pervaded the table. He found it hard to imagine her against the sober background of sober American business.

"Gloria," Harry said, "is the Lorelei of the war industry."

"And Henry the only mariner who didn't get away," she said with that pleasant direct laugh.

"We call him 'Harry,'" John said gently.

"Do you mind?" she said. "I hate diminutives."

"In this case it is not a diminutive," John said. "He was named after his mother, Harriet."

She gave him a questioning glance that made him slightly uneasy. "I'm sorry," she said.

"I never told her," Harry said, looking at Gloria with adoring eyes. "She just started calling me Henry and I let it go at that."

"It will be Harry from now on," the girl said.

She was quick and clever, John decided. She learned. And on that point she voluntarily offered some elucidation he was tactful enough not to ask for.

"Harry has probably told you about me," she said. "I have no particular background. My mother was Italian and my father English. They homesteaded in Nebraska and died when I was eleven."

John saw how it could be done. A distinctive style of beauty, spirit, a sharp brain, a business career. That was the American way to get along for the girl who started without privileges. He could not say he disapproved of it. Of course, in Pompadour's day they had to go about things differently . . .

No, that was the wrong line. There was nothing about her that suggested the opportunist, nothing calculating, nothing overshrewd. But she did seem wise, experienced—much wiser and more experienced than Harry. Now that he thought of it, this seemed elusively reflected in their relationship.

He recalled the little scene in the hall, the spot on the tunic, the moist handkerchief rubbing it out, and, "Now let me see your fingernails."

It was amusing, it was tender, but it was not exactly—loverlike.

AS at dinner, Gloria's exotic charm sped the evening and made it, almost against John's will, one of the most enjoyable he could remember. And when once, during her brief absence, Harry had the opportunity to ask, "Well, dad, what do you think?" John replied truthfully, "Splendid! She's a lovely and unusual woman."

Harry looked at him curiously. "She's only twenty-one, dad."

"What did I say?"

"You said woman."

"Of course she's young and fresh," John said, "but she's unusually sensible and mature."

"Naturally. Who wants a flapper?"

It was Gloria who made the early move to bed. "Harry has to have his sleep," she said. "He must be fresh for the tennis tomorrow."

There it was again. It was not quite the romantic thing. John had fully expected them tactfully to shunt him off to bed while they sat up until all hours.

"I took Gloria to see Mary," Harry said. He added complacently, "My girls got along fine."

"She is sweet," Gloria said.

John looked, but there was nothing but sincerity in her face.

At the foot of the stairs, Gloria turned to him and said, "Do you think I'll do, Father Spence?"

"My dear," he laughed, "if I were a younger man . . ."

She gave him a searching glance, and he found his eyes shifting uneasily. She shook her head. "I don't believe it," she said. She seemed about to say more, but instead she put a light kiss on his cheek and started up the stairs with Harry.

It was a clear fresh morning when they gathered on the Patton court. John felt fit and young enough to deliver as good a game as he had ten years before, when he had won the club singles.

The girls greeted each other with a warm civility under which John thought he detected a certain amount of genuine admiration—as if each were saying, "You're not my type but, of your sort, you seem to be pretty much all right."

The toss of rackets gave him Gloria as his partner.

"What tough luck for you," she said with a smile.

He wasn't thinking of his luck at the moment. He was thinking how long and slender and golden brown Gloria's legs were beneath the white shorts. They were not athletic legs. They suggested the minuet rather than the tennis court. Across the net, Mary's pretty limbs were better muscled and more efficient-looking. He reminded himself severely that all of this was none of his business.

"I'll bet you're good," he said. "Which court do you prefer?"

"The spirit is willing," she said. "Right hand, if you don't mind. My backhand is frightful."

LARGELY because of Gloria's willing spirit, they did very well in the first two sets. Her form was unspectacular and her strokes were not strong, but she was steady and had a good sense of position.

She uses her head, John thought. That quaint, antique head.

With his own shots coming off better than he knew how, they won the first set six-four and carried the next to five all against stronger opposition. But now John was getting winded, and Harry and Mary came into their stride to take the set at seven-five.

"That's enough for me at the moment," John pantingly admitted. "I'm letting you down, partner, but I guess we'll have to give 'em the match."

ADVERTISEMENT

"Look, Effendi"... Right offa th' boat!"

"I'm satisfied," Gloria said, laughing at him with her hazel eyes. "It was a moral victory, anyway."

"Quitters," Harry said definitely. "I'll take you on, Mary."

"Don't get overheated, Harry," Gloria said.

They sat under the cool arbor that extended along one side of the court, while Mary and Harry put on an almost professional performance. Gloria and John chatted about unimportant things—the difference between the East and the West, the climate, the people, the customs. John was astonished when Mary called: "Six all, third set, battle of the sexes. Now, watch me take him, Uncle John."

Gloria said, "They're almost perfectly matched, aren't they?"

A slight shading of her voice caused him to look quickly at her face. But it revealed nothing except the charming archaic smile.

HARRY won the next two games and match, although, to judge from Mary's delighted whoop at the final point, one might have thought it was her own triumph.

John caught Gloria's murmur: "That's as it should be."

"What?" he said.

She turned to him with her delicate smile. "Was I talking in my sleep again?"

John felt uncomfortable.

When Mary and Harry came up, Gloria said, "Harry, put on your sweater. You're an idiot about such things."

"You baby me too much," he said amiably. "Mary, I'll help you get the lunch."

"Oh, don't bother," Mary said hastily. "Sarah and I can manage. You need a rest after the way I've run you around."

"Sweetheart, I'd have taken the next three with my racket in my teeth. You can't possibly carry the chicken salad, if there's as much as there should be."

As the four sprawled on the grass eating chicken salad and watercress sandwiches, drinking beer and iced tea, John listened to the chatter and studied the girls as unobtrusively as possible. There was little to choose in the matter of physical attraction; they were so different you couldn't make comparisons, although perhaps Mary's characteristic American loveliness was more comfortable to look at than Gloria's exotic beauty. He did not envy Harry the choice he'd had to make.

But Harry was apparently having no difficulty at the moment. Something seemed to have come over him since this morning, when he had both girls served up to him on a platter, as John saw it. His eyes hardly left Mary's face. He followed her every word with an absorption so complete it was embarrassing to all except, oddly, Gloria. Mary vainly strove to cover up by directing attention to the other girl.

"Where will you and Harry live, Gloria," she asked, "when this dreadful business is over?"

As Gloria did not answer at once, Harry supplied: "Around here some place. You can't beat Connecticut."

Gloria took a little time to arrange her thoughts. "The West," she said finally. "California, preferably."

"Oh," Mary said.

John looked at his son. Harry apparently did not think it worth while to accept the challenge. Possibly he hadn't heard. He was devotedly studying Mary's hands.

"Harry says he's going to stick to aviation after the war," Mary said, making another try. "I think that's a wonderful idea. It's the coming thing. Rather, it's here. This war has made people air-minded."

"I'm sorry I can't agree with you," Gloria said coolly. "I detest airplanes. I won't have Harry go near one—when he doesn't have to."

This at last roused Harry. His expression was one of pain and surprise. "I thought—" he began. Then he said, "You seemed to enjoy it well enough that time I took you up at Lowry, although it nearly got me cashiered."

Gloria laughed. "I was scared to death, but that was when I was trying to snare you. A woman will let herself be killed—or kill—to get her man. Isn't that so, Mary? But that doesn't mean she is fond of suicide or murder."

* * *

**An Army doctor was having trouble with a mountaineer soldier.**

**"Do you have intestinal trouble?" asked the doctor.**

**"I'm not sure, sir. It hasn't been issued to me yet."**

**"You are regular, I suppose?"**

**"No, sir. I volunteered," came the reply.**

**"Do you have asthma?"**

**"What's that?"**

**"Great Lord, boy! Don't you know the king's English?"**

**"Is he?"**

* * *

Mary smiled without mirth. Two pink spots glowed on her cheeks. "I don't know," she said slowly. "I suppose she will if—if she's sure the man belongs to her and it would be defrauding destiny if she didn't."

John was not enjoying the conversation. Nor did he enjoy it any more when Mary pursued the California topic.

"They say California is a wonderful place to bring up children," she said. "They grow like mushrooms and all become Greek gods and goddesses."

Harry laughed suddenly. "That's the darnedest mixed-up figure I ever heard, darling," he said. "Let's just stick to Connecticut weeds. That's the kind of children I want."

It seemed to John that Gloria took a deep breath before she said, "All women are not natural mothers."

Harry looked at her in amazement, but fortunately at this point Mary rose to indicate luncheon was finished.

"I'll help you with the dishes," Harry said.

"No, please—" Her face was distressed.

He had already lifted the salad bowl and was marching toward the house.

John decided it was time for action on his part. There was a great deal he did not understand, but something had to be done, and at once. Gloria must be told a few things. His son's happiness was at stake.

"My dear," he said, when they were alone, "will you take a walk with an old gentleman in the garden? I can't promise you much in the way of entertainment, but I promise you Mary's roses are the finest in four counties."

She smiled winningly at him. "A walk in the garden with you is more than I had hoped for."

They found a bench at the end of the path which led to the rose arbor; at the other end was the porch through which Mary and Harry passed into the house with the luncheon things. Presently they returned and sat on the railing in close and animated conversation.

"Gloria," John began uncomfortably, "I want to tell you something, something very important to Harry's happiness—and to yours. Harry is very fond of children."

She lifted her face and looked quietly into his. "And so am I," she murmured. "You're rather an old darling."

Abruptly, she put her arms around his neck and pressed her lips full against his.

For a second he was startled; for another, he was moved. Then the enormity of the thing struck him and he detached her arms, held them firmly in his hands.

"GLORIA!" he said. "That's—that's rotten. Harry might see."

"Can I be sure he did?" she said. He detected a brief tremble of her chin. It was the first lapse, since he had met her, from perfect control.

"Gloria! This is impossible!"

"Listen, John," she was saying quietly, and, for some reason, in the midst of his distress, he did not resent the intimate use of his name. "You don't have to worry about Harry—he's not going to marry me."

"I'd hardly think so, if he saw—"

"Oh, that." She shrugged. "I was just trying to make the technical 'out' a little easier for him. But actually it's been all over for some time. I've been finding out about myself for the last couple of days, as"—she nodded toward the intimately conversing couple on the porch—"as Harry is undoubtedly finding out about himself right now."

"You mean," John said, groping, "you're not in love with him?"

"I mean I never was. Wait—don't say the obvious. Maybe I *was* a little tired of making a life for myself, of being the Lorelei of the war industry, of having a foreground without a background. Maybe I wanted permanence and security. But those things really didn't count. I honestly believed myself in love with Henry. He's about as sweet as they come. He appealed strongly to —to something within me. But now I realize it wasn't the sort of thing people mean when they marry. Do you know what it was?" She smiled and there was a glint of tears on her lashes. "Something so ridiculous —and so nice."

"Really, I—"

"It was the darned old maternal instinct. Nothing else. In a way, although I'm only twenty-one, I'm years older than he is, and, well—he's no sissy, and he certainly never asked for it. But something about him cried out for mothering."

"ABSURD!" John said. But a dozen little things fell into pattern in his mind—the spot on the tunic, the shirt button, her concern about Harry's getting overheated. "Why, ever since he was a little boy, I've—"

"That's just it," Gloria said quietly. "You see, you're the villain of the piece."

"I?"

"It all began when you refused to marry again."

"Please," he said, "have a decent respect." He had never permitted any one, save Harry and himself, to speak of Harriet.

But Gloria went on. "Henry told me that after his mother died you wouldn't look at another woman. He considered it an act of the greatest dedication, of the greatest purity. But I wondered how a man of the attractions, of the heart, of the humanness Henry described could be so indifferent to—to natural living, both for himself and his son. I wondered why he could find no woman in the whole world worthy to love them and to make a home for them. I suppose, instinctively, I realized what Henry needed."

"Damn it, his name is Harry!"

She leaned forward so he could not escape her eyes. "John, don't you see what you have been doing to yourself? You christened him Harry so that every time you spoke to him, every time you heard his name, it would recall the person you had lost, and you could enjoy your agony all over again. This is rough talk, John, but you've got to face it. For years you've deliberately tortured yourself—and you've endangered him. Then throwing Mary at his head—Mary, whom he'd always loved, anyway. What did you think would happen? Well, it did. That's why I'm here. It isn't why I'm going."

"I didn't know—" he began confusedly.

She touched his hand. "Let's forget it. Let's just say Henry made his mistake and I made mine, and we found out in time."

"That's the reason you said those things at luncheon?"

"You've got to begin somewhere."

"That's why—why you kissed me?"

Gloria lifted her shoulders. "Henry is far too honorable to get himself out of the mess on any less grounds."

"And I thought—"

"John," she said, tenderly watching the color flood into his cheeks, "I love you for that. And now I must go back. It's a long way to Denver. I can slip around to the road without being seen, can't I?"

She stood up, slender, delicate, archaic, as elusive as ever, as foreign to anything of his experience. He moved toward her.

"Who are you?" he said. "What kind of a girl *are* you?"

She looked up at the sky puffed with white balloon clouds, she looked at the rolling green mounds of the Connecticut hills, at the generous rooftops peeping above the trees, and stretched her arms as if she would embrace it all.

"I guess I'm a fool," she said.

His voice was husky. "I owe you so much. I wish—"

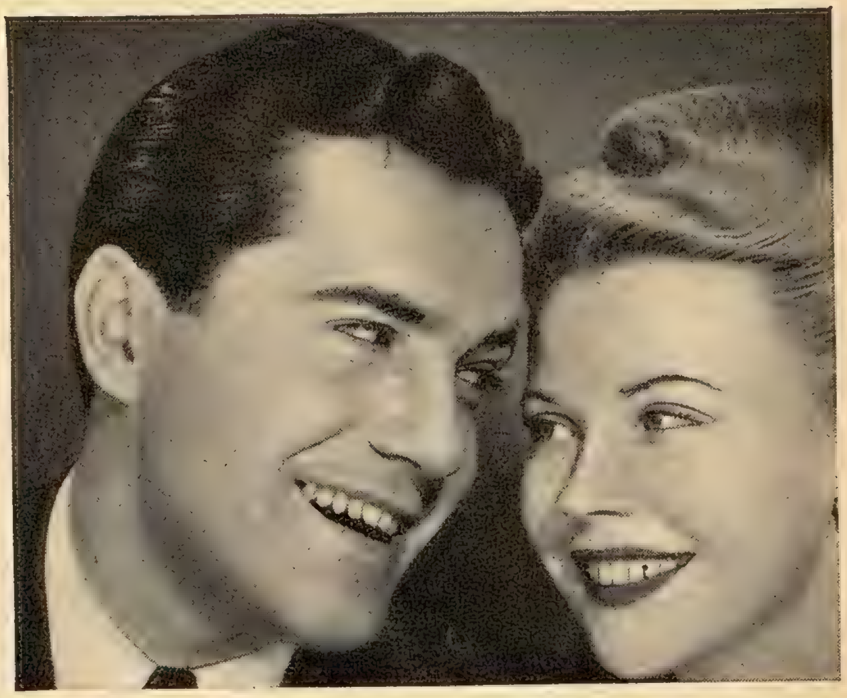
"Thank you, John." Her glance was warm and friendly, even a little approving despite all his mistakes. "Will you call a taxi for me?"

"I suppose Henry has your address," John said. "That is, in case you should leave anything behind."

THE END

MY GAL CRIED
"GOO GOO"

*No wonder*, Harry. That greasy goo you use as a dressing plasters down your hair and makes it shine like patent leather. Why not try Kreml and see how good looking your hair can really be! What's more, Kreml doesn't come off on the sofa and chairs.



MY GAL CRIED
"HAY HAY"

*No wonder*, Luther. Look at your hair. It's dry and wild—like hay! That's what daily use of too much water as a dressing often does to hair—washes away natural oils that give hair natural luster. Groom your hair with Kreml to make it behave like a gentleman.

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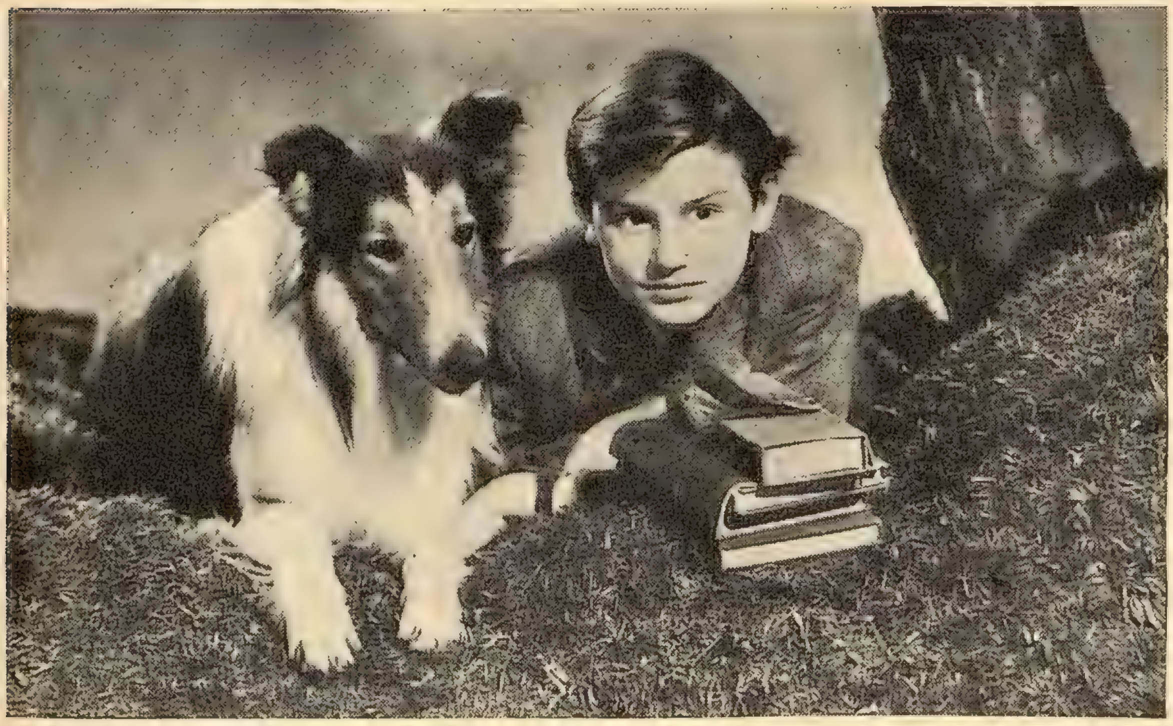
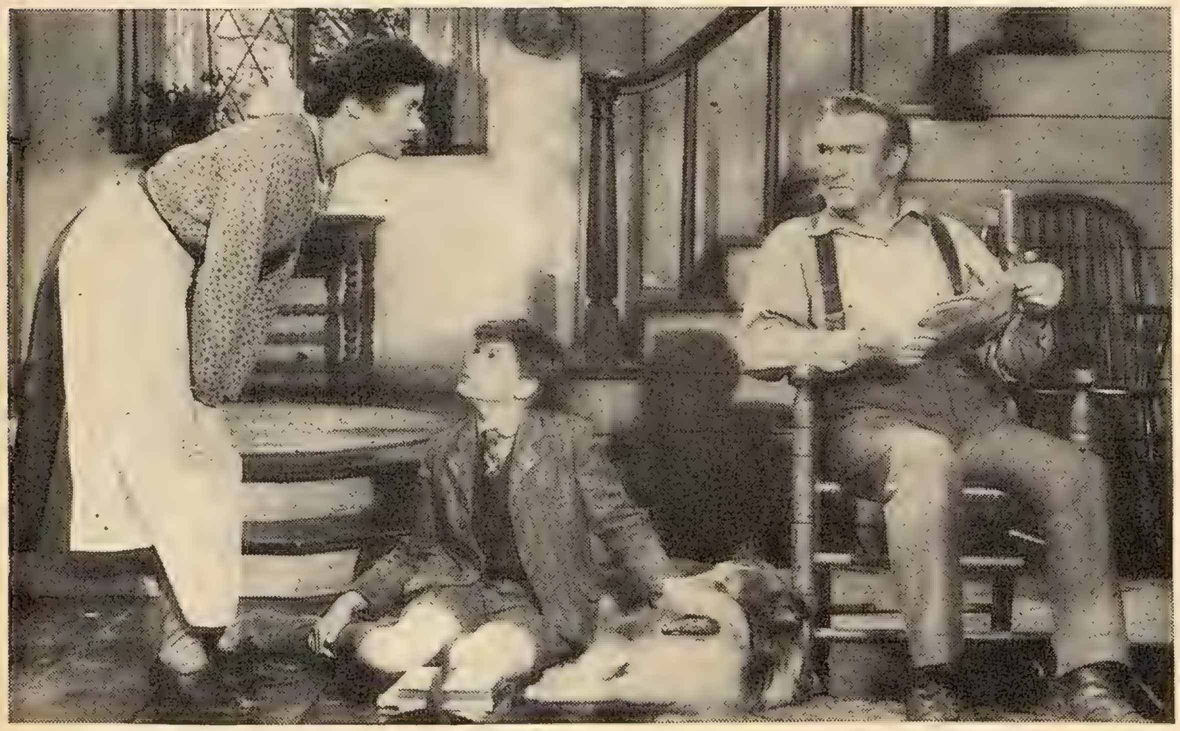
# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

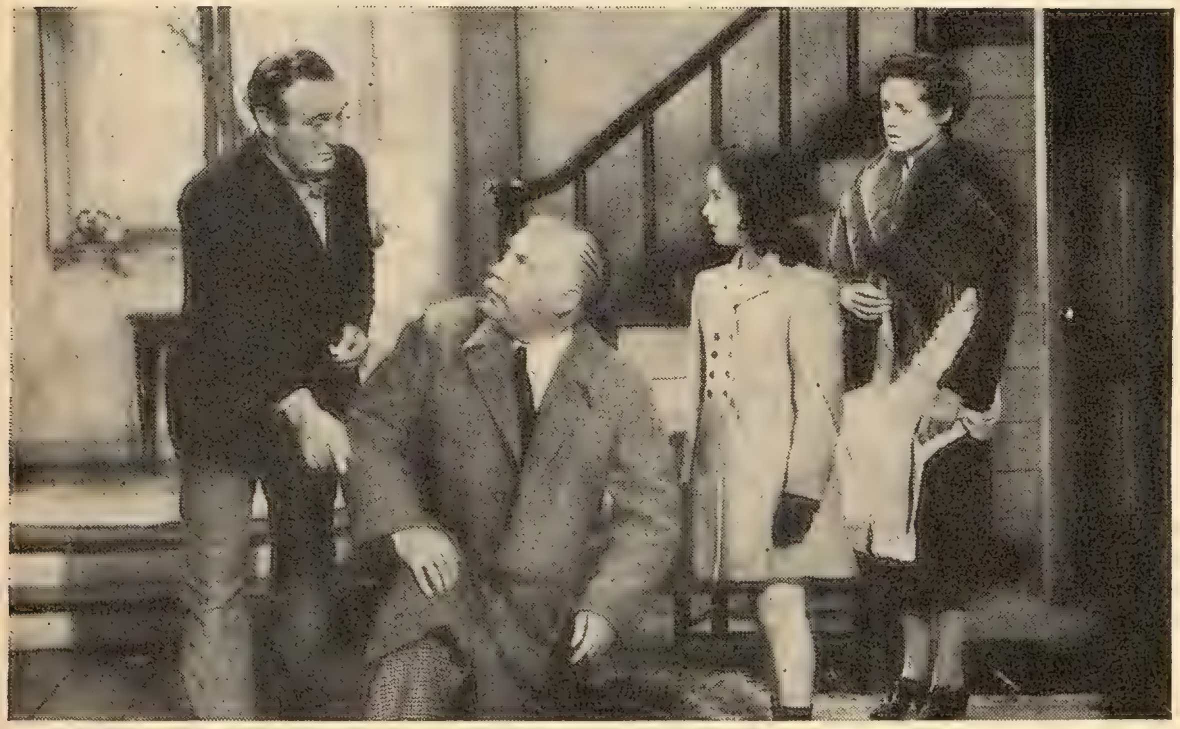
### BY HARRIET GOULD



Joe hasn't needed any other friends as long as he's had Lassie to call for him and run with after school.



But times were bad and Joe's father had to sell Lassie to the duke. Lassie doesn't understand and comes home.



Even Scotland wasn't too far for Lassie to run home. Joe's parents explain to the duke about Lassie's trip.

## LASSIE COME HOME

*(M-G-M)*

***Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Elsa Lanchester, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn***

LASSIE COME HOME is one of those movies that really deserves a Christmas-week opening, for its warmth, good will, and charm make it a natural for children—and an unsophisticated extra holiday treat for adults.

It has the haunting, timeless quality of your favorite book—which it may well be, for the film is based (and very strictly) on the late Eric Knight's classic dog story.

In spite of the top-notch cast that includes Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, and Elsa Lanchester, it is Lassie, a magnificent collie, who carries off the acting honors. That is understandable, since Lassie is not only an attractive and talented thespian—she is also the central character in the story.

Lassie Come Home is the story of the devotion and love of a dog for her young master. Lassie belongs to Joe Carraclough (Roddy McDowall), only son of an out-of-work Yorkshireman (Donald Crisp). Joe's father, unable to support his family on the dole, sells Lassie—much against his will—to the wealthy Duke of Rudling (Nigel Bruce) who wants her for show prizes.

Lassie escapes twice from the duke's estate and runs home to Joe. Even after she is sent to Scotland for final grooming before her exhibition, Lassie refuses to stay away from home. She slips out of her kennel and with her nose pointing due south, makes straight for Yorkshire. She swims rivers, is shot at by sheep herders and battled by their dogs; She starves, and freezes—but Lassie comes home.

Roddy McDowall, the young English boy who followed his beautiful performance in How Green Was My Valley with an equally fine job in My Friend Flicka, adds to the credit side of his reputation in Lassie.

The rest of the cast has been equally as helpful to Director Fred Wilcox in keeping Lassie Come Home out of the saccharine class. Donald Crisp and Elsa Lanchester are perfect as Roddy's parents, and Dame May Whitty and Ben Webster, as the old couple who take Lassie in for a few days on her way home, are priceless. Edmund Gwenn contributes a gem, too, in his portrayal of the traveling peddler who gives Lassie a lift.

The capper on this list of praises goes to Leonard Smith, whose superb Technicolor photography adds the last fillip to a very lovely movie.

## THE CITY THAT STOPPED HITLER—HEROIC STALINGRAD

*(Paramount)*

DESCRIBING a movie as a "documentary" used to be enough to keep most moviegoers home, but the war has changed that. Some of the most dramatic films in the past three years have been documentaries—living records of a fighting world and its battle fronts. And this one rates a double-checked *must* on your list. It is a record of the 162-day Battle of Stalingrad—described by President Roosevelt as "one of the proudest chapters in the war." Filmed by Soviet cameramen, augmented by captured German film, and narrated by Brian Donlevy, it will make you stand up and cheer. In addition to scenes of fighting, explanations of tactics, etc., here is your first chance to see Katusha, Russia's secret rocket weapon.

## JOHNNY COME LATELY

*(United Artists)*

*James Cagney, Grace George*

JOHNNY COME LATELY is the much touted first independent production of the Cagney brothers—William and James—the producer-actor team responsible for Cagney's Academy award last year. It also serves as the screen debut of Grace George, one of Broadway's most gracious leading ladies. But even with that line-up, this picturization of McLeod's Folly, Louis Bromfield's novel, doesn't quite come off. It is the story of a valiant old lady (Grace George) who bucks the local politicians with her newspaper and is saved from defeat by a tramp newspaperman (Cagney). You feel all through the film that the Cagneys are trying to say something important, to make a point, but haven't quite the temerity to carry it through.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We said we had put our Best Foot Forward, but we've got a still better foot. It's "Girl Crazy."

★ ★ ★ ★

We're crazy about "Girl Crazy" for a combination of reasons. We're Gershwin crazy, Mickey Rooney crazy, Judy Garland crazy, Tommy Dorsey crazy.

Some of us old harkers hark back to the original Broadway show and remember "I Got Rhythm," "Bidin' My Time," "Embraceable You," and other wonderful melodies and lyrics.

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, brethren and sistern, the verdict is in. The screen "Girl Crazy" will delight the harkers-back and delight those butterflies who have recently emerged from the cocoon.

★ ★ ★ ★

From the moment that Mickey meets Judy in that broken-down jalopy and sings "Could You Use Me," the gaiety gets going and keeps going.

★ ★ ★ ★

When Judy sings "They're Writing Songs Of Love But Not For Me," hard hearts melt. When Mickey does his Madison Square Garden routine all sides shake.

★ ★ ★ ★

We can't omit mention of Gil Stratton, "Rags" Ragland, Nancy Walker (remember her in "Best Foot Forward"). Robert E. Strickland, June Allyson and Guy Kibbee. They're a great cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

Fred Finklehoffe did the screen play from the musical by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan. The great late George Gershwin did the music and brother Ira the lyrics. Norman Taurog directed, Arthur Freed produced.

★ ★ ★ ★

Tommy Dorsey's lively band. Beautiful girls. Loud comedy. In the words of "I Got Rhythm," could you ask for anything more?

★ ★ ★ ★

The story deals with an eastern playboy who gets a degree in discipline from the wild and woolly campus of an Arizona college.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is a colorful production in typical Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer style.

★ ★ ★ ★

As for us

★ ★ ★ ★

We're Girl Crazy. —*Leo*

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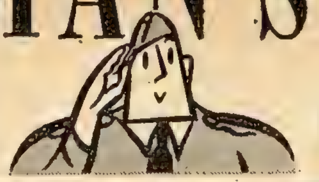
# PICTURES WORTH SEEING

| FILM | GIST | LIBERTY SAID: |
|---|---|---|
| BEHIND THE RISING SUN<br>(RKO)<br>**Margo, Tom Neal** | *Melodrama* (the development of an American-educated Japanese boy into a bloodthirsty "warrior"). | Compelling movie . . . some sequences slightly far-fetched—but good on the whole. (8-28-43) |
| BEST FOOT FORWARD<br>(M-G-M)<br>**Lucille Ball, William Gaxton** | *Musical comedy* (a glamorous movie star spends a hectic weekend at a boys' military academy). | From the Broadway play . . . fresh-as-paint production numbers . . . good tunes . . . nicely paced and thoroughly entertaining. (8-14-43) |
| CLAUDIA<br>(20th Century-Fox)<br>**Dorothy McGuire**<br>**Robert Young**<br>**Ina Claire** | *Comedy-drama* (a pair of newlyweds discover that being adult doesn't mean you're grown up). | A good picture . . . sentimental, humorous, and real as apple pie . . . a solid treat . . . McGuire rates huzzas. (9-25-43) |
| DIXIE<br>(Paramount)<br>**Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour** | *Musical* (the development of the art of minstrelsy—via the life of Dan Emmett, first minstrel). | Not up to Bing's other pictures . . . too much "formula" . . . vague story makes it merely mediocre. (7-24-43) |
| FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS<br>(Paramount)<br>**Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou** | *Drama* (the screen version of Ernest Hemingway's great novel of love and war in Spain). | One of the *must* pictures of this or any other year . . . long, perhaps, but superb in action and direction. Breath-taking Technicolor. (8-28-43) |
| HEAVEN CAN WAIT<br>(20th Century-Fox)<br>**Don Ameche, Gene Tierney, Charles Coburn** | *Comedy-drama* (a man dies and applies for admittance to hell, sure heaven won't have him. He tells the story of his life). | Delightful and adult satire . . . moves at a sprightly pace . . . good cast . . . witty and subtle situations and dialogue. (8-21-43) |
| LET'S FACE IT<br>(Paramount)<br>**Bob Hope, Betty Hutton** | *Comedy* (three soldiers gigolo three women for $300. But their fiancées find out—and so do their dates' husbands!). | From the Fields-Cole Porter musical . . . not quite up to other Hope films, but good chuckle provoker . . . worth catching. (9-18-43) |
| SO PROUDLY WE HAIL<br>(Paramount)<br>**Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard** | *Drama* (the stirring story of the first American women at the front lines—Army nurses on Bataan). | Vital . . . authentic and stirring war film . . . casting is just about perfect. (8-7-43) |
| THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS<br>(Warner Bros.)<br>**All-star cast** | *Musical* (the Warner Brothers' parade of stars—set to music with just a hint of plot). | Bette Davis, Ida Lupino, Humphrey Bogart, etc., lampoon themselves . . . good music . . . super (mis)cast. (10-9-43) |
| THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA<br>(Universal)<br>**Nelson Eddy, Claude Rains, Susanna Foster** | *Musical* (a remake of the old Lon Chaney classic—but with much more music and much less horror). | A pleasant musical melodrama with only minor gruesome counterpoint. (10-2-43) |
| THIS IS THE ARMY<br>(Warner Bros.)<br>**U. S. Army** | *Musical* (movie version of those two great all-soldier shows—Yip Yip, Yaphank and This Is the Army). | As good as the original—and better in spots . . . heart-warming film packed solid with entertainment. (9-11-43) |
| WATCH ON THE RHINE<br>(Warner Bros.)<br>**Paul Lukas, Bette Davis** | *Drama* (the story of an anti-Fascist who fights and lives for freedom). | Sensitive, intelligent movie . . . has depth and significance . . . wonderful script, acting . . . one of the year's best. (9-4-43) |
| WE'VE NEVER BEEN LICKED<br>(Universal)<br>**Richard Quine, Noah Beery, Jr.** | *Melodrama* (story of a Texas Aggie whose Japanese education makes him a suspect character). | Universal's tribute to one of America's outstanding colleges, Texas A. & M. . . . interesting film. (9-11-43) |

# THIS MAN'S WAR

## CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE



JUDGING from the letters I get, this country is full of girls who want to sprout wings—the flyin' wings of the Army Air Forces. Until recently we had an organization known as the WAFS (Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron). That's out now, replaced by a much larger organization known as the WASPS (Women's Air Force Service Pilots). It's under the wing of the famous woman pilot Jacqueline Cochran.

At Avenger Field, Sweetwater, Texas, women in training for the WASPS are being taught to fly the "Army way"—taught just about everything but combat tactics, which they won't need, since WASP assignments are noncombatant.

Here are the requirements for enrollment in the training program:

1. United States citizen.
2. Age—twenty-one to thirty-four inclusive.
3. High-school education or equivalent.
4. Applicant must hold a C. A. A. Student Pilot's Certificate and have a minimum of thirty-five certified hours of flying time, dual or solo.
5. Height—minimum of five feet two and a half inches.

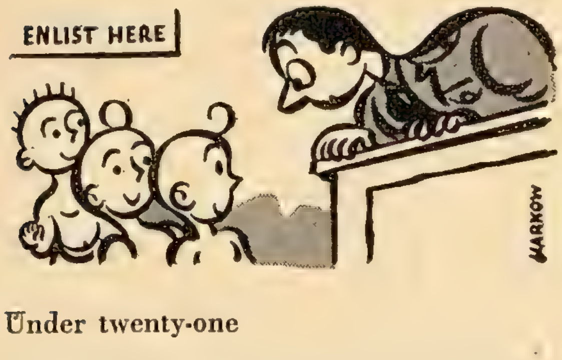
If the applicant meets these requirements, she will be interviewed. If acceptable after the interview, she will be given the Army physical examination for flight personnel.

For further details, write to Miss Jacqueline Cochran, Director of Women Pilots, Army Air Forces, Room 4D957, Pentagon Building, Arlington, Virginia.

* * *

I know from lots of letters that many a girl is going to be disappointed because the age range doesn't go well under twenty-one. Hats off to the fighting spirit of these teen-agers! But you've got to draw the line somewhere.

OLD SARGE.



Under twenty-one

I was inducted into the Army last May. Prior to that I had been a member of the New Jersey National Guard from April, 1927, to April, 1937. 1. Am I entitled to longevity pay? 2. Am I privileged to wear my hash marks? 3. Am I entitled to wear my expert rifleman medal, which I won in the National Guard?

*Pvt. A. D., Camp Shelby, Miss.*

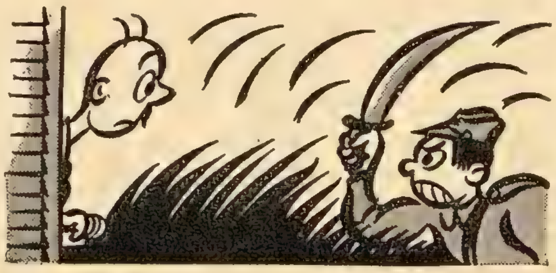
**1. Your ten years in the National Guard entitle you to longevity pay of 15 per cent —5 per cent for each three-year hitch, or fogey. 2. You may wear three buff-background hash marks. 3. No go on wearing the marksmanship medal. You'll have to qualify again.**

* * *

Having spent thirty-two months in This Man's Army and fourteen months on Guadalcanal, New Hebrides, and the Fijis, I think I have a right to say my two cents' worth.

Recently I was home on a thirty-day sick leave. The ration board was very considerate. They gave me five gallons of gasoline for a month. Boy, after spending all that time on the "Canal" risking my life, I come home and only get five gallons of gas!

What hurts most is that people I know use more gas than they need. Also, the crying about what they on the home front are giving up for the men in the services. I overheard this one on the train: "It's getting so tough nowadays you can't find any one to cut the grass."



Jap cutter

Ain't that a dirty shame! The poor creature is going to have to cut his own lawn! Listen, bub. I saw plenty of Japs who'd be glad to cut your lawn—and your throat along with it.

Really, Sarge, I'm sick of hearing complaints on the home front. Take me back to the *real* front, and quick!

*Sgt. H. T. C.,*
*Headin' Back toward Tokyo.*

**I hope everybody who reads that letter will double back and read it again. It's worth taking to heart.**

---

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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It May Cause Infection
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# Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

FEELING THE PINCH: Feeling and pinching and punching fresh fruits and vegetables is a costly sport enjoyed by the aggressively thrifty housewife who ought to know better. In her endless struggle to do right by her budget, she costs the national economy a pretty penny. Because of her suspicious tweaking of tomatoes, grapes, and other fresh fodder, tons of incipient food must be thrown away. Add to her depredations the waste of food through bruising in transit, as well as in processing plants, in restaurants, and in wholesale channels, and you will join us in a quiet shudder at American food losses on the home front. The OWI states that food waste in homes alone runs to some four billion dollars a year, or four times the value of the food shipped through Lend-Lease to our allies in 1942. According to garbage analysis in more than 200 cities, we throw away more than one sixth of the food we buy. Even in peacetime such wastefulness would be shocking. Nowadays, with food shortages and ration books staring us coldly in the eye, we should hesitate before we tear a bunch of bananas to ribbons in our quest for perfection, nor should we obey that impulse to upset the apple cart or the orange crate before settling on the prize job for Junior's breakfast.

THEY LIKE US: Ex-Archduke Franz Josef and his wife, the Princess Marthe de Hapsburg-Bourbon, live in a gardener's cottage near enough to New York for him to ride to work on the subway. In Europe they owned a palace in Vienna and a castle on the outskirts of the city, not to mention numerous other worldly goods and acres. The archduchess says that having no possessions nowadays leaves them less to worry about and simplifies life. The archduke, whose great-uncle was Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, is now with the brokerage firm of Van Alstyne, Noel & Co. So fond of America have both the archduke and his wife become, they expect to stay here after the war, and go to Europe only as visiting firemen.

SUPER-COLOSSAL UNDER-STATEMENT: An innocent bystander was spending his lunch hour watching the polar bears in the Central Park Zoo. Imagine his surprise when he was socked in the head by the bears' lunch, a fine red-point hunk of steak thrown by their keeper. It cost him four stitches in his astonished scalp. Said he, "There must have been a bone in that meat!"

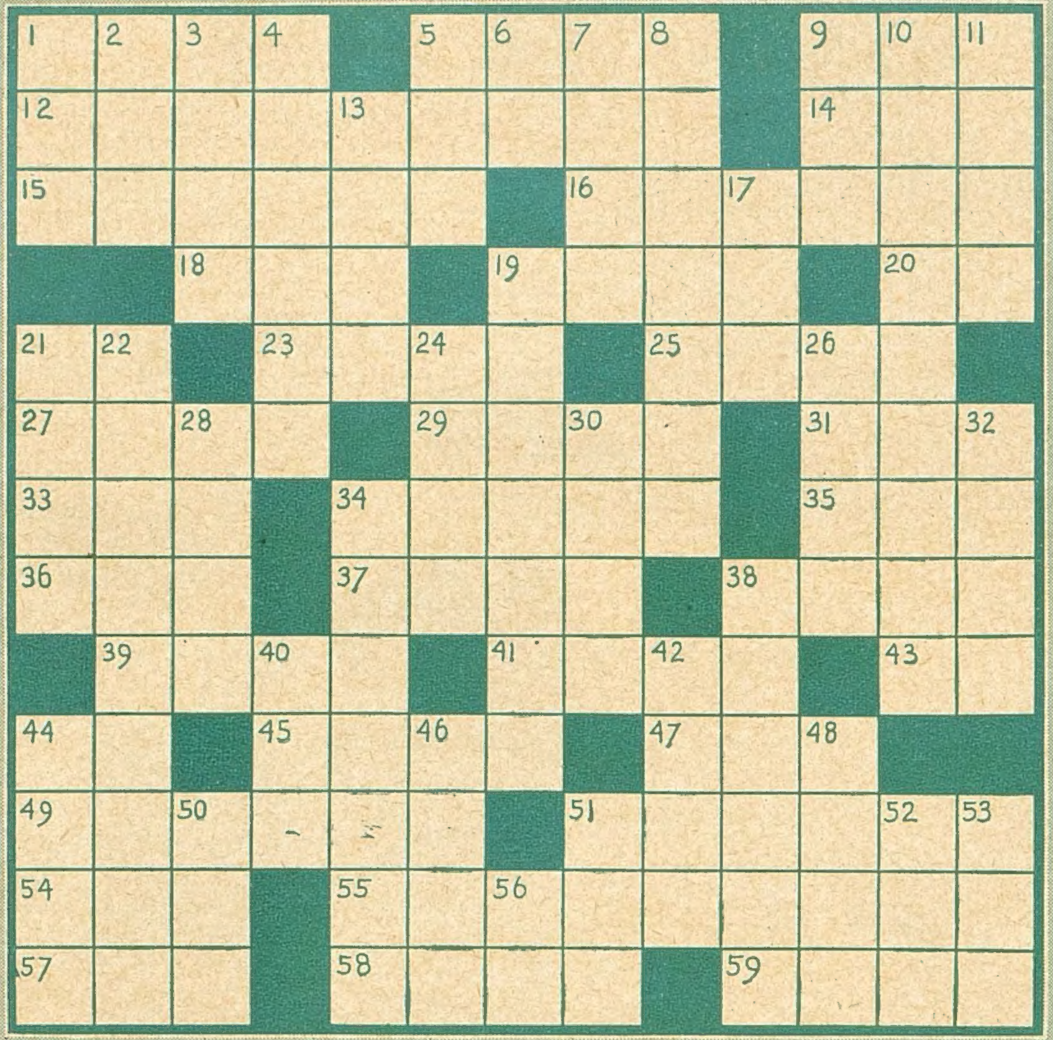
### Stamp Collector

**Fish, fowl, and eggs, instead of meat,**
**Are what we usually eat**
**That now and then there will be points**
**Enough for shoulders, rumps, or joints.**

GOOSE FLESH FOR THE BOSS: In case you haven't figured out your own system of unhinging the boss, here's how, if you can afford it. Tell him you're resigning for no particular reason. You're not getting married, or having a baby. You are not going home to mother. You aren't joining the WAC. And you haven't found a better job. You're just leaving. This will throw him into a gorgeous fit of wondering what's wrong with *him*—after all those years of finding fault with *you*. Such treatment is not suitable for all bosses. Most of them mean to be good guys. Lots of them are. But so many of them have jumped to the conclusion that you want to live and die for dear old Goofus, Inc., that it shakes them to their very foundations to hear that you are leaving without the patter of little feet or a wedding ring or feelthy lucre to lure you. Watch old Big Shot when you tell him you just feel it's time to move on. Though it's disloyal of you to leave for more money, love, or progeny, he *can* understand any of those reasons for parting company. Just to leave, though—that's the body blow, the jab below the belt, the bullet in the pump. He looks nervously at his lapel. A bit of dandruff maybe? He coughs. Perhaps he should see his dentist? Need we add that this treatment is prescribed only for extreme cases—*i. e.*, unbearable bosses and employees with a balance in the bank.

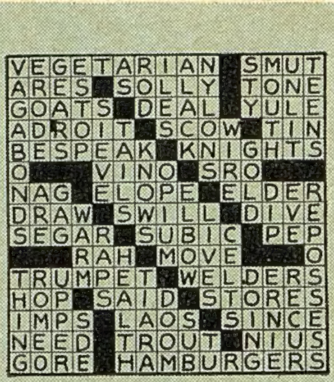
# QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

### BY TED SHANE



## HORIZONTAL

1 Badoglio bombed a Libyan village with a live what some years ago?
5 Lady Macbeth and underworlders've had trouble with a what?
9 What insect keeps "cows" for fresh milk?
12 Who recently expressed the desire to annex themselves to the U. S. A.?
14 What are you supposed to give to the devil?
15 What plagues trainmen, stalls trains?
16 What couldn't Hercules perform today without joining a union?
18 Shakespeare calls a gremlin a what?
19 What's a British rubber doughnut, or an ancient capital?
20 What did the Brooklynite do to the berled ersters?
21 What's Windsor to Wallie?
23 What Eskimos are called "Arctic Highlanders"?
25 A mixed-up mite can become what small thing?
27 Pinocchio's nose grew longer when he told what?
29 If King Arthur threw his dogs a bone, what'd he throw his knights?
31 These are weighty things (abbr.)
33 1150
34 Lord Mountbatten'll probably retake what first?
35 Man's nickname
36 If "to she" doesn't mean to romance, what does it mean?
37 Name some tough Indians
38 The Allies have put the war on what kind of plane?
39 What's a German cup or Soviet news agency?
41 Mr. Tamiroff
43 What's slang for Glamour Girl or race hoss?



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Last week's answer

44 What may F. D. R. add to his name?
45 Where's Chichagof Bay?
47 What's name in French?
49 If spermaceti's not an Italian food, what is it?
51 Women do what to express delight or pain?
54 Joe Foss is a what?
55 Dumbo and Jumbo were both what?
57 What humorist was called the Laramie Boomerang?
58 To teach a Jap how to live right you must do what to him?
59 What may be F. F. Vs. or dregs?

## VERTICAL

1 What wood makes the best arrows?
2 What city's at the foot of Sugarloaf Mt.? (abbr.)
3 Act in French
4 What books are No. 1 on all best seller lists?
5 For safety, what-man football was recently invented?
6 What's the official abbreviation of Penna?
7 "She was —— a baker's daughter, but she needed dough"
8 Alexandra was the last Russian what?
9 Name a word in Shakespeare's fussiest title
10 What's the so-called Nazi "holy city" (now made "holier" by our flyers)?
11 What kind of pilot did Gable once play?
13 Warehouse attic
17 What does a wise man kiss good-by when his horse runs?
19 What American author might be described as a fully clothed Tarzan with brains?
21 New Haven is noted for these
22 Fearless Fosdick, of L'il Abner, is a burlesque of whom? (two words)
24 Adjoin
26 What's she in French?
28 What Lamb's unrationed (pseudonym)
30 What Russian city is contained within another Russian city, sounds like its twin?
32 Smoke and fog in cafés make what?
34 What pads or frames made our grandmamas' piazzas outstanding?
38 Animals which aren't moral or immoral are said to be what?
40 Melancholy baby was always what?
42 Ickes recently completed the Big what?
44 What must good poetry do first?
46 "I do not like you, Dr. Pell,
The reason why I cannot ——"
48 Fill in: ——, ——, tekel, upharsin
50 Born (Fr.)
51 What child's game begins with "I"?
52 What's the English translation for Horizontal 20?
53 What're literary people always bottling? (abbr.)
56 Expidistrous Aggilegged (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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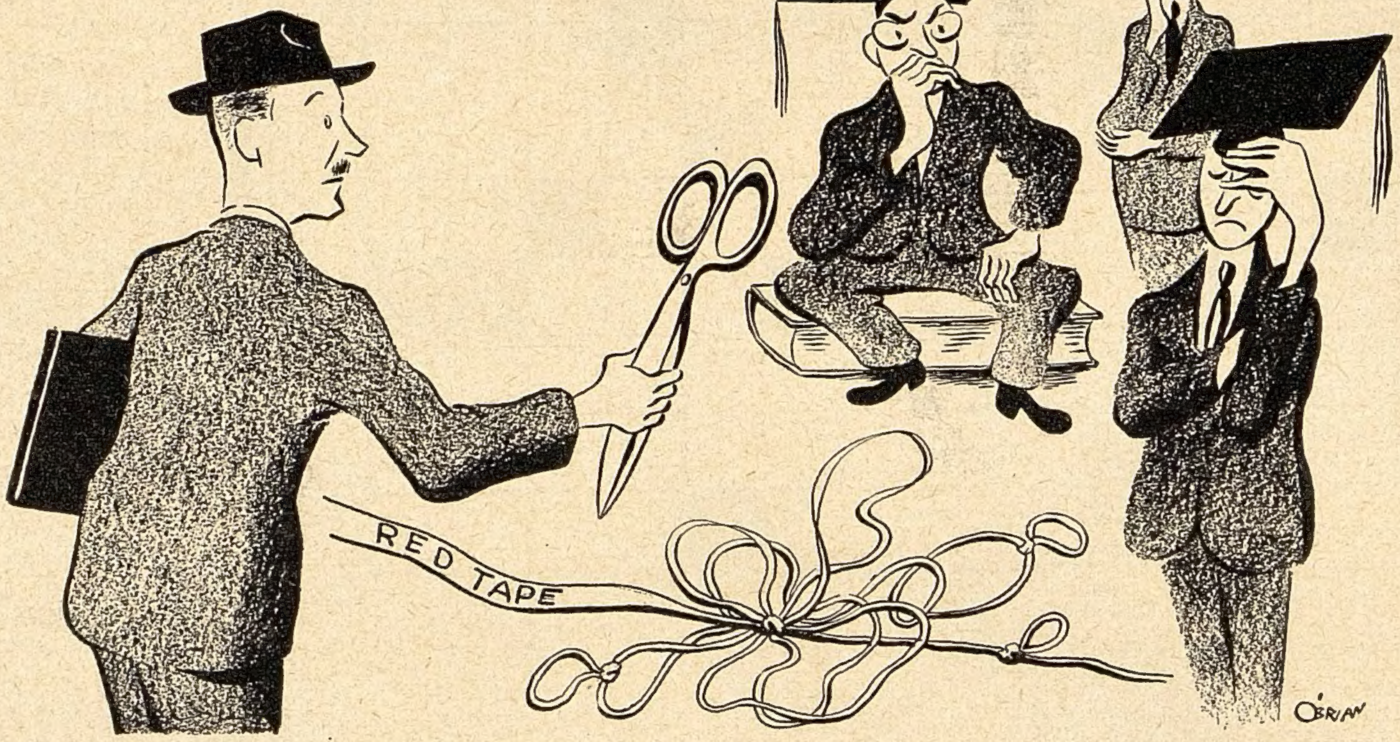
# BUSINESS MEN OFTEN HAVE GOOD IDEAS



IN recent years it has been the fashion in some circles to look with suspicion upon any suggestion for the nation's welfare which emanates from a business man. The bigger his business the greater the tendency has been to consider any idea he advances as inspired by some devious goal of self-interest. It butters no parsnips now to review how this attitude toward business men came about. It exists, and it is a mistake.

Many of our heavy-duty thinkers, obsessed with their own reasoning powers, are prone to forget that the business of business men is to be right. They have to be right, as the saying goes, at least 51 per cent of the time, or else they are soon not business men any longer. It's considered corny to say business men built America, but it happens to be the fact. It is only through the enterprise of individual men that we are today possessed of the mines, mills, foundries, factories, railroads, farms and ranches necessary to fight a war in both hemispheres against the greatest aggregations of military power ever assembled. A country like the U. S. A. just can't be built unless the men who conduct its economic life do so with good judgment by and large, and with the over-all welfare of the nation at heart.

Yet today if a business man presents an idea having to do with taxation, the conduct of the war, social development, or the set-up of the postwar world, the first thing many of our intellectual shining lights do is look for a dark gentleman in the woodpile. Seldom is the idea weighed on its merits alone and free from the withering breath of suspicion. Just because a suggestion comes from old J. B. Zilch of the Zilch Widget Company is no reason to condemn it without consideration, on the ground that anything Mr. Zilch has to say is bound to favor his own financial interests. Old J. B. has been right before and may be again, and there is no reason to suppose that what's good for his pocketbook isn't also good for the country as a whole.

This attitude toward the ideas of business men is a dangerous situation in such a country as the U. S. A. An extraordinarily high proportion of the brain power possessed by this country is in the field of business. To discount in advance the contribution this brain power can make to the welfare of the nation is to ensure many mistakes in the conduct of our affairs.

It's time to change our attitude and appreciate what has always been a fact: most business men realize that what is good for the country as a whole is good for them and conduct their businesses accordingly.

Paul Hunter

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amateur mender,
Of things like a door lock,
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a faucet that leaks,
An icebox that's dripping–
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OF course you can't pay him
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Just bring out some bottles
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expertly mended,
He'll welcome the brew that
is *full-flavor blended*,
No gesture's so pleasant, so
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it's right off the ice.

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*into One Great Beer*